WEEK
ENDING
OCT. 10, 1931

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

LARGEST SINGLE COPY SALE OF ANY MAGAZINE

Leslie Thrasher

HERBERT O. YARDLEY ~ **GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK** ~ **GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER** ~ **EDWARD HOPE** ~ **ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING**

*
WET GAS
CAUSES STALLING
RY 53-57

use dry TEXACO-ETHYL

*

IT'S STALL-FREE

Stalled in traffic! Very often it is not the fault of the engine or the ignition. Nine times out of ten wet gas can be blamed.

Wet gas is always unreliable because it fails to vaporize completely. It distributes unevenly so that some cylinders get too rich a mixture while others are fuel-starved. Result, uneven power, not enough to keep the engine idling smoothly.

Texaco-Ethyl is dry*—stall-free. Every cylinder is served with a perfectly uniform charge of dry* gas that responds to the first flash of the spark. Extra power, smooth pick-up, even idling and a knockless engine are yours with every drop of dry* Texaco-Ethyl Gasoline.

Drive to the silver Texaco pump for this dry* anti-knock gasoline. Texaco-Ethyl is sold in all our 48 States.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

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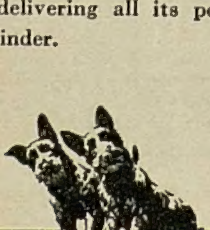
*

Dry gas vaporizes completely because it is properly refined. *Wet* gas vaporizes only in part. *Wet* gas carries an uneven spray of raw *wet* gasoline which chokes some cylinders at the expense of others, causes crankcase dilution and wasted power. *Dry* gas goes through the manifold evenly. It burns completely, delivering all its power into every cylinder.

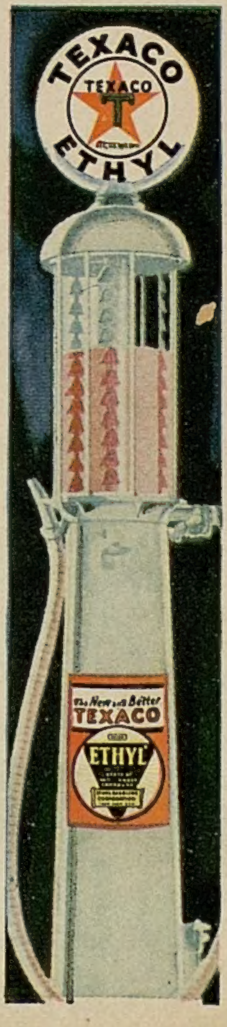


LISTEN

—and for perfect lubrication, use
"CRACK-PROOF"
TEXACO MOTOR OIL

DRY TEXACO + ETHYL COMPOUND = DRY TEXACO-ETHYL

THERE IS NO BETTER GASOLINE



They are not MODERN WIVES

. . unless they are fully aware of very important changes in a vital matter

STRANGE as it may be . . . the fact remains that many young wives, who are quite modern in less important matters, are really old-fashioned about one of the most vital questions they are ever called upon to answer. The very intimacy of the subject keeps some women from discussing it at all, with anybody.

Others may not like to talk about it but, in their desperate anxiety to know, they seek the advice of friends. Try that, yourself. And you will probably get a surprise! For those alert, self-confident friends of yours may be unaware that recent years have brought about a remarkable improvement in the practice of feminine hygiene. They may even be following the methods their mothers employed and still be using poisonous and caustic compounds. Not only using them, but actually believing that they are the only germicides powerful enough for the purpose.

Poisons no longer necessary

The whole worry about feminine hygiene has always centered around the antiseptic. First, it must have effectiveness; it must be powerful. That is where the danger lies. For bichloride of mercury is powerful. So are the compounds of carbolic acid. Both of these are deadly poisonous! And just as surely as the medical profession approves of surgical cleanliness, it disapproves of caustic and poisonous antiseptics for feminine hygiene.

The truth of the matter is this. Until recently women were forced to choose between poisonous antiseptics and no antiseptic at all. For until recently these poisons were the only germicides powerful enough to be effective. Women persisted in using them, even though they must have realized some of the dangers. Fortunately, this is no longer necessary. Now there is a new way—an infinitely better way.

The modern method of feminine hygiene is the *Zonite* method. It is founded upon the discovery and perfecting of a new and better principle of antisepsis, resulting in an extraordinary combination of power and safety.

Zonite is safe—and strong

Here are the facts about Zonite. It is non-caustic. It is absolutely non-poisonous. It cannot desensitize the vaginal tract, nor cause areas of scar-tissue, nor injure the delicate membranes in any way. Yet Zonite is powerful. In fact, while it is as safe as pure water, *Zonite is more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body.*

Send for complete information

Mail coupon today. It will bring you a book of complete facts written especially for married women. In clear, honest language—easy to understand. Meanwhile you can buy Zonite at any drugstore, in bottles at 30c, 60c and $1. Full directions with bottle. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION LI-110
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name..
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Oct. 10, 1931

Liberty

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A Weekly for Everybody

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> *—Abraham Lincoln.*

ARE YOU IN LOVE?

Well, if you are not you should be.

Love is the force that makes the world go round. It is the moving power behind thrones. Kings, queens, mighty statesmen, and superexecutives bow down and worship at its shrine. From the highest to the lowest—there are no exceptions—we all pay tribute to this bewitching allurement, and whether you be a common laborer or a mighty man wielding unlimited power, you are still bewildered and enamored by the emotional intensities that love brings.

As a builder of airy castles love has no equal. It can make a palace out of a mere hovel. Under its hypnotic spell you can soar away into the realms of a blissful enchantment, and whether you are rich or poor makes but little difference. The amount of felicitous enjoyment that is secured from romantic love is affected but little by one's material possessions.

You can tread the glorious heights of rapturous illusions without money or friends—for a short time—if you are in love and are loved in return.

It is said that when poverty comes in the door love flies out of the window. But where there are strong hands to work with, loving arms to enfold the worker with fervid appreciation, the way out can usually be found.

Hunger is a gaunt skeleton that is flaunted before us as an insatiable fiend that brings destruction and death; but a little hunger now and then harms no one, and it doubles one's appreciation of wholesome food.

And real love should never fear poverty. It is only through sacrifices and suffering that human affection assumes its noblest characteristics. When we have to labor diligently for those we love, they are endeared to us far more because of our efforts.

We should never be out of love. If you have "fallen out" with this romantic inclination—if you have been in and out, and are still out—you are just an outsider. You can stand aside and watch the world go by, but you are not a part of it. You are not truly in it.

Some people may call this romantic twaddle, but it is sound sense. We are made to love and to be loved. It is a fundamental part of our nature. The perpetuation of the race depends upon the craving of human instincts for affection, and the supreme happiness that we all crave can come to us only through following the dictates of our love nature.

Some people allow material responsibilities to keep them out of love. They cannot afford to fall in love; their responsibilities will not allow them this privilege—so they think. But no one has the right to cheat another out of the happiness that comes through adhering to the normal demands of life.

And there are those who have been disappointed. They have become man- or woman-haters. They feel that they have been irreparably injured, that love has been a caustic source of torture to them. And in many cases there may be some cause for such an attitude.

And love is not without its dangers, it must be admitted. You have to take the risk. Some draw prizes in this romantic lottery, and others draw a blankety-blank-blank. But even at its worst it is worth the risk incurred. If you have been cruelly disappointed, try again, and continue to try until you have found the exquisite delights that love brings.

Some day your dreams should come true. In the halo that environs your imagination you may see a little home on the hillside. You may hear the prattling, musical voices of children—your children—as they romp and play in the sunshine.

There will be your love haven, and the labor that may be necessary to obtain this substantial family structure will be as nothing when you consider its enchanting allurements.

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WHAT IS THE VALUE OF

HUMAN CONTACT?

THE *cost* of telephoning is as little as it can be made. Its *value* can be infinite.

If it is worth your while to save time, to be in touch with people at a distance, to do business quickly, to keep in touch with friends and family — if such things have a value, the telephone holds limitless possibilities for you.

It is the means of extending your personality. Unlike commodities, telephone calls cannot be made wholesale. Each one is a personal service. Each goes when and where you wish. At your request you have five thousand or five million dollars' worth of property at your command, two or three people or perhaps a hundred attending the wires along which your voice travels. It is the work of the Bell System to do this well and cheaply. Its hundreds of thousands of trained workers must keep every part of its 4000 million dollars' worth of equipment ready for instant use.

Here is a business run on the smallest margin of profit consistent with service, security and expansion. Its operation and maintenance have the benefit of the continual research of the 5000 members of Bell Laboratories, the general and technical staff work of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the production economies effected by Western Electric.

Every resource of the Bell System is devoted to making your service clear, quick and inexpensive. As new telephones are added, as improvements are made, you get constantly greater satisfaction and value.

★ AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY ★

General Electric Radio sails through

Here's why this tone-test was absolutely fair

Each of the four radios competing was the large console model of its manufacturer, bought out of current stock. The G-E Radio had no advantage in tubes—other sets had an equal, or a greater, number. Each set was inspected by an outside, unbiased service man before the test, and pronounced in good working order.

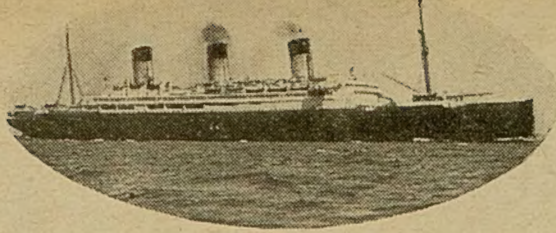
Ballots were tallied by Staff-Captain J. P. G. Bisset, R. D., R. N. R., and Mr. F. E. Owen, Purser The votes were as follows:

General Electric	173
Radio "A"	42
Radio "B"	20
Radio "C"	13

BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE PERFORMANCE



THE BERENGARIA, LARGEST AND SMARTEST OF CUNARD LINERS

to victory on R. M. S. Berengaria

Passengers hear four hidden radios and give G-E more than twice as many votes as all other sets combined

Somebody has said that comparisons are dangerous. On the palatial Berengaria, General Electric courted danger eagerly and confidently.

The passengers who gathered for this tone-test saw a screen—that and nothing more. Behind this screen were grouped four famous radios—unnamed to the audience except by numbers. One of these sets was a General Electric.

"Believe your own ears," the audience was told. "Listen to these hidden radios and mark your ballot with the number of the set whose tone you like best."

As each radio played, ears alone were judge, jury and court of appeals. The travelled, musically-sophisticated passengers listened, voted—*and gave General Electric 173 out of 248 votes*—over four times the number received by its nearest competitor!

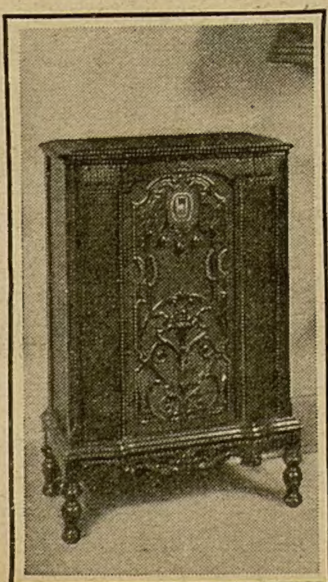
Let your own ears tell you which radio to buy! Repetition has dulled the meaning of the claim "better tone", but comparison between playing radios is eloquent evidence.

Go to a G-E Radio dealer and hear the General Electric sets! In the first bars of music, in the first spoken sentence you hear from these great instruments, you will sense the difference—a greater fidelity to the original, with nothing lost, nothing added, nothing distorted. It is like seeing someone in the flesh after looking at his photograph. See how these brilliant receivers pull in many stations at precise points on the dial, with no fuzziness or overlapping!

Ask about the Certified Inspection Plan. See the many G-E models. General Electric's truer radio reception is within your radio budget, for prices range from $37.50 for the G-E Midget to $345 for the Automatic Radio-Phonograph Combination—and the figure on the price tags means *with tubes.*

● **SEND FOR IT!** *Don't fail to write Section R-5110, General Electric Co., Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn., for free copy of booklet "Believe Your Own Ears". An authoritative discussion of what radio reception is doing to our appreciation of music and what G-E has done for radio.*

RADIO



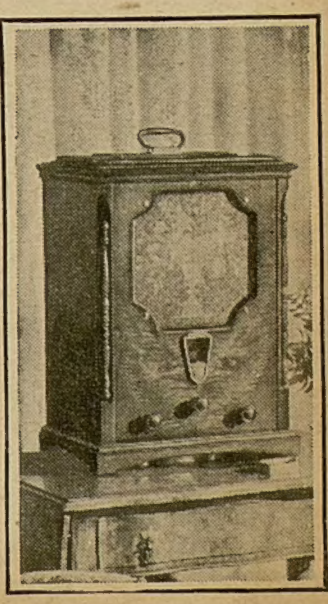
De Luxe Lowboy (Left)

Brilliant 10-tube superheterodyne. Two Pentode output tubes. Doubly-shielded chassis. Beautiful brown walnut cabinet. Price, *complete with tubes*, $164.50.

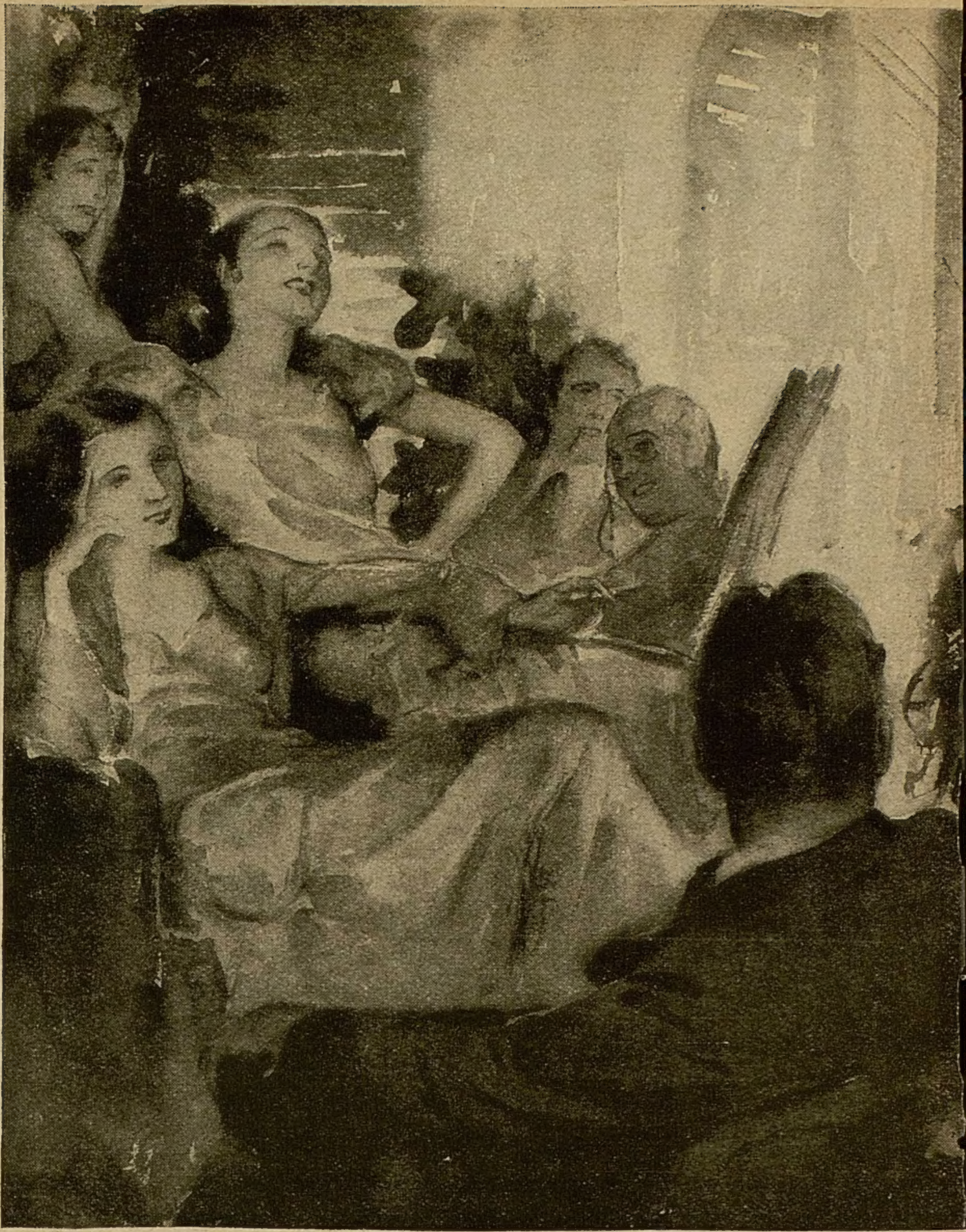
General Electric Junior

8-tube screen-grid superheterodyne, with true General Electric performance. Compact. *Portable.* Light. Variable tone control. Full-size dynamic speaker. Rich walnut cabinet of Eighteenth Century mantel clock design. Price, *complete with tubes*, $72.50.

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.



A Story of Enchantment and Heartbreak



Claire never let Hilary suspect th

It's All Righ

(Reading time: 29 minutes.)

CLAIRE dressed in haste, her room was so cold, and ran downstairs quietly, because the others were still sleeping. Only her mother was up and about; Claire heard her cheerful voice speaking in the pantry:

"Tell John he *must* split the kindling wood smaller. And *try* to remember, Emma, *not* to let the milk boil. Your master doesn't like it. *Hot* but *not* boiling."

The pantry door opened and Emma came into the dining room to lay the table. From the hall Claire heard the pleasant clinking of china and silver; the aroma of coffee and bacon came to her. And an immense happiness flooded her heart. She thought of the holiday guests who had arrived last night—her aunt and uncle, her cousins—with an access of tenderness; she loved even Emma; she loved this warm and tranquil house, and all the frozen world outside.

"I'll always remember this morning," she thought. "It's so—beautiful."

As she went down the hall she caught a glimpse of herself in the hall-stand mirror—a fair and slender eighteen-year-old girl with a lovely color in her cheeks, and clear, grave blue eyes. It added to her joy to know that she was pretty.

She was startled to find a stranger in the library. Her hand flew to her heart; she stopped short, looking at him, and he looked back at her, not able to speak or even to smile.

"The first person I've seen in the New Year," she thought with a sort of awe.

When Mrs. Ransome came out of the pantry she heard voices in the library, and going down the hall she paused in the open doorway. Her daughter was in there with that man Robert had invited, that Mr. Grey, who had arrived so late the evening before, after Claire had gone to bed. He was a handsome young fellow, tall and lean, with an alert, sunburnt face; his voice was well bred and agreeable; his vivid smile was singularly attractive. Yet Mrs. Ransome did not like him; she did not like the way he was looking at Claire, with a sort of wondering reverence; above all, she did not like the flush in Claire's cheeks, the light in her blue eyes.

She went into the library and greeted Mr. Grey affably; then, kissing her daughter, she sent her off on an invented errand, to get her away from the man.

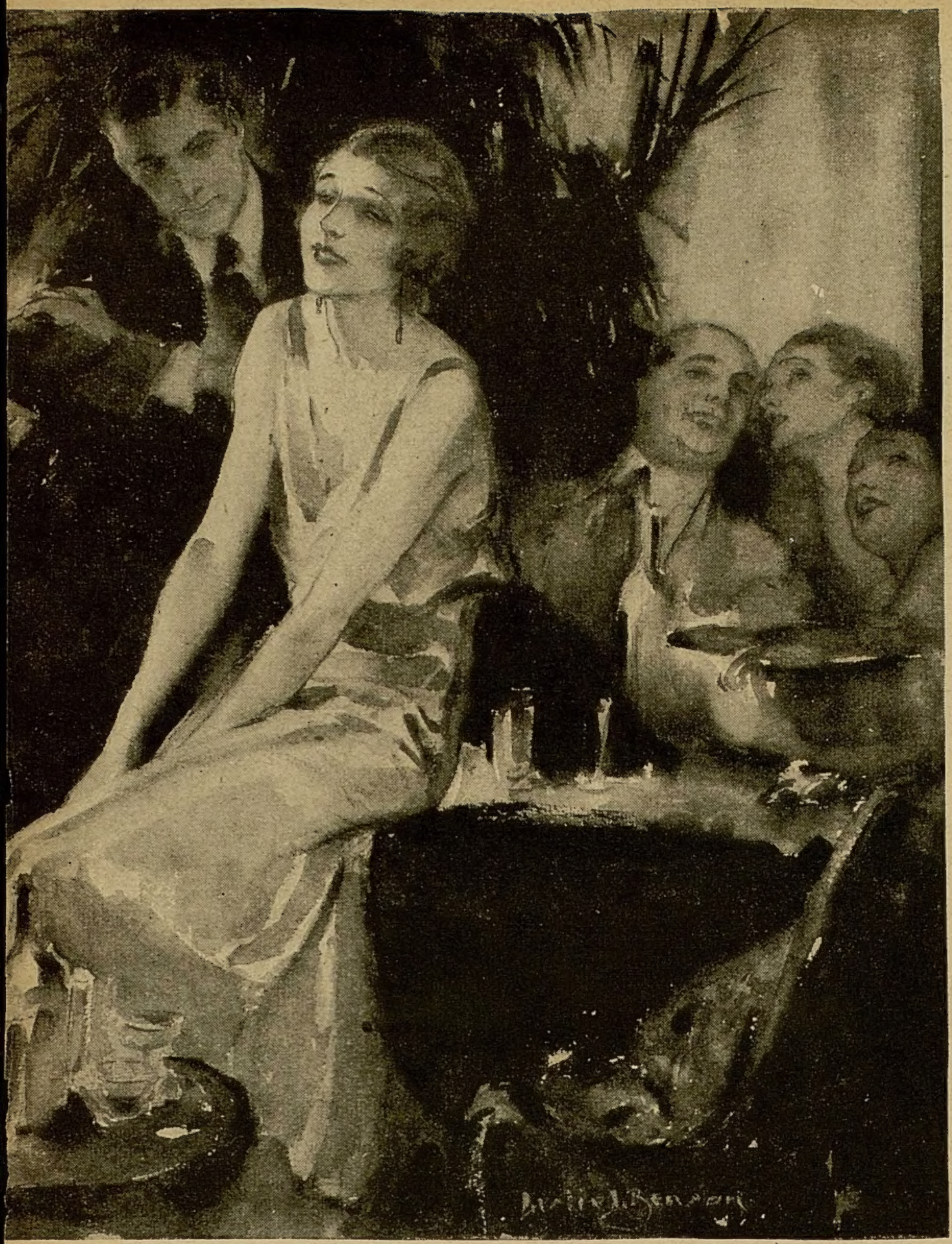
It was too late. She knew that, even then. The child went about all morning in a sweet daze; she sang to herself; she was even more affectionate than usual.

"Laura," said Mrs. Ransome to her sister, Mrs. Crane, "who *is* this Mr. Grey Robert invited?"

"He's going back to the West Indies in a few weeks, Mary," answered Mrs. Crane, with guilty haste. "He's only here for a short time. Robert's had business dealings with him."

"But who *is* he?" Mrs. Ransome repeated.

"His mother was a Miss Storm," said Mrs. Crane apologetically. "Quite a good family, Mary. His father



t find his friends very congenial.

for MEN

By

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Pictures by
LESLIE L. BENSON

failed in business, but there was nothing—discreditable. And last year an aunt died and left Hilary—"

"Hilary!" said Mrs. Ransome. "That's his name, is it?"

"Well, yes," said Mrs. Crane. "This aunt left him a legacy, and he's invested it in a business in the West Indies. He's lived a great deal in the tropics, you know. He's . . . Robert thinks highly of him." She paused. "*I* should consider him more of a *man's* man," she continued. "Not the—domestic type."

THEIR eyes met for an instant. They understood each other perfectly.

"Well. . . . He'll be going back to New York tomorrow," said Mrs. Crane.

Mrs. Ransome tried to find comfort in that. She kept Claire busy all morning, so that she did not see Hilary Grey again until lunch time. Twelve people sat down at the table there, and one would have thought there was no danger. But it was worse than anything Mrs. Ransome had imagined. Everyone encouraged that man to talk. Claire led him on, and he told about pearl fishing, sharks, volcanoes, the forests of the Amazon; and everyone listened entranced. Joseph Ransome himself, who should have understood, was as bad as the others.

After lunch the young people went out for a sleigh ride, and Joseph Ransome went upstairs for a little holiday nap. He had settled himself in an armchair in the big bedroom, and was just finishing his cigar, his feet on a little tufted stool, when his wife entered.

"Joseph!" she said.

HE knew by her voice that something was amiss. Not since the early days of their marriage had he seen her agitated, and it troubled him to see her, that dignified gray-haired woman, with that look in her eyes.

"What is it, m' dear?"

"Joseph! That man must *not* be encouraged!"

"Who? What man? Grey? Why not, m' dear?"

"I don't believe he's anything but an adventurer!" cried Mrs. Ransome.

"Well, m' dear, every young fellow ought to be something of an adventurer."

"Joseph!" she said. "Don't you—*see?* Claire . . ."

He laid his hand on her shoulder.

"My dear," he said, "perhaps you're the one who doesn't 'see.' You're thinking of the girl's welfare, I know. But you're inclined to think of it in terms of dollars and cents—social position and so on."

"But—" she began.

"My dear," he said, "I've given up the best of my life to making money, and sometimes I wonder—" His ruddy face was serious, almost sad. "There's something more—something better in life, m' dear. Romance. . . . When I heard that fellow talking—when I thought of all those countries I'd never seen—that life I'd never had . . ."

"Oh, dear!" thought Mrs. Ransome, with tears in her eyes. "My poor dear old Joe! . . . When men get talking like that—what can you say?"

That very evening Hilary Grey came to her and her husband and asked their consent to his marrying Claire before he sailed.

"Claire! Claire, my baby, he's a stranger! You don't know him!"

"I knew him the first moment I saw him," said Claire. "It was just as if I'd been waiting all my life for him."

Everyone was against Mrs. Ransome.

"He can't take Claire off like that!" she said to her husband. "Let him go back to this place and establish his business, and find a nice house, and then we can see."

His business, it appeared, was already established, and nothing could be more suitable than the house his partner

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR MEN
Continued from page nine

was willing to turn over to him. He had a good balance at the bank, he was well connected, there was nothing against his character. What reasonable objection could be made to their getting married at the end of the month, before he sailed?

"You don't know, mother," Claire cried, "how I feel about the tropics! . . . Oh, imagine that wonderful little island in the blue sea, with palms and marvelous flowers and the white sand!"

"Yes, I'm sure it's all very pretty," said Mrs. Ransome, sick at heart. "But you see, my pet, you're accustomed to such a different sort of life."

"But *that's* the life I long for!" Claire assured her. "If only it weren't for leaving you and father—"

That made her weep, and Mrs. Ransome held her in her arms in anguish.

Again and again she assailed her husband. She even went to Hilary, tried to make him agree to wait.

"But I'll make her happy!" he cried, desperately in earnest.

All the other members of the family liked Hilary; everyone was touched by Claire's romantic happiness. Mrs. Ransome was defeated.

The wedding was on the last day of January, and they sailed the next morning.

Claire stood on the deck beside Hilary and watched the shores of her homeland grow dim. There were tears in her eyes because she was leaving so much that she loved, but they were tears without bitterness; already her thoughts flew ahead to that enchanted island.

The other passengers looked at her with friendly interest. They knew she was a bride. She blushed, but she was filled with elation. Everything delighted her. Off Sandy Hook they ran into a squall, and she loved it, the leaping of the ship under her feet, the coziness of the saloon. Hilary knew the captain, and they sat at his table; she had the place of honor at his right, because she was a bride.

Then suddenly something horrible came over her. She grew pale.

"Hilary!" she whispered. "I—want to go out."

He rose at once; she clung to his arm, and he took her to their cabin.

"Oh, Hilary!" she cried. "I do feel so ill! Could it possibly be some tropical fever—from the ship?"

"No, darling," he said, anxious and distressed. "It's just a little—*mal de mer.*"

"Seasick!" she cried. "Oh, I won't be!"

But she was; the doctor said he had seldom seen a worse case. Even when she recovered enough to get on deck, her head ached constantly, she felt languid and wretched, unable to care about anything. Hilary, unfamiliar in a white suit, pointed out flying fish and porpoises; she looked at them politely but without interest.

One morning he waked her at dawn.

"Look out of the port, darling!" he said.

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

author of this story, was born in Brooklyn, New York, married George E. Holding of London, and makes her home in Hamilton, Bermuda. Many of her short stories have appeared in Liberty.

THEY were entering a little harbor ringed with hills. She saw tall palms black against the pale sky; there was a warship moored there, with lights faintly reflected in the water.

"Home, my Claire!" he said.

For a moment his words frightened her. How could this be home, this place so strange and dreamlike to her? But she was ashamed of her fears.

"It's lovely!" she said resolutely.

It was because she did not feel well that such childish emotions filled her. When they landed, the floor of the shed seemed to sway under her feet, like the deck of the ship. She was surrounded by strange faces, strange voices, all welcoming her. She smiled back at them, but she wanted to cry.

At last she got into a carriage alone with Hilary, and they drove off through the streets of the little town. The glare of the sun on the white roads dazzled her; she caught only glimpses of shuttered shops that looked like warehouses. They turned up a hill, and she saw palm trees, bamboos, flaunting scarlet and purple flowers behind garden walls. Then they left the town and drove in a cloud of dust up one hill and down another, through a country of parched grass and stunted shrub, with here and there a thatched hovel, before which little black children played half naked in the sun, and curs ran out and yelped at them. She was watching for the scenes she had expected—the jungle where bright birds flitted, where great trees grew, dripping with vines, for the coral beaches. . . . Up another hill, and below them she saw a low white house in a clearing, with no fence about it, no trees.

"That's our house!" said Hilary.

"How lovely!" she said again.

He lifted her out of the carriage, and shouted at a barefooted black boy who came running up, answering volubly in a singsong dialect unintelligible to her as a foreign language.

"You're tired, my darling," said Hilary anxiously as he led her into the house.

IT seemed so dark in there, after the glare of the sun outside; there was no glass in the windows, only wooden shutters, all closed now. They had lunch in the dim dining room, waited upon by a sullen girl with earrings. There were strange dishes she had never tasted; even the chicken had an outlandish flavor. She tried to eat, but she could not.

"You must rest, darling," said Hilary. "You must take things easy in this climate."

His tenderness, his anxious care to make her comfortable and happy, touched her intolerably. She made a great effort to conceal her dazed fatigue. When friends of his came in that evening to welcome her to St. Simon's, she was very gracious; she sat smiling and talking, struggling against a strange and dreadful feeling of unreality. This was her home; she was to live here in this house with no glass in the windows, among these strangers, with these black servants whose faces seemed to her secret and hostile.

Presently the day came for writing home.

"Housekeeping is so easy here!" she wrote. "I really don't know yet just how many servants we have. I'm always coming across a new one. I'm not expected to do *anything*, but just be waited on like a queen."

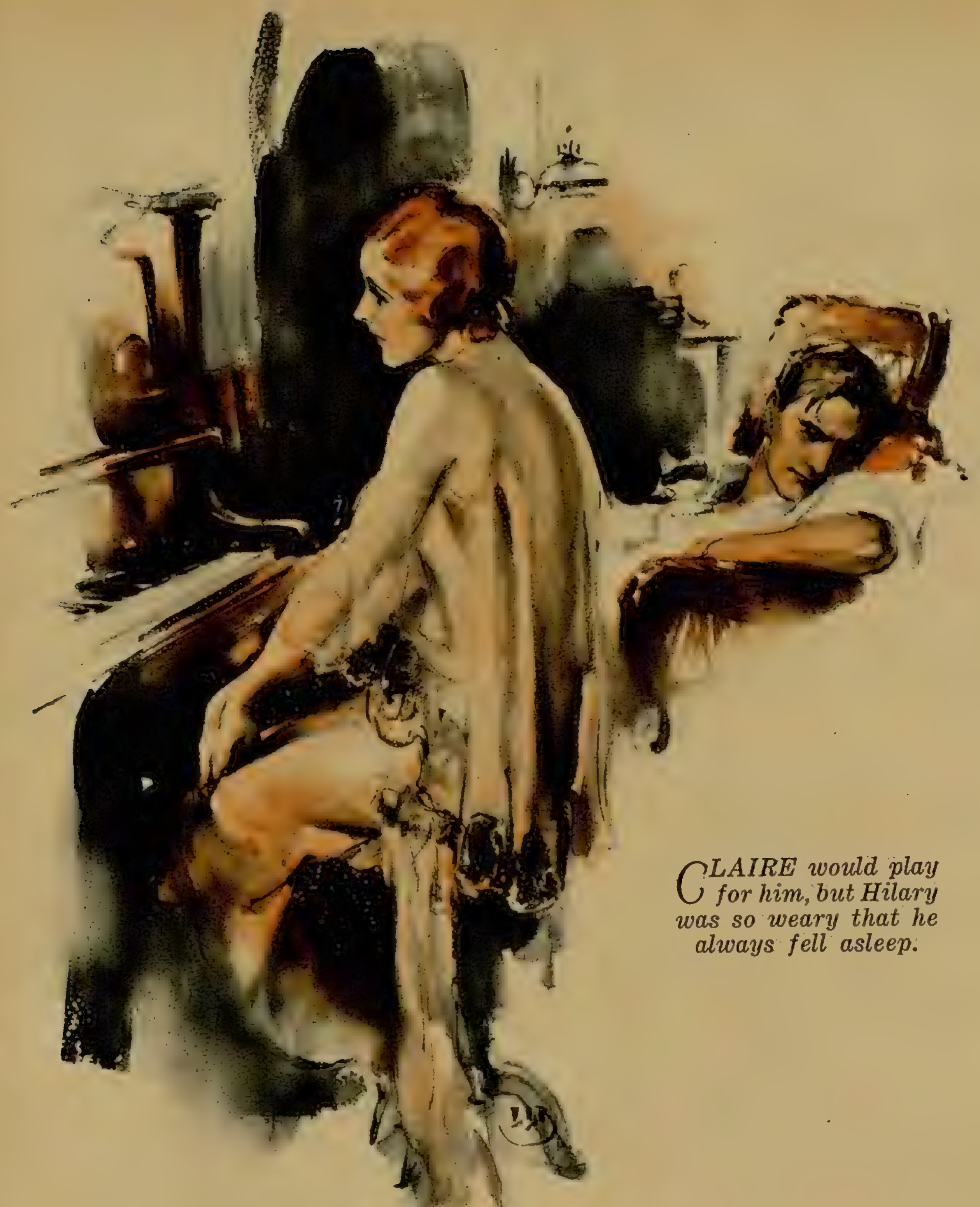
She was writing at a desk in what she called the "parlor." The shutters were closed, but still the flies came into the darkened room. She could hear voices shouting outside, furious voices that had frightened her at first; but she knew now that it was only her cook, an obese old woman with a bandanna on her head, disputing with some of the ragged crew that hung about the place. Her servants! Some of them were, no doubt, but the rest were their friends, their relatives—heaven knew what.

She wrote home funny little stories about the servants, and never said how they tormented and worried her: how the cook fed whole families; how the sullen girl she called the housemaid stole her handkerchiefs and stockings and ribbons, and then disappeared, to return later, insolent, brazen, with a baby that lay in the yard. She wrote about the kindness of Hilary's friends, which truly touched her, and she never mentioned how alien she felt among them, how she missed good books to read, and the long, serious talks she had had with her friends at home.

"I'm too serious," she told herself. "I'm priggish."

She tried not to be; she tried to enjoy the gossip of St. Simon's, to assume an interest in fashions. She never let Hilary suspect that she did not find his friends very congenial, or that the days were so very long while he was away. She was determined never to complain.

She could not disguise the malaria, though. Everyone in St. Simon's assured her that malaria was not dangerous; one simply took quinine and rum. The rum she steadfastly refused, but she took quinine until her ears



CLAIRE would play for him, but Hilary was so weary that he always fell asleep.

rang. Her bright color faded, she grew thinner, she felt tired from morning till night, and Hilary was worried.

"You'll have to go home for a few months, darling girl," he said.

"Hilary!" she cried, and clung to him with a sort of terror. "I couldn't go without you!"

He tried to argue with her, but she would not listen. She thought of stories she had been told of men who died and were buried in twenty-four hours; she thought of Hilary here alone, and she separated from him by leagues and leagues of dark sea. She drew his dark head down on her shoulder and held him tight.

"I *won't* go without you, Hilary!"

SHE was determined he should not know how she longed for home. If she could go just for a little while, just to fill her lungs with that sparkling air, just sit at a meal with no flies on the table, just lie in bed with the eiderdown pulled up to her chin, the window open, so that she might see the stars in the frosty sky . . .

That summer she knew there was a baby coming. She wrote to her mother, and Mrs. Ransome answered with a long letter:

"Don't you think, dearie, that it might be advisable to come home for the *great event?* Of course you and Hilary know best, but I thought perhaps the more *bracing* climate, and you could have Doctor Ellis. He is *very good* in such cases.

"Your father sends a *particular message.* He says that if there is *anything you would like,* you have only to write or cable."

She showed Hilary the letter, and he read it with an odd look on his face. Then he looked up at her with a smile, and she saw it was a strained smile and that in his eyes there was the shadow of some pain.

"Dear girl," he said, "I think—perhaps you'd better go. . . . I—thought I could arrange things. I've been trying to—manage so that I could take you home. . . . But business isn't so very good at the moment . . ."

She saw how bitter it was for him that he could not afford to send her home; she knew what it meant to him, in his pride, to accept help from her people; she knew what he would suffer if she were to leave him, the dreadful anxiety he would feel.

"WHY, Hilary!" she cried, with a little laugh. "You silly boy! Do you imagine I'd—go away from—*home*—just now?"

She was so resolute that he was convinced, and she remained in St. Simon's. He did everything he could do for her. He gave up all his old recreations, his club, his tennis; he spent all his leisure with her. For the first time she realized fully what she meant to him; and she clung to him, her friend and her lover.

Her baby was a little girl whom they named Alice after Hilary's mother. She was a healthy, happy baby; but Claire was overanxious about her, nervous, filled with unreasonable alarms. Hilary decided that she must get out more, and he insisted upon her coming for a drive with him in the late afternoons, when it was cooler. Those drives terrified her. His horse was a nervous beast that shied at everything. But she hid her fear, and he never imagined that she, cool and gentle and dignified, was half sick with terror. She was afraid of that horse, of scorpions, of centipedes, of fever, of hurricanes, because of her baby. Yet, when the hurricane came, she was as calm as he was. When the wind first began to rise that night, she was apprehensive; she followed Hilary as he went about the house fastening every shutter, examining doors and windows. But he reassured her. He admitted that the glass was ominously low, but what was a hurricane? He had been through half a dozen, and was none the worse for it.

She could not have imagined anything like the reality. She sat with the baby in her arms, and in her heart the blank resignation of one utterly helpless, listening to the awful howl and whistle of the wind that swooped upon them, that seized the house in its teeth and shook it. The thunder crashed above them, the lightning pierced through the closed shutters in arrows of fire, the rain came in an insensate deluge. Crash, howl, scream! The world tottered. The lull came, but it brought no relief. They had to wait until it all came back. She could not speak, could not think; it was difficult to breathe—as if that atrocious rush of wind sucked away the air and left them in a vacuum.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR MEN
Continued from page eleven

The night passed, as all nights pass; the morning came; and their house was almost undamaged. Hilary saddled his horse and rode out, and when he came back he told her the crop was ruined. A cloud of disaster lay over the little island. She read in his face the ruin that had overtaken him.

He told her a few days later that, with the destruction of the crops, the planters could not pay him, and his little business was overwhelmed.

"Claire, my darling," he said a little unsteadily, "I'll have to start again. I've heard of a good opening in Montlisson. I shouldn't care if it weren't . . . I know how you'll feel about leaving this house where the baby was born—where we've been so happy. . . ."

She cried then, for the first time, with her arms about his neck—cried because she had not been happy enough in that house, because she was so glad to leave it.

Hilary had to go alone to Montlisson, to make his business arrangements and find a house, and Claire and the baby stayed with the Merrions, old friends of his, while he was gone. Everyone was kind to her; she had never imagined such friendliness; she was almost humbly grateful. But she could not feel at home; she was always an alien, always the reserved and dignified little Northerner. She was cheerful and polite, but she could not be gay. She was lost without Hilary. The month of his absence was dreadful to her.

Little Alice was six months old when they took the steamer for Montlisson. They sailed through blue seas; they passed other islands, ineffably lovely, scenes like the pictures Claire had dreamed over long ago. But she could not admire them now. The baby was sick; the nurse was obstinate and untrustworthy; their cabin was hot and not too clean. The trip was a nightmare.

Montlisson was a smaller island, hilly, very beautiful with its forests and waterfalls. Hilary went into the lumber business, but it was not successful, and he got a post as overseer on a plantation. They moved into the house provided for them on the estate. Claire sent home a photograph of that house, and it was much admired.

"It's quite gay here!" she wrote. "We're going to a ball in town this evening."

She dressed for that ball with such weariness, tired even before they set out, but resolutely gay because Hilary was so proud of her. She danced, she smiled, she talked; and Hilary watched her with that new look he had, that shadow of anxiety that never quite left him now.

As he drove her home in the moonlight, it occurred to her that if she were to describe this hour to her friends at home they would think it a romantic situation, if ever there was one. Here was she, sitting beside the man she loved, driving along a road of thrilling beauty, with the tropical moon overhead. And she wondered at herself, that she should be so unmoved.

As usual, Hilary drove like a demon. The horse slipped on a hill and nearly went down.

"Don't let anything happen to us!" she prayed in her heart. "Let me get back to my baby!"

SHE did get back, unscathed, and hurried into the nursery. The baby lay there, fast asleep; the night light made flickering shadows across her plump, calm little face.

She told Hilary that night that there was another baby coming. He sat on the edge of the bed with his arm about her, stroking her hair, and he said nothing. She moved and looked up at him, and he smiled. She thought she never could forget that smile.

"I—haven't done as well as I expected," he said. "But—you really haven't lacked anything you needed, have you, Claire dear? You and the baby? You're not—worried, are you?"

"Worried, Hilary?" she cried stoutly. "Of course I'm not!"

It was a sad game they played, those two. When bills came, she gave them to Hilary with a casual, cheerful air, and he accepted them with equal nonchalance; they maintained the fiction that he could pay them. He did what he could. His work was very hard. Often he was on his horse before dawn; sometimes he was in the boiling-house all night. He loved gayety, change, excitement; yet evening after evening he spent at home with his pale and languid wife and that baby who seemed to cry so much. There was a piano in the house, worm-eaten and out of tune; and Claire would play for him, would dress herself daintily and sit down before that sorry instrument and play the waltzes and polkas and schottishes she had learned.

Hilary would sit listening and watching her; but he was so weary that he always fell asleep, and she would stop, let her hands fall in her lap, and stare before her at nothing.

The second baby was a boy. Claire wanted to name him Hilary, but Hilary protested.

"Let's call him Joe—after your father," he said.

When little Joe was six weeks old a fire broke out in the cane piece one night, and Hilary was waked from his heavy sleep to hurry out. From her window Claire saw the flames, red and wild in the serene starlit night, heard voices shouting, heard the cane exploding like a fusillade.

"Hilary!" she cried in her heart. "Hilary, my dear darling—*be careful!*"

He came home before sunrise. She wanted to think it was the pallid light of dawn that made his face look so ghastly. She had hot coffee ready for him, but he could not drink it; his teeth began to chatter, and she could not get him warm.

THE doctor called it simply "fever."

"Is it serious?" she asked.

"Oh, we'll pull him round, Mrs. Grey!" said the doctor cheerfully. "He's been working pretty hard; he's a bit run down—anæmic—but we'll set him on his feet."

"Fever." Not one of those illnesses people had at home, definite illnesses with familiar names and a predictable course. This was strange and terrible as some unknown poison.

She sent a cable to her father asking for money, and he sent her twice what she had asked.

"As soon as he's able, we'll go home," she said to the doctor.

"That's the best thing!" he assured her.

But she knew he did not believe Hilary would ever go home. He lay for three days, burning with fever, half delirious, half unconscious; then his temperature went down a little, and he knew her again.

"You'll get better at once, Hilary," she said, "as soon as you get home."

"Yes, I'm sure I will!" he said, smiling at her.

She knew he did not believe that. Once he almost said so. He was lying in bed under the mosquito net, so thin, with his hollow eyes and his sunken temples, and she sat beside him, sewing by the light of an oil lamp about which a swarm of insects fluttered.

"Look, Claire!" he said.

She raised her head and looked where he was looking, out of the window, where the silver moon sailed over the hills.

"Gad!" he said, half to himself. "It's worth it—isn't it? . . . This beauty . . ."

She put down her sewing, and, reaching under the net, took his thin hand and tried to smile at him. There was no effort in his smile; it was faint, but sincere and tender.

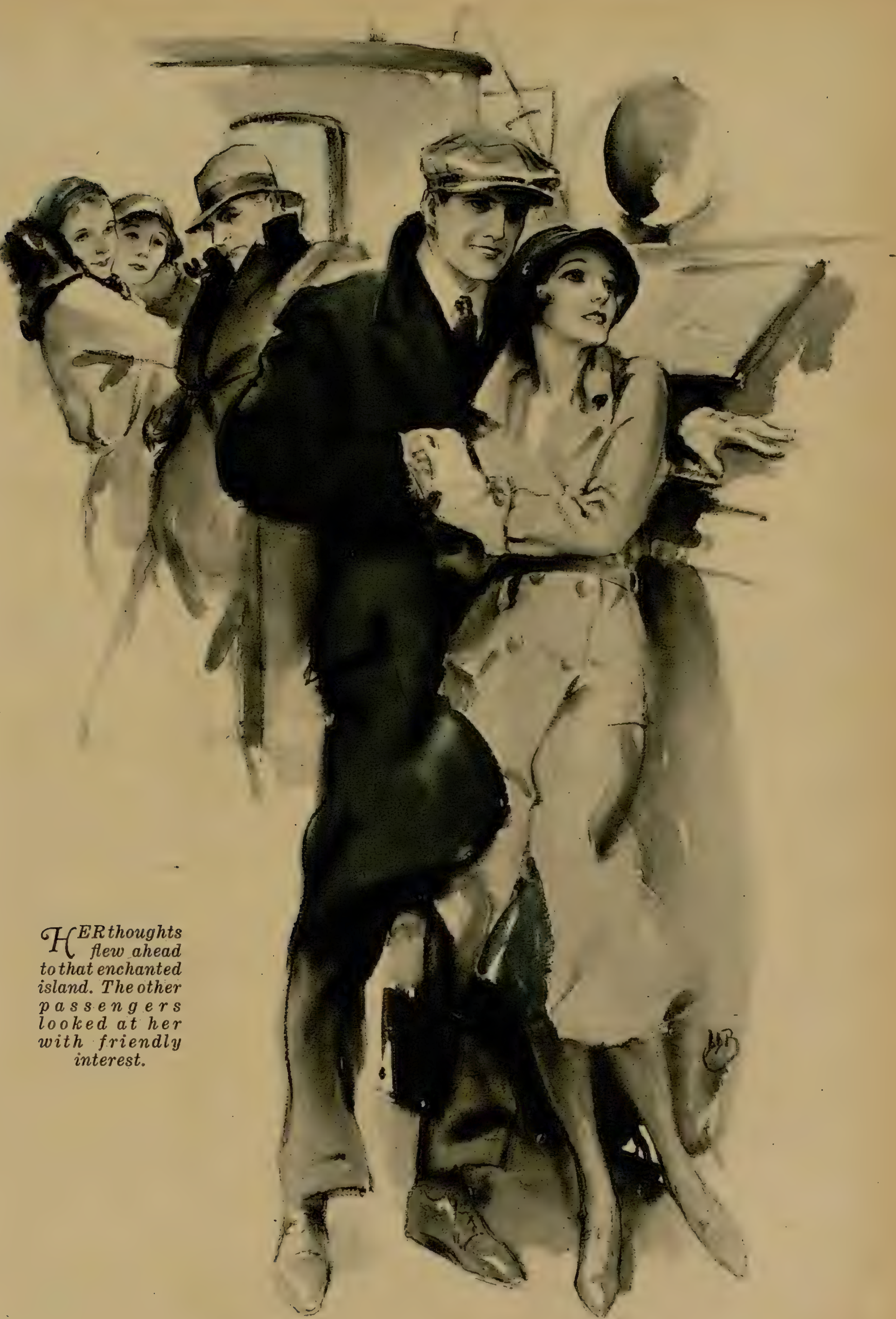
"It's—something to remember, isn't it?" he said. "You're not sorry, darling?"

"Hilary . . ." she said, struggling against her tears. "When you are well again, darling . . ."

Hilary was not getting better. The doctor called it jaundice now, and he lay there day after hot day, patient, dreadfully aloof.

Christmas came, and she told little Alice about Christmas trees and Santa Claus who came with his dainty reindeer over the snowy roofs. Everyone was very kind; even the bills had stopped coming.

The Christmas presents from home were somehow delayed; it was after the New Year when the box arrived.



HER thoughts flew ahead to that enchanted island. The other passengers looked at her with friendly interest.

Claire took it in to Hilary's room to open, hoping, longing to see him interested.

"Look, Hilary!" she said. "Mother's sent a coat for Alice—to wear on the trip home."

He turned his head and smiled at the tiny girl.

"Let's see how she looks in it," he said.

"No!" cried Claire. Their eyes met. "You'll see her wear it—on the ship," she said steadily. She wrapped the coat up in tissue paper and put it into the cedar chest, stood for a moment with her hands clenched. Then she heard the baby cry, and she hurried along the hall like an automaton that acted instantly in response to the three voices that haunted her—Hilary's, Alice's, the baby's.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR MEN
Continued from page thirteen

The passage money her father had sent was dwindling; she was using it to pay bills and to buy things that Hilary needed. She would not ask again, but in her heart she hoped he would send more. That morning, before she was out of bed, she heard the steamer blow, and she thought, "There'll be letters, anyhow."

The young fellow who was doing Hilary's work always stopped in at the house between ten and eleven for a second breakfast. She heard his horse stop, heard his shout for the boy, and she opened the door.

"You'll be going in to town for the mail, won't you, Herriot?" she said.

"Sorry, Mrs. Grey," he answered. "But my mare has gone lame. I'll have to wait until tomorrow."

She saw to his breakfast, and after he had gone she went into the darkened parlor, and sat down at the little writing desk, leaning her head on her hand.

She heard a carriage drive up and she thought it was the doctor. With an effort, with a long sigh, she rose.

"My dear . . ." said her father's voice.

"Why . . . !" she said uncertainly.

Because she did not believe this—it was impossible. Only when he took her in his arms, only when he stroked her hair and she saw tears in his eyes, could she believe.

"You haven't changed!" she cried. "Father!"

She brought him upstairs to Hilary, and then, when he came out of that room, she showed him the children. When she spoke, tears came, tears of weakness and joy.

"Now, m' dear," he said, "there's a steamer coming up from Trinidad that touches here the day after tomorrow. We'll sail by that."

"But Hilary?"

"We'll find a way to get Hilary on board."

"But, father, I've got things—to arrange—"

"I'll attend to them," he said. "That's what I'm here for. Let me have the figures, m' dear."

It seemed to her as if she were a child again. With unutterable relief she put all her complicated affairs into her father's hands, and prepared for the trip.

HILARY endured the long drive to the steamer better than she had dared to hope. He was installed in the best cabin, and she meant to wait on him. But they had rough weather, and she was sick all the way.

Only Hilary improved day by day, and little Alice was merry as a grig; she was infatuated with her coat, the first one she had ever seen, a real coat, with a fur collar.

"And granddaddy's goin' to give me a muffet!" she cried. "To keep my little cold paws all warm!"

The morning they were to dock, Claire went on deck, with the baby in her arms. It was a raw, foggy day, and she glanced anxiously at Hilary, thin, sallow, strangely unfamiliar in an overcoat and muffler and cap.

"I hope this won't be too much for you, dear," she said.

But to her the damp, chill air that blew in her face was ecstasy; the sight of the tall buildings looming through the fog thrilled her; the din of bells and whistles on the river made her tremble with excitement.

Everything was beautiful and marvelous, and little Alice shared her delight. The cab, the train with its engine, the queer trees with no leaves on them. But even Alice could not see the beauty of the old house as Claire saw it. There it stood, just the same, with her mother in the doorway. . . .

The south bedroom was ready for Hilary. When he was comfortable, Claire ran down to the kitchen, where she and Emma both wept to see each other again; she made tea and toast, to bring up to Hilary; she sat beside him until Doctor Ellis came.

"Fine constitution!" said Doctor Ellis. "We'll feed him up—and in two weeks you won't know him."

IT was almost a miracle that the snow should come that night, the snow she had told Alice about so often. The little girl was beside herself. Claire wrapped her up until she was an absurd little bundle, and took her out on the lawn. It was just the right sort of snow, dry, so that it did not melt, but lay on the ground, clung to the branches of the firs, covered the roofs, making a white world.

"Let's live here!" cried little Alice. "Let's live here for ever and ever and *ever!*"

Mr. Ransome came home from the city early, bringing a sled for the child. Portly and sedate, he pulled her about the lawn until Mrs. Ransome knocked on the window. Then Claire carried the child to Hilary, let him kiss her rosy, radiant little face.

He was up today, sitting before the fire in the library; he looked himself again.

By Doctor Ellis' order, he had to go to bed directly after dinner, and when she had seen him comfortably settled, Claire went down to the library again.

"Claire, my dear," said her father, "I'll have to tell you something. It's hard for me to say, and it'll be hard for you to hear. But you're a brave girl."

"It's—Hilary?" she said, almost inaudibly.

"I had a talk with Doctor Ellis, my dear. He says there's no chance—"

"Father!" she cried.

"No, no! My pet! I don't mean that! I mean—there's no chance of the poor fellow's going back to the tropics. Claire, m' dear—he never can live there again. Hilary asked me to tell you. Couldn't bear to do it himself. . . . I . . . I understand how he feels. Of course, there's a place for him in my business. We'll do all we can. . . . I hope that in time . . . new interests, old friends . . ."

He fell silent for a moment; then he rose, saying he wanted to get his pipe.

Mrs. Ransome and her daughter sat alone before the fire. Claire had left the window curtains drawn aside, so that she could see the stars in the frosty sky.

"Your father was very much taken with those islands," said Mrs. Ransome. "You should have heard his description. That life seems to have such a charm for him. He's always had this longing for strange foreign countries. I often wish I'd been different—more romantic. . . ."

"I know," said Claire. "My poor Hilary! I'd better go up to his room, mother, and try to comfort him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Ransome, with a sigh. "Men have these ideas. . . . Well! Romance is all very well, for men. . . ."

Their eyes met, and they both smiled.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Which state of Mexico lies nearest to Cuba?

2—What is a homograph?

3—From what nation did the United States obtain Alaska?

4—What is Davy Jones's locker?

5—In what branch of mathematics are the terms cosine, secant, and cotangent used?

6—What is a bicameral legislature?

7—What is the first week day after Christmas called in England?

8—From what nation did the United States acquire the Virgin Islands?

9—What is puissance?

10—Who wrote Pippa Passes?

11—What is the birth stone for October?

12—What is *esprit de corps?*

13—What style of beard bears the name of a general in the Civil War?

14—What is a bagatelle?

15—Who was the founder of Methodism?

16—What countries comprise Central America?

17—Who wrote the Waverly Novels?

18—Who is the patron saint of music?

19—What book of the Bible contains the Commandments?

20—What is lignum-vitæ?

(Answers will be found on page 52)

The GHOST of Jack London

Jack London in youth.

Sinclair Lewis as he looked about 1910.

Acme photo

Sinclair Lewis Becomes the Central Figure in a Literary Mystery

By

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(*Reading time: 16 minutes 18 seconds.*)

A "GHOST," according to the Standard Dictionary, is "one who does the brain-work for which another person takes the credit; especially in art or literature." Literature is haunted by "ghosts." Nevertheless, it came as something of a shock and a surprise when Liberty discovered that Jack London employed a "ghost," and that his name was—Sinclair Lewis!

Thereby hangs a literary mystery.

Liberty has asked me to play the part of literary detective, to discover why so great a man as Jack London found it necessary to buy plots for stories from an obscure young journalist. For when these transactions took place, Main Street, Babbitt, and Arrowsmith were still in the womb of time. No rainbow in Sinclair's sky foreshadowed a Nobel Prize. No prophet, no son of a prophet, predicted that Sinclair Lewis would ever challenge Theodore Dreiser in literature or fisticuffs!

I first ran across Sinclair Lewis in a club of magazine editors sometime in 1907 or 1908. It was known as the Vagabonds, and held forth in the National Arts Club at Gramercy Park. I don't recollect if Lewis was a regular member or if he attended our weekly meetings only occasionally.

Silent, somewhat morose, he did not attract attention. No one would look at him a second time except for his red hair and his lanky figure. No merry twinkle redeemed his freckles. He seemed, in his early twenties, a young man with a chip on his shoulder, at odds with himself and the world.

What a difference between him and Jack London! London, flushed with success, breezy boyish in spite of his thirty-five years, swept into the room and captivated all with his genius and his animal magnetism. No one would have expected that the brilliant young novelist who had reached world fame before he was thirty would turn for ideas to the gawky youth.

The very idea that Jack London, dynamic, buoyant with life, a veritable viking, would stoop to draw upon the intellectual capital of other men would have seemed incomprehensible then. It seems incomprehensible now.

In going over the papers of Jack London, his executors discovered several plots for full-length novels, written by Sinclair Lewis between 1908 and 1911. Evidently Jack London, for all the devil-may-care attitude of his writing, was methodical in matters of business. He kept not merely the typewritten synopses of these stories but the envelopes in which they were mailed.

One which lies before me now bears in the left-hand corner the inscription: "From Sinclair Lewis—Volta Review, Washington, D. C." It was mailed in Washington at 10:30 A. M., September 29, 1910. A stub in Jack London's check book bears the notation: "Paid to Sinclair Lewis $52.00, October 4, 1910." This is only one of several payments. Another check for seventy dollars,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

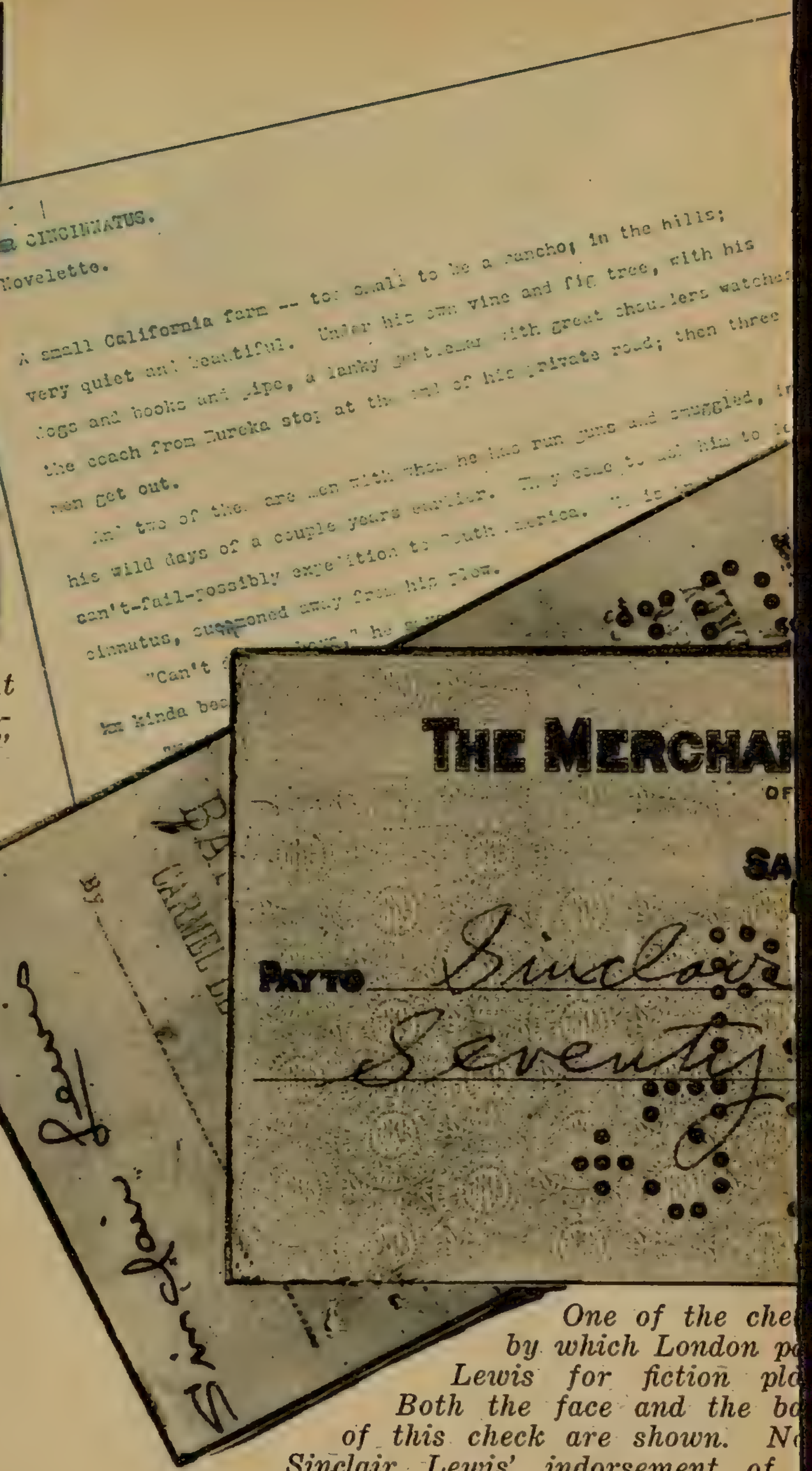
THE GHOST OF JACK LONDON
Continued from page fifteen

drawn to the order of Sinclair Lewis, was dated March 11, 1910.

Charmian Kittredge London, the faithful wife of Jack London and the historian of his fame, declares in a sworn statement, made in June, 1931:

U. & U. photo

The Sinclair Lewis of 1931. At right, the first page of the manuscript of "Mr. Cincinnatus," which Lewis sold to Jack London.



MR CINCINNATUS.

Novelette.

A small California farm -- too small to be a rancho, in the hills;

very quiet and beautiful. Under his own vine and fig tree, with his

dogs and books and pipe, a lanky gentleman with great shoulders watches

the coach from Eureka stop at the end of his private road; then three

men get out.

And two of them are men with whom he has run guns and smuggled, in

his wild days of a couple years earlier. They come to ask him to

can't-fail-possibly expedition to South America.

cinnatus, summoned away from his plow.

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THE MERCHA

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of this check are shown. N
Sinclair Lewis' indorsement of

> Sometime in the year 1910 and prior thereto my husband Jack London purchased from Sinclair Lewis certain outlines or plots, photostatic copies of which are annexed to this agreement. I know it to be the fact that for all rights in and to the said manuscripts my husband paid the said Lewis various sums and that a check dated March 11, 1910, to the order of the said Sinclair Lewis represents one of such payments, and that the various entries in the check book of my husband, some of which have been shown to the publisher, represent other such payments. I know it to be the fact that for the manuscripts purchased under the annexed agreement complete and full consideration was paid to the said Lewis by my husband.

SINCLAIR LEWIS does not deny that he sold Jack London, between 1908 and 1911, a number of suggestions for story plots. "How many there were and how much he paid me, I do not at all now remember, nor have I any record."

We have now established that the deed was committed. We have the evidence in the records of the dead author and the confirmation of his widow and of Sinclair Lewis himself.

We shall now produce the *corpus delicti*—Mr. Cincinnatus, A Novelette, one of the plots purchased by London from Lewis.

It runs, in substance, as follows:

A small farm in California, not large enough to be a rancho, nestles quietly between the hills. Here, in the shadow of his own fig trees and of his vines, we meet the hero, a lanky gentleman with powerful shoulders, watching a coach from Eureka stop at the entrance to his private road. He is smoking a pipe, a book lies on the bench where he is seated, and at his feet we discover, wide awake, like their master, his dogs.

Three visitors alight. Two are old boon companions of his gun-running past, the wild days when he had snapped his fingers at revenue officers. The third, a younger man, is new to him. While the others are jovial brigands, the newcomer is invested with a sinister glamour.

The three men ask him to lead some marauding expedition in a mythical South American republic. A modern Cincinnatus, he is called away from his plowshare. But whereas the Roman general left his farm to save the republic, the motives of Lewis' hero are less altruistic.

At first he shakes his head.

"Can't do it, boys," he says, and he points to his farm, all abloom. He has no stomach for adventures with bloody "greasers."

The oldest of the three is shrewd enough not to press for a decision. Expressing his sorrow, he asks his host to put him and his comrades up for the night.

Cincinnatus consents.

That night whisky flows in streams. The old songs trip back to their tongues and the old days rise up before them. Craftily his old comrades in arms conjure up before Cincinnatus pictures of little Spanish towns and girls with black eyes gazing coquettishly through the lattice.

Not a word is said about the contemplated adventure. But when the morning comes, Cincinnatus surrenders. He pays a tribute to the wisdom of his seducers.

"You win," he says. "I'll go with you."

But he warns them that he is not as keen on blood and thunder as he was in the days of his youth.

The others accept him on his own conditions. They realize that he is their destined leader, the only man with the saddle seat and the nerve to see them through. Without further parleying they depart for San Francisco.

THE adventurers, captained by Cincinnatus, have been promised a tidy little sum if they succeed in overturning the government of the small South American state on behalf of the insurrectos. Lewis describes the oldest of the three as a faithful retainer who follows the leader without questioning. The second, a loose-mouthed, grinning chap, looks upon life and war as a joke. The third member of the expedition, silent and crafty, is cast for the villain.

The little band travels to the Central or South American Graustark. That trip and the nights on the boat were indeed themes to evoke London's seafaring magic. Intimations increase that the Silent Third plans to replace Cincinnatus and to secure the lion's share of the spoils. Cincinnatus, keenly aware of what is going on, smiles over his pipe and listens quietly to the roguish quips of the funny man. They land in the mythical harbor of the mythical state. There is a scuffle in the port when they arrive. Cincinnatus drops the smiling mask. Once more he is his old self—daring, terrible, ruthless. Gaunt and capable, he leads his little band to victory, careless of human life.

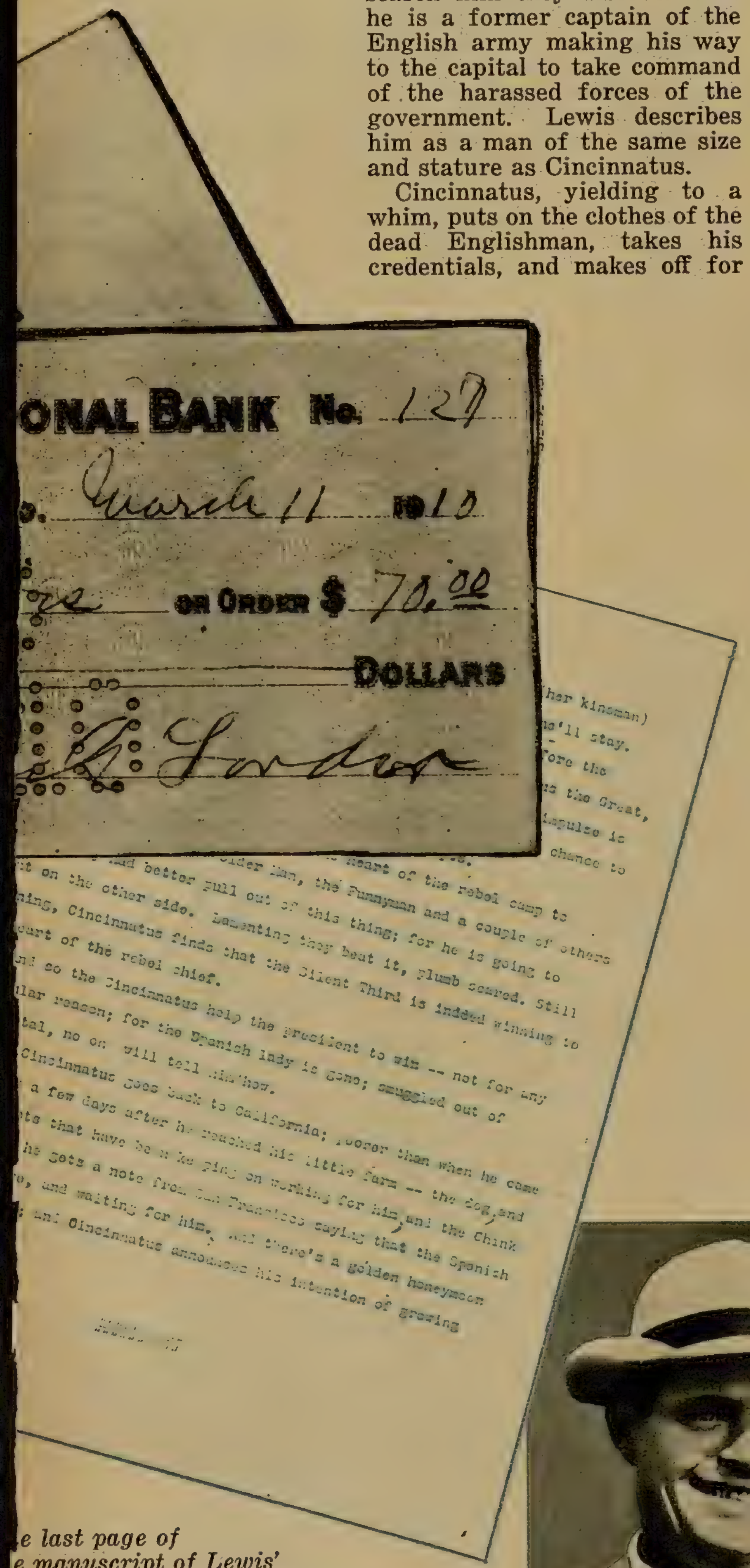
Carrying several hundred Krags and a couple of machine guns they make their way to the camp of the revolutionists.

Cincinnatus, jovial but grim enough when necessity warrants, holds the reins firmly. The villain proves his courage and also his villainy. Cincinnatus bides his time. It is not yet time to strike back.

Somewhere in the woods along their trail the villain shoots a "wonderfully putteed, coated, and breeched" English gentleman. When they search him they discover that he is a former captain of the English army making his way to the capital to take command of the harassed forces of the government. Lewis describes him as a man of the same size and stature as Cincinnatus.

Cincinnatus, yielding to a whim, puts on the clothes of the dead Englishman, takes his credentials, and makes off for the capital to do a little intelligence work of his own in this guise.

His companions do not like the idea; all except the villain. Cincinnatus chuckles to himself when he thinks that by the time he comes back from the capital and reaches the camp of the rebels, the villain will be in command.



ONAL BANK No. 129

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London

her kinsman)
he'll stay.
fore the
s the Great,
impulse is
chance to
heart of the rebel camp to
older man, the Funnyman and a couple of others
d better pull out of this thing; for he is going to
t on the other side. Lamenting they beat it, plumb scared. Still
ning, Cincinnatus finds that the Silent Third is indeed winning to
eart of the rebel chief.
nd so the Cincinnatus help the president to win -- not for any
lar reason; for the Spanish lady is gone; smuggled out of
tal, no one will tell him how.
Cincinnatus goes back to California; poorer than when he came
a few days after he reached his little farm -- the dog, and
ts that have been keeping on working for him, and the Chink
he gets a note from San Francisco saying that the Spanish
o, and waiting for him. And there's a golden honeymoon
and Cincinnatus announces his intention of growing

e last page of
e manuscript of Lewis'
ot outline, "Mr. Cincinnatus."

Then follows the trip across the hills. He is waylaid, camping alone. But in the end he reaches the capital, where the president cordially welcomes him.

The president turns out to be a gentle little man, a timid little dictator, apparently a sincere patriot. While acquainting Cincinnatus with the status of the country, he relates, "with pathetic catches in his voice," his futile attempts to inaugurate various improvements and reforms. He frankly admits that he sells franchises to finance his reforms. He also admits that he has put some malefactors of great wealth in jail. That, he explains, was for the sake of the people.

Cincinnatus listens while formulating his own plans. But in the silence of the night the thought comes to him that the little president is a decent chap who should be permitted to remain at his post until a better man appears on the scene.

Introspection is not a quality conducive to successful brigandage. Having developed that inconvenience—a conscience, he is unable to sleep. He dresses and walks up and down the patio. Two men attack him. He fells one but is blackjacked by the other.

He wakes in a room of the presidential palace. As he opens his eyes he sees a Spanish beauty with whom he has played at love in another South American venture.

The lady does not conceal that she knows who he is and why he is here. She gives him the choice of going away and keeping her love—a splendid thing, that love, Sinclair Lewis insists—or staying and being unmasked before her kinsman, the president. Refusing to be browbeaten, Cincinnatus remarks with a smile:

"I reckon I'll stay."

TAKING the wind out of the lady's sails, he himself reveals his identity to the president before she can open her mouth. He avows that he has always acted on impulse. His present impulse is to stay with the president and to give him a chance.

The little president accepts the offer, for Cincinnatus the Great is already a legend in South America.

After a dare-devil ride into the rebel camp he warns his comrades and a few other camp followers to withdraw because he is going to fight on the other side. Scared and lamenting their bad luck, they depart.

Cincinnatus is amused to discover that the villain has insinuated his way into the confidence of the rebel chief.

Backed by Cincinnatus, the president wins.

The Spanish beauty has disappeared.

The war won, Cincinnatus drops his machine guns and goes back to his farm, to his Chink servant, and to his dogs, poorer in worldly goods than he was when he went.

But at the end of the road he finds love. There is a little note in a feminine hand from San Francisco. A woman waits for him, the Spanish lady. . . .

The story ends with a honeymoon on the farm, which now has attained the dignity of a rancho, and Cincinnatus announces his determination to grow chin whiskers.

International photo
Jack London about 1910.

London could have clothed this skeleton with splendid flesh. But his own plots are immeasurably superior. What induced him to employ another writer, ten years his junior? Was it the panic that sometimes possesses a man when he is suddenly aware that life's journey is half over? With this realization comes often a convulsive fear that his mental and physical forces are ebbing. Men in this turmoil feel the need of rejuvenation.

It must have been such a mood as this that drove Jack London, despairing of the fertility of his own brain, to strike his strange bargain with Sinclair Lewis. But Jack London was only in the middle thirties. In him this bleak mood may have been induced prematurely. Perhaps it coincided with recurring periods of alcoholic depression. It is not unkind to speak of this phase of London's experience. He has done so himself.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE GHOST OF JACK LONDON
Continued from page seventeen

Poor London never knew how to drink. I remember how, sometime between 1907 and 1910, I entertained Jack London and Upton Sinclair at the National Arts Club in New York. It was to me a momentous occasion. Eager to make our union unique as well as convivial, I ordered the best German wine in the cellars of the club. Ranking in price with champagne, it was considered infinitely superior by men who knew their onions in vintages.

The waiter, with bated breath, served the wine, which came in curiously shaped bottles. Proudly I watched him pour the precious liquid for my guests. Alas, my pride came before a fall! Upton Sinclair sternly pushed the glass away. He was always a teetotaler; for him Volstead toiled in vain. Disgustedly I turned from Upton to Jack. Surely London would relish the liquid gold in which slumbered a century of sunshine on the Rhine! Jack London took up the glass curiously, tasted it dutifully, then, struggling with his desire to be polite, made a wry face. His heart belonged to John Barleycorn. Horrified, I ordered seltzer for Upton and whisky for Jack—then tried to drink my expensive wine. But it had lost its savor.

NEXT WEEK—

A striking prophecy of what civilization will be

Fifty Years from Now

by

H. G. Wells

also an amazing interview with

Al Capone

by

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

and stories and articles by

KONRAD BERCOVICI
GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK
DALE COLLINS
"CHICK" MEEHAN
ROBERT BENCHLEY

In his autobiographical John Barleycorn, Jack London portrays his protracted struggles with his penchant for liquor. For years he adhered to the program of writing a thousand words before taking a drink. But eventually the craving for drink worsted his determination.

" So short a period of sleep then intervened before early morning rising, that my system did not have time to work off the alcohol. As a result I awoke with mouth parched and dry, with a slight heaviness of head, and with a mild nervous palpitation in the stomach. In fact, I did not feel good. I was suffering from the morning sickness of the steady, heavy drinker. What I needed was a pick-me-up, a bracer. . . .

" I achieved a condition in which my body was never free from alcohol. Nor did I permit myself to be away from alcohol. If I traveled to out-of-the-way places, I declined to run the risk of finding them dry. I took a quart, or several quarts, along in my grip. . . .

" I was carrying a beautiful alcoholic conflagration around with me. The thing fed on its own heat and flamed the fiercer. There was no time, in all my waking time, that I didn't want a drink. I began to anticipate the completion of my daily thousand words by taking a drink when only five hundred words were written. It was not long until I prefaced the beginning of the thousand words with a drink.

" THE gravity of this I realized too well. I made new rules. Resolutely I would refrain from drinking until my work was done. But a new and most diabolical complication arose. The work refused to be done without drinking. It just couldn't be done. I had to drink in order to do it. I was beginning to fight now. I had the craving at last, and it was mastering me. I would sit at my desk and dally with pad and pen, but words refused to flow. My brain could not think the proper thoughts because continually it was obsessed with the one thought that across the room in the liquor cabinet stood John Barleycorn. When, in despair, I took my drink, at once my brain loosened up and began to roll off the thousand words.

" In my town house, in Oakland, I finished the stock of liquor and wilfully refused to purchase more. It was no use, because, unfortunately, there remained in the bottom of the liquor cabinet a case of beer. In vain I tried to write. Now, beer is a poor substitute for strong waters; besides, I didn't like beer; yet all I could think of was that beer so singularly accessible in the bottom of the cabinet. Not until I had drunk a pint of it did the words begin to reel off. . . ."

Sometime, no doubt, when words refused to come, with or without alcohol, London, feeling himself mentally beggared, determined to pick another man's mind for new characters and new incidents. He did not contemplate collaboration. He bought an idea as one buys and pays for a pig! Other men have done the same. But why did he not deal with some successful writer, in need of hard cash? Why seek out Sinclair Lewis?—unless, with the clairvoyance of his own Star Rover, he perceived, somehow, in the lanky, freckled youth the promise of future literary greatness.

Lewis himself was puzzled when all this happened. " Now," he writes in a letter to Mr. Harry Taylor, the bibliographer of Jack London, " that I am older than he was at that time, I understand what he told me—that he had countless ' plots ' of his own, but that a fresh scheme gave new urge to his own vast experience. It was to me a very exciting and helpful thing to be permitted to suggest fresh slants on his own wisdom."

REITERATING the same idea in a note to me, Lewis says: " It seems to me it might give a false impression that Jack London had to have new plots from other people. That was not at all the case. He had plenty of his own. He, like most writers, as I now know, got tired of plots that had been too long with him, and a fresh one always seemed more enticing."

That is generous but not convincing. A writer may get tired of his own ideas and may derive stimulation from others, but he does not buy plots from young authors like a bushel of potatoes or a pound of tea. It is this that makes London's case mysterious. The mystery still deepens, because *Jack London never used the plots he had purchased.*

What happened?

Did he buy the children of the younger man's brain and then discard them as inferior? This is not likely. For in that case he would not have bought several more after the first. These transactions with Lewis cover a period of several years. Or are we wronging Jack London? Was it all only a gracious method of helping a young writer, struggling with adverse circumstances, without wounding his pride? Or was it a mixture of several motives? Did he buy the plots partly to assist young Lewis, partly to assuage a secret biological or post-alcoholic fear that he had reached the end of his creative rope?

Did he buy plots from other men as well as from Lewis? If so, where in his stories is there evidence of borrowed plumage? I see no such evidence. London's fear of mental sterility was unfounded.

After the episode with Lewis he wrote some of his finest stories.

In John Barleycorn, published some years later, London does not hesitate to bare his life, his struggles for his own soul, but he does not mention the flagging faith in his own mental powers that compelled him to turn to Sinclair Lewis for ghostly assistance. The record is in his check book, not in his confessions. Perhaps the admission would have wounded his pride too much. Men are so constituted that they confess a murder more readily than some slight peccadillo which impairs their self-esteem.

To us who love London and admire him, the incident reveals his suffering without diminishing his glory.

But, involving as it does two names illustrious in American fiction, the story of Sinclair Lewis " ghosting " for Jack London constitutes a literary curiosity and a unique human document.

THE END

● DO YOU KNOW THAT MOST BEANS YOU CALL "BAKED BEANS" AREN'T BAKED? ● THEY'RE STEAMED OR BOILED!

HEINZ BEANS ARE BAKED

WHAT A DIFFERENCE BAKING MAKES!
ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES OF HEINZ FOOD PRODUCTS

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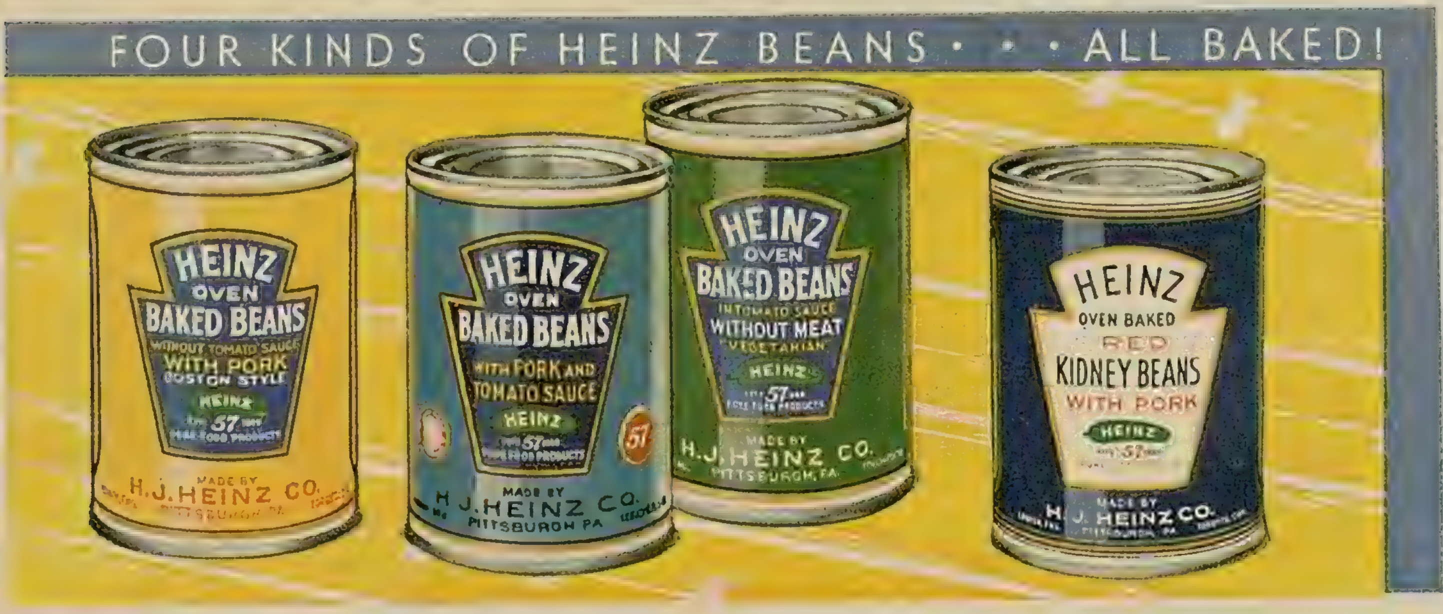
But – do you? Just read the labels on the different brands of beans. Try to find the word "BAKED". Any beans not labeled "BAKED" *aren't* baked. Instead, they are steamed or boiled. And between such beans and Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans there is the same difference as between a boiled potato and a crisp-skinned, flaky, baked potato.

Perhaps you've been eating beans that are steamed or boiled. Perhaps you've been pretty well satisfied with them. But just compare them with the beans Heinz offers you – beans that are actually *baked in ovens,* by the special Heinz method. This oven-baking makes beans lighter and more digestible – brings out the full flavor – lets the sauce penetrate through and through, just as butter permeates a baked potato. And once you've tasted Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans – once you've smacked your lips over their luscious goodness – no other beans will ever do.

You can get Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans in four tempting styles. Two styles with tomato sauce – with pork and without. And what sauce! Made from ripe, red, *fresh* tomatoes – a delightful blend with the luscious flavor of the beans themselves. Then there is the Boston Style – with pork and a rich molasses sauce. Lastly, Baked Red Kidney Beans in a savory sauce – ready to serve – a delicious vegetable for luncheon or dinner.

Get a can of Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans – to-day – in the style that you like best. Serve them to-night – and watch the plates come back for more. No dish more appetizing – or more nourishing. The equivalent of meat and potatoes. Baked the Heinz way, they're easy to digest, too! But be sure that you get beans that are really *baked* – ask for Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans!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BOSTON STYLE—
WITH PORK

WITH TOMATO SAUCE—
AND PORK

IN TOMATO SAUCE—
WITHOUT MEAT—"VEGETARIAN"

RED KIDNEY BEANS—
WITH PORK

UNLESS THE LABEL SAYS "BAKED" THEY AREN'T BAKED BEANS

Under the Pure Foods Law, only beans that really are baked can be labeled "BAKED."

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Another proof of LISTERINE'S amazing deodorant power—

—overcomes even the ONION ODOR which ordinary mouth washes can't hide

No fastidious person will run the risk of offending others by means of halitosis (unpleasant breath). Therefore the daily use of an antiseptic mouth wash and deodorant is the most important part of the toilette. Listerine, the safe antiseptic, is the preference of most intelligent people. The test described below partly explains this popularity.

Twenty-six people ate onion—an exact amount. In an effort to rid themselves of the onion odor that lingered on the breath, thirteen gargled with an ordinary mouth wash making excessive claims of deodorant power. *This mouth wash failed absolutely to overcome the odor. Twenty-four hours later, the onion scent was still apparent.*

The other thirteen gargled with full strength Listerine. Immediately the onion odor began to yield. The subjects were then observed at 15-minute, 30-minute, and one-hour intervals. *No trace of onion odor was apparent.*

The results of this test are additional proof to the scientific data on hand that Listerine is the swiftest and most effective of deodorant mouth washes. Since it is also a powerful yet safe and pleasant antiseptic, its importance in oral hygiene cannot be overstated. Because of its antiseptic and germicidal power, Listerine strikes at the two principal causes of halitosis—fermentation and infection.

Use Listerine every morning and every night, and between times before meeting others. It leaves the breath sweet and wholesome, and inoffensive to others. At the same time, it cleanses the mouth, teeth, gums, and throat, killing disease-producing bacteria by millions.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office, and carry it when you travel. It is your assurance that your breath won't offend, also your protection against infection. Lambert Phar. Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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1
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2
Quick deodorant power

3
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5
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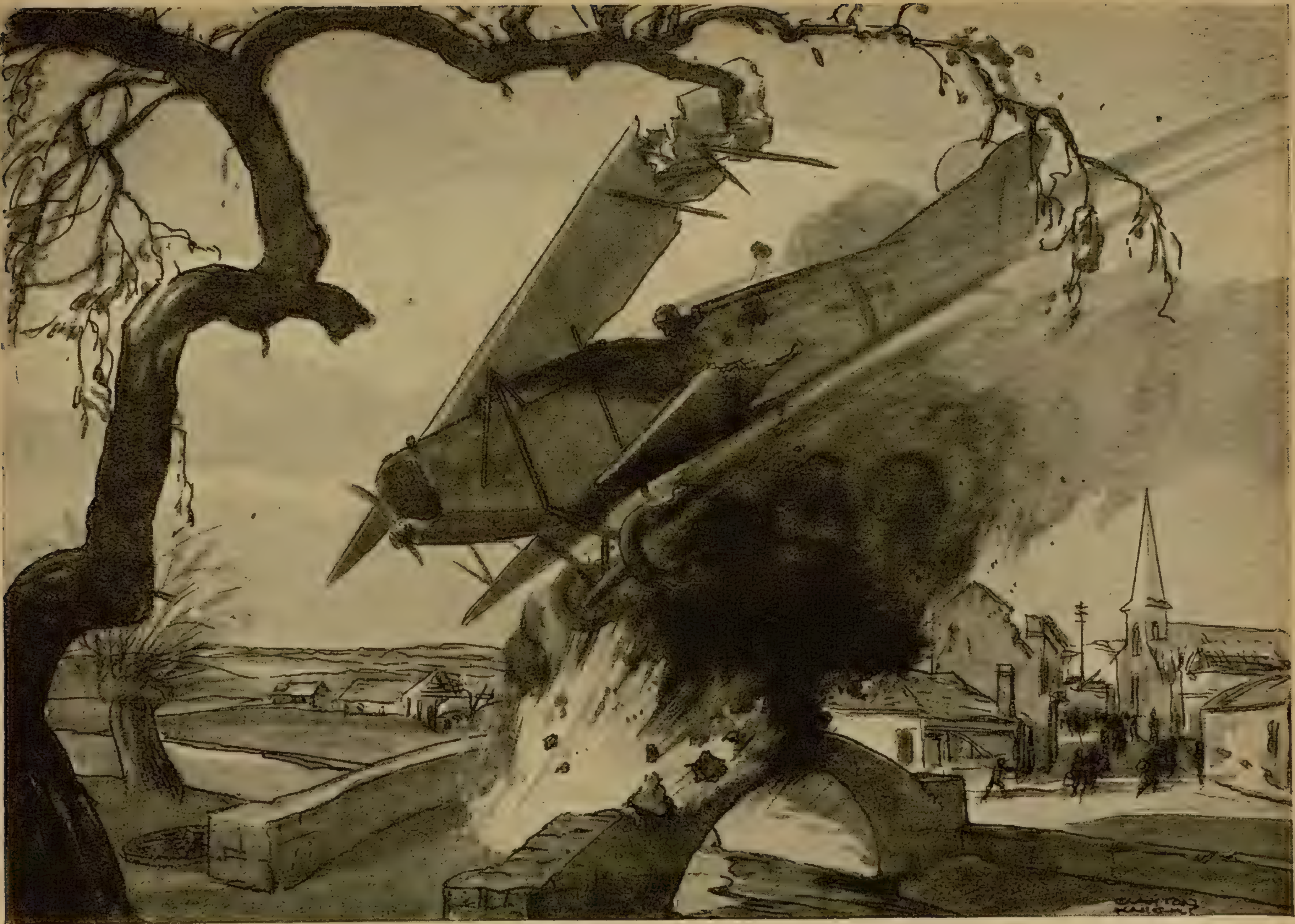
Requires no dilution

USE LISTERINE BEFORE ALL SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS



"BEFORE he was entirely over the bridge, it exploded. Concussion, flying timbers, tore a hole in the air."

LOST SQUADRON

A Story of Flying Death and a Thrill Builder's Finish

By

DICK GRACE

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 24 min. 45 sec.)

THIS is a story of aërial adventure told by "Red," who was with a squadron of flyers, under Captain Gibson, doing thrills for Epic Pictures. The helmets and goggles of those who'd been killed hung on pegs on the hangar wall. De Forst, married to the star, Nena Follette, was directing. "The Pest" was a kid Gibson had unofficially adopted after her brother Curwood lost his life. Red went up to do a snap-roll before the camera, lost his flippers, and was pulled, half drowned, out of the ocean. When he was refused a bonus his pals destroyed the negative of the film.

PART TWO—HEARING THINGS

THE sun was lowering over the western Pacific. The cool breezes that came from the ocean penetrated the blankets that covered me. My wet flying clothes clung clammily. The warm, dry change that I had come to work in hung in the combination closet and toilet which, for lack of a better name, we called the Place. It was. It answered all the needs of washing, dressing, and bar room.

Dizzy, weak-kneed, I reached the sliding door. It was spinning. So were the old oil spots on the cement floor. So also the fuselage of 707, the captain's desk, the helmets on the pegs. No one saw me. Everyone surrounded Gibson and de Forst in the front of the hangar.

"You'll fire them or we won't work here any more!" I could hear de Forst yelling.

"I'll fire nobody," said Gibson.

"You won't get paid for the work you've already done," the other threatened.

"I'll see the studio about that—not you," retorted the cap.

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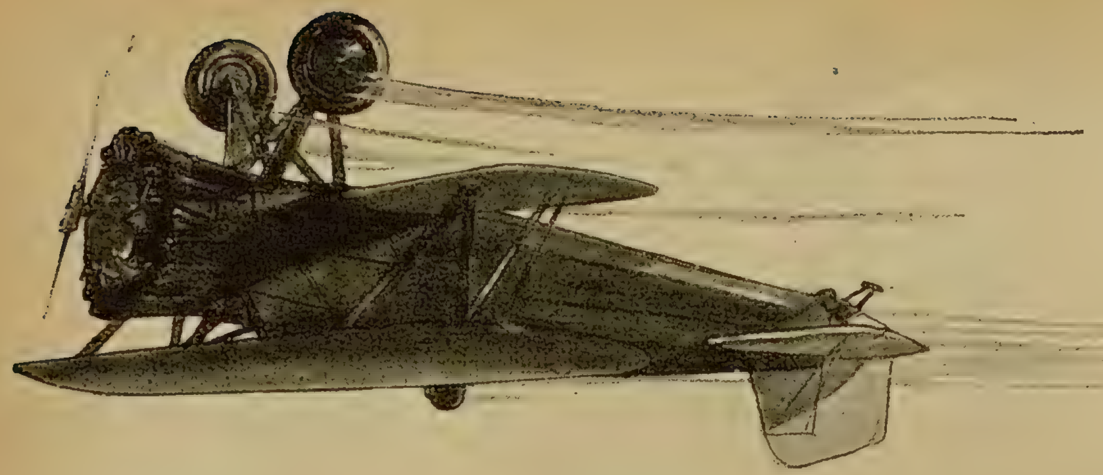


LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page twenty-one

"You're all fired. We're through here!"

"O. K.," said Gibson, and then, to Fritz: "It's all wrapped up, boys. Drag in the ships for the night."

A slight pause followed this. Fritz started to come toward the door. I had worked my way to the engine of the ship, and from that angle I was not visible to him.

"Wait," said de Forst; "I've got a couple more shots." He seemed whining now.

I guess Gibson gave in. The sap always did. But I didn't give a whoop. I was sick at the stomach again. I reeled against the door of the Place and half fell in. Put the night latch on the lock. Nobody was going to disturb me. I wanted a nice quiet little heave without any heavy interference. Then I took my best suit, spread it on the floor, and sat down with my head over the bowl. What a sense of relief! A glorious feeling.

That floor was only cement. It was cold, I suppose, but I nestled down on it as if it had been the breast feathers of Old Mother Goose. The Black and White! A little sip of that would strengthen me. Maybe neutralize any salt water in my system.

I got to thinking of the old ship down at the bottom of the Pacific. The crabs would already be swarming around it. I might have been there with it. Had I, the barracudas would be swallowing me in chunks, and the claws of those crabs would be digging into my viscera. Happy thoughts. Cold ocean. Black and White!

Perhaps I passed out. I must have, for when I came to there was a loud rattling at the door.

"Who's in there?" a voice demanded.

IT took me some time to gather my wits. Even then I could not find my voice. The door shook again.

"Guess the snap must have latched." It was de Forst. "Well, we can't go in there."

"'Ow abhout 'ere? There's nobody 'ere." It was the Limey prop boy.

"Someone's liable to come in. Quick—take this."

"'Ow much is 'ere?"

"Two hundred. You'll get the rest after you finish your job. You've got the thing straight now?"

"You just leave it to me, gov'nor. Hall I want is the chawnce," whispered the props.

"You get the chance. No bungling, now."

"Strike me dead! Captain Gibson will never—"

"Shut up," said de Forst, "and keep that trap of yours closed. I won't protect you if you're found out, so use that dumb bean. It's murder, you know—and your neck."

"I—I—" stammered the Limey.

"Now, listen. The west wind is driving in a lot of black clouds from the mountains—just what I want for the shot. The sun sets toward the north, up by Oxnard, and there'll be beautiful back lighting. Damn you, don't fail! I'll get even for them exposing my film. You know the ship?"

"The farthest Spad on the line, sir."

"All right. Watch your chance. Be quick."

Footsteps. The Limey's. I raised myself on one shoulder. My heart was pumping like a steam engine on icy tracks in the wintertime. Had I been framed just that this picture should have its thrills? Had Baxter, Baker, Jackson? My head went giddy with the thought. No picture was worth a human life. No director other than de Forst would foster such intrigue. Surely no company would want him if facts could be produced. My controls had floated away. The cameraman had focused on me to the crash into the ocean.

I was on my knees. My hands were reaching for the knob. More voices. I'm not accustomed to listening in on conversations, but this time it had its uses.

A woman. Nena Follette.

"Oh, hello, Arthur—how much more is there to shoot today? I'm tired."

"It won't be long now," de Forst answered.

"Better not be. Savage-looking wind clouds coming in from the desert. They're dreary—mournful. Like funeral plumes."

De Forst snorted, "For heaven's sake, cut out the sentimental stuff. You sound like the side-line music on a De Mille set."

Silence for a few moments; then, "Take me to the Coconut Grove tonight. I feel like dancing. I don't want to see any more of planes or flyers or clouds. It's been an awful day. I'm afraid of my nerves."

"YOU'RE tired, honey," said de Forst. "Why don't you take my Hispano and go to the house? Tell Suzumoto to lay out my evening clothes; we'll make whoopee right. Look at this dump! It's enough to depress a Cheshire cat. I always said aviators were savages. They're like the New Hebrides Islanders, who keep their dead in the house until they rot and drop apart, then use them to poison their spearheads. Just get that morgue on the wall. If that isn't keeping corpses around the fireside! And their dead are poisonous, too. Only, it's those hick flyers they poison, until they're rotten to the core with envy and malice against you and me and everyone who's successful."

"I wonder," said the woman, "if these hick flyers, as you call them, would swap it for all your success."

"Swap what?" he inquired.

"Their idealism."

"Rubbish!" he scoffed.

There were a few steps.

"Take your hands away from me," she ordered.

"Now what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"There's one thing I'd like to know from you," he said disagreeably.

"Yes?"

"How far back does it go?"

"What's the angle now?" she sneered.

"This tender interest in stunt men, this enthusiasm for the lofty sentiments of the captain. Have you any studio cowboys on your list? Or any Friday-night pugilists? You've been reading somewhere that the Piping Rock smart set have taken up slumming!"

As I sat on the seat in that little room I began to think I'd misjudged our dear little thrill girl. But, at that, I wanted to get out. I didn't care for the inside dope on any affair. However, I couldn't walk out just now.

"God! You are a cad, aren't you!" she said with hatred.

"You've known Gibson before. How well?"

More voices and the sound of a flock of footsteps, and that ended that battle.

"Let's get going," said Harding.

"We will if your sight-seeing expedition is over," answered de Forst.

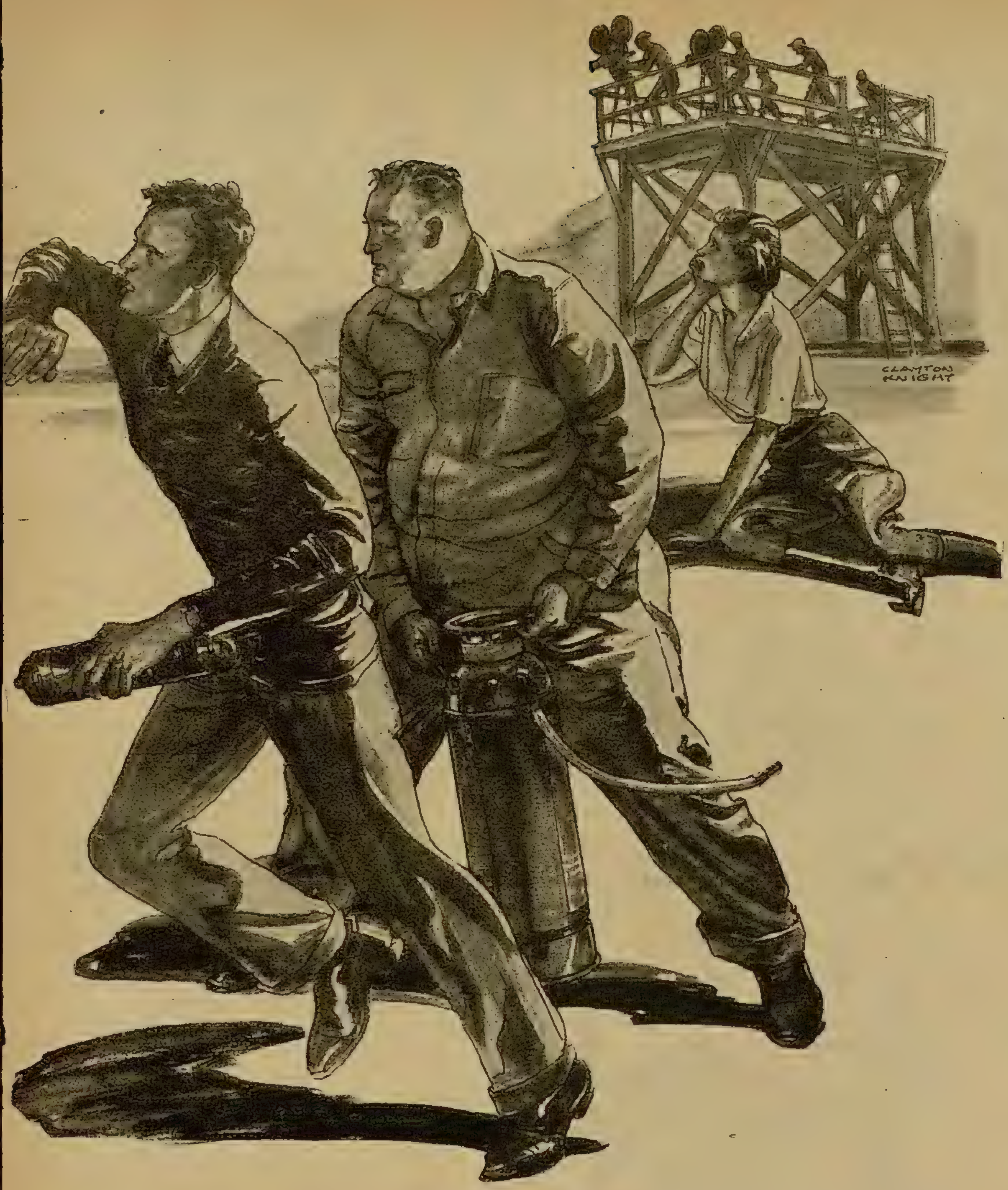
"We're waiting on you."

"Your favorite alibi. I suppose you'll write that on your daily red-tape report for the benefit of the production office."

"What more is there to do here?" asked the business manager.

"The picture finishes in two more shots."

"Well, the light will be getting pretty yellow in an



THEN I ran. "Fritz!" I hollered. "It'll be fire—the extinguishers!"

hour. I don't want the expense of a retake—not for a crack-up."

About this time my interest revived. De Forst pounced on the word.

"Who said anything about a crash, Harding? Your mind's still on penny-pouncing. Read your script."

"What's this about a crack-up?" It was Gibson's voice.

"He's crazy," said de Forst.

"IF there are any more crashes," said Gibson, with meaning, "I'd sort of like to know about them beforehand. The only one my contract called for was the one I did last Tuesday with the DH on the beach at Guadalupe."

"But here's your notation in your handwriting."

"Harding, get on the job and provide yourself with an up-to-date script. My script! My script! Here, read this. The shot we're going to do now calls for a light pursuit plane to invert itself in front of the cameras—not over seventy-five feet from the parallels. Simply that. Any of these half-baked flyers can do it."

Phil spoke to someone—I think it was Fritz: "Nothing to it, Half-baked. Let's send the Limey on it."

"Any further crashes are out." It was an order. It came from a woman.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated de Forst. "Don't you start interfering, Nena."

"Every one of the boys have risked their lives already and they're safe. Nothing will happen now."

I could have kissed her for that, even if it would take a prop turning about 1,450 to cut through the rouge afterwards.

"Honestly, Arthur, I can't understand your passion for dangerous thrills. It's almost sadistic. I don't believe my public cares for that stuff."

"ROT—your public! I'm directing this picture."

"And I'm giving you an order. You keep telling Harding to read his script. You'd better read my contract. Perhaps you've forgotten that everything that goes into my pictures has to have my O. K. on it. I'm against this. The last time, when you had Gibson in the hospital for five months with a broken back, the news leaked out. Half of my Wings of Doom fan mail showed a bad reaction from it."

De Forst snorted. There was a trampling of feet, and everybody, I thought, had left. Again I started to rise—but that fool woman still had company in my living room.

Might as well improve my time, I thought, so I started to change into my street clothes.

"When you've taken stunting out of pictures I guess I can call around at your back door for a hand-out," I heard Gibson remark.

"You might give me credit for a decent motive once in a while," she said in a tired voice.

"I do," he answered, "—once in a great while."

"I must confess," she said with apparent forced airiness, "that, considering the long time since we've been apart, I have had more effusive, more flattering receptions in my experience."

"Which has been both colorful—and extensive," he continued.

What was I getting into? I had already heard a plot, and a family quarrel, and now I was learning for the first time that Gibson had had a more intimate acquaintance with Follette than he had let us know.

"You are in good form today, I see. It's a pity to waste that line of yours when the mike is not hooked up. Do your lady callers always remain standing?" Evidently Gibson arose and crossed the hangar. "Thanks, I'm glad that the Chesterfield flourish is still possible when you really put your mind to it," she bantered.

"Look here, Nena, a party with you isn't exactly what I've gone out of my way to seek. What's the great idea?"

"On the contrary it seems exactly what you've gone out of your way to avoid. I was sitting in de Forst's car out on the field, waiting for you to pass by me on the set."

"How disappointing! How was I to know?"

"Just my point," said she. "I fancy you did know, all

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page twenty-three

right. That was why you so suddenly changed your mind. Dropped the young lady at the corner of the machine shop. Really, Gibby, you shouldn't have left her to walk across the field without an escort. Innocence unshielded among all those rude moving-picture men!"

"Leave the Pest out of this." It was an order.

"I didn't come here to talk about your women. It's about de Forst."

"What's he got in common with me except—"

"Stop. Wait until I'm finished. He suspects something. It's serious. Why can't we stop all this fencing and try a little honesty?"

"Honesty—from you! That's a laugh."

"It's possible, Gibson—from both of us. And I'll lead. De Forst hates you; he works on the job of hating you. I suppose it's the same old thing—jealousy. Save all your withering cracks. I can do my own withering without outside help."

"You'll never wither," Gibson said sarcastically.

"I thought I'd get those words from you. However, it's what I deserve, I guess. I set out to buy something for a price. Even if I did buy on the installment plan, I'm a star—and if you think my life with de Forst hasn't been like a postgraduate course in Lombroso and Krafft-Ebing rolled into one, it's because you lack imagination."

Gibson yawned. "I'm not interested in the pathological aspects of your love affairs."

"Love affairs!" Then, defensively, "I won't pretend that I didn't think it was love three years ago."

"On New Year's Eve, to be exact. I have kept track of my happy New Years—three of them."

"IF I hadn't thought it love I'd—" said the woman. "But I'm not wearing any halo. I knew what I wanted, and took advantage of being a woman to get it. I'm not the only one. And I've been decent to the man I've married. There are others who are not so true—if I may use the word. Lola Loring, for example, who married Sol Feinberg because he was a multimillionaire producer who could palm her on the public as a star. She still carries on an affair with a Mexican bullfighter's son. When I look at her I can't condemn myself utterly."

"You wouldn't!" he said emphatically.

"At least I've played the game according to the rules. And I've been punished, if that's what your sense of justice demands. Could you guess how?"

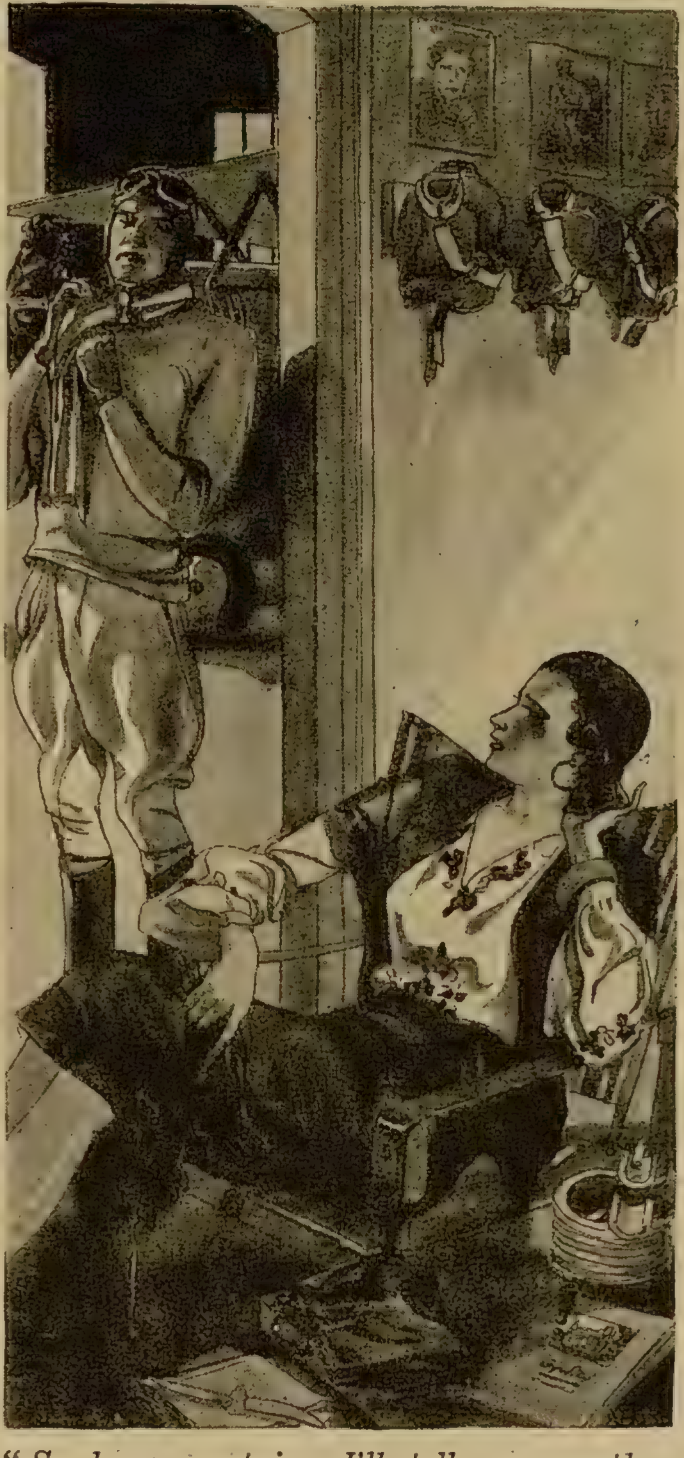
"I'm a rotten guesser," he said, "except in cases where I'm really interested in the riddle."

"I've learned," she said with apparent emotion, "that what I threw away was the truest, dearest thing—"

"Cut!!! That's all of that shot we'll ever use in this picture," he exploded.

She lapsed once more into her mocking vein: "Am I so unattractive? You spurn that which half the husbands in the United States would leave home for."

"That's because they don't know you as I and the other half do."



"So long, captain. I'll tell you another bedtime story if—pardon me—when you come back."

Of course that's what I call getting down to cases. Gibson always was sort of particular.

"All right," she said. "We'll have to admit the truth of your assertions. That doesn't prohibit me from being a human being. I have emotion, feelings. I don't want you to go on until you kill yourself. When it's sure death, why don't you give it up?"

"Because I need the money," he said shortly.

"You can do something else."

"What? Pilot a mail plane, I suppose. Don't see any of those boys retiring, do you? Moreover, here I'm only responsible for a squadron—and my own life. There's added responsibility flying mail. Look at poor old Graham. When he got his he had about a quarter of a million on board. Yeh? And when they couldn't find him, about half the people I talked to thought he'd taken to his parachute—had left with the money. They found him frozen stiff with a match, ready to strike, in his hand."

"THERE'S something else for you. Honestly, I want to help. You used to talk of starting a school. Let me finance you—No, don't rave again! There are no strings to the offer."

"I'm staying with this game, and that's final. Has it ever occurred to you that our experience has made me put an exaggerated value on loyalty? Look at that wall behind you. You knew them well enough. There were seven of us then—and now three. The balance of power has gone to the other side. I'm a sentimentalist; that was always your pet complaint against me. That's why I'm going to stick with my boys. I'm sentimentally in love with an idea: loyalty!

"They've all stood the test. They've been through hell and back with me; not once, but so often that we've all lost count. Red's escape today was providential. It's not unusual. And never for an instant have I had to worry about them following, no matter where I took them. I never looked back. I didn't have to. I knew they'd be there. They've given me an ideal to shoot at, and I'll follow it through until I'm flying all alone again—if necessary. If I bump off I'll go to something cleaner, finer than I've ever had here, if I go to hell. It makes no difference what the doorway of escape is. Bumping off costs us just as much as it does anyone else, even if we're considered a bunch of ignorant buzzards. Even if the escape is only some cheap thrill for one of de Forst's pictures."

"Morbid," she disdained. "Arthur was right. I begin to think you are mildly insane. Stunt men have to be that way in the first place, I guess. However, if a doorway of escape is all you're asking for, I promise you that de Forst will provide rather lavishly. That's his particular form of dessert." A slight pause. "Will you honestly tell me something?"

"Perhaps," laconically.

"Just exactly why do you need a definite sum of money, first?"

To me as I sat there it really didn't sound like a question at all. It seemed as though she was all ready to throw the answer.

"Did I say that?" he asked, sort of surprised.

"You inferred it," she said. "Please, would you give me a cigarette?"

"You'll find some in the center drawer," he answered.

There was a fumbling of some papers. A match was struck.

"You're still smoking the same old brand," she said; and then, "Interesting catalogues in here."

"Those things are private," he flared—and must have seized from her whatever she held in her hands.

"My dear! Radcliffe, Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr. Admission requirements; tuition fees. You're too transparent, darling! You've got to earn a certain amount of money, and no loans accepted; especially from me. I should think—not from me." The thought must have struck her as funny, for she laughed heartily. "Are you all chipping in to buy an education for the Pest, or is this a solo flight?"

"'S none of your business," he answered.

"I'm beginning to snap out of it now. You love her!" she said, in a voice that seemed panic-stricken.

"Have you any right to know?" he asked coolly.

"Plenty. I'm through with de Forst. Do you know what that means? I've been nothing to him for months—ever since I realized that I loved you."

"Love!" he said. "You can't even spell it."

"Can't you know what it costs me to say a thing like that to you? It isn't easy to humble myself. Sometimes, though, I've been half insane. Night after night I've ridden through the Hollywood Hills, because I couldn't sleep, until with crying and sleeplessness I looked like a hag in the rushes."

"You and Moses," he said coldly. "Didn't de Forst wonder why?"

"When I break with him it's the end of me in pictures. Is that proof that I love you?" She almost cried.

"YOU'RE wasting a lot of expensive emoting on me, Nena. It doesn't take. For the love of Pete, pull yourself together. Tears won't help."

"You did love me!" she cried.

"That poor thing fell dead years ago. Let the corpse stay buried."

"You love the Pest."

"I've said," he argued, "that I won't discuss—"

"I want to hear you say it," she insisted.

"Well—then I do."

"You can't marry her."

He laughed slightly. "I haven't suggested it to her—yet."

"You will never have her," she said more firmly.

"A prophecy or a threat?"

"Both!" she said passionately. "I'll never submit to it. You know me that well."

"All right," he said with vindictiveness. "Take this slowly: Sooner or later I shall marry the Pest."

"You will—if you live!" she said.

"I can't tell whether that's just

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Once so thin and puny—other boys picked on him

Now he is six pounds heavier

and gaining strength and vigor every day

"I used to feel terrible when I saw other boys taking advantage of Edward just because he was frail and delicate. I did my best to build him up, but the child simply couldn't gain an ounce. He was just skin and bones.

"I then took the advice of our doctor and began giving Cocomalt to Edward with his meals instead of plain milk. He liked it so much I gave him a glass every afternoon about four, and another at bedtime. This extra nourishment is doing him the world of good; he sleeps soundly and wakes full of energy. Now he is six pounds heavier and getting to be a real husky fellow."

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LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page twenty-five

theatricals—or perhaps you do mean something."

"I mean I'll see you dead first"—in a cold rage.

"Melodrama!"

"De Forst is a homicidal pervert. He's jealous. Nothing would please him more than one gorgeous, hell-splitting crash. A hundred thousand dollars in added production value for nothing. And nobody would ever be able to prove a thing."

"That fell flat," said Gibson. "You'll have to think up another. Directors—even directors of the kind you cultivate—don't murder just to add a dash of paprika to their movie goulashes."

"Oh, no," and she laughed almost insanely. "You were in the hospital with a broken back when Johnny Proctor met his 'accident' in Wings of Doom. He wasn't one of your flyers or you'd probably have asked for an investigation. It happened on the Belgian village set. Two hundred extras, fleeing before a German air raid, were to run across a bridge over a small stream. Proctor was flying a Fokker. He was to zoom down and bomb the bridge after the extras got across. Fake bombs were used, but the bridge was loaded with high explosives to be set off by electrical contact from the camera parallel a half mile away.

The Limey.

"De Forst sat with his fingers on that switch. I was beside him to watch the scene. The extras got across all right. Proctor was hedge-hopping when he reached it. The cameras were picking him up between the branches of a foreground tree. Before he was entirely over the bridge, it exploded. Concussion, flying timbers tore a hole in the air that sent Proctor—or all that was left of him—into the bed of the stream. When the newspapers got the story, it was a premature explosion caused by a short circuit where the cable had sagged into the water. An accident! De Forst saw to it that the cameras didn't stop grinding. They kept grinding on one of the greatest thrills the great de Forst ever produced."

Evidently Gibson had been shaken. I'd like to have been able to see his face.

"Old Johnny Proctor," he said, as if in a dream. Then he seemed to snap out of it. "No, that's too crazy! You can't stuff me with a yarn like that! That's too wild."

"Captain Gibson—" It sounded like the voice of the assistant.

"Here," he answered.

"They're ready for that shot."

Gibson must have paused in the doorway as he went out, for the woman had time to say:

"So long, captain. I'll tell you another bedtime story if—pardon me—*when* you come back."

I HEARD Gibson go out, muttering things I can't put down here, and I use a few adjectives myself. The woman didn't budge. But I made up my mind to one thing. I wasn't going to stay in the Place any longer. I'd get out before some other conversation trapped me.

I don't know how anyone else feels after he's been nine-tenths soaked inside and out with the Pacific Ocean, but it was now almost two hours since I'd been dragged out and my head was still dizzy. My legs wabbled, my knees shook, and you'd have thought by looking at me that I'd been hitting the old bottle for about a week straight, my eyes were that red and distended.

"Pull yourself together, you sap!" I said. Then I turned the latch and opened the door.

Follette was there alone, sitting in the swivel chair at the captain's desk. When she saw that door open, she got to her feet two quivers faster than she would if she'd suddenly found she was sitting on a high-voltage circuit. For the first time in her career, I saw her blush.

"What were you doing there?" she asked perfunctorily. Then, realizing that she'd made the wrong remark, came back with the cool, "Well, I suppose you eavesdropped on all the captain and I said."

I weaved my way over to the door and then said, "Sure; I'd make one awfully good witness for you if anything should happen to him."

Somehow I don't think she liked the answer.

"Perhaps there's some way we can get together," she insinuated.

"Perhaps there is. Just lay off Gibson—you and your conniving cohort," I said without much energy.

"I don't have to take insolent remarks from you. I shall tell the captain."

"You'll run like mad if you beat me to it," I said, "because I've got a little story to unfold myself."

She shut up, and I clammed also.

With every step that I took in the quickly yellowing light of the afternoon my strength seemed to return. Gibson was in the seat of the Boeing when I got to the side. The Wasp was idling at about 700. I tapped him on the shoulder.

"Your oil pressure up?"

He nodded.

"BE sure everything's oke before you go over on your back."

"What's the matter? A dip in the ocean change your views that much?" he said.

I didn't say any more. I knew that they'd probably not got a chance to monkey with the Wasp, because Gibson kept a watchman around it. Not because he thought he'd be double-crossed, but because he didn't want some "extra" cracking ribs by sitting on its edges. But the Spad was different. Nobody ever watched it.

"Anyway, keep a little altitude," I advised.

"Who's running this show, you or me?" he said.

He gave the full horses to it and took off down that field like he was bent on making old man Safety Factor vibrate into a couple of birth certificates. When he got up his speed he went up into a loop, and when he got to the top of that he just naturally pushed the stick forward and dived for the camera parallels, upside down.

De Forst, from the camera stand, let out a yell. Gibson had come so near to him that it looked as if the old cap could have stuck his hand out and slapped him. The Pest was crying. Follette was slowly wringing her lace handkerchief to pieces. Fritz was cursing.

Gibson never faltered once. When he got to the end of the field the fool didn't right himself. He climbed, banked, and turned back to us with his head the nearest part of his anatomy to the ground. In all my flying with him I'd never seen him do such work. No one had. No one ever saw anyone do the things he did in the next few minutes. De Forst was eating it up. I think he saw an opportunity to get the crash he planned for, because he panned the cameras around the entire course instead of just shooting as the ship passed.

He was coming over a bunch of eucalypti at the end of the field. I'd swear his head didn't miss them four feet. And after he passed them he dropped down until he wasn't over fifteen feet from the ground—racing toward the cameras at a hundred and seventy-five.

With the line of direction he was taking he'd pass by the parallels with a margin of about fifty feet.

A faint splutter of his motor! If it quit he was a goner—he was just as dead as if someone had shot him through the heart. Another splutter. A miss! Another. Then the awful stillness of the air spelled tragedy—spelled doom. "His motor's cut out!" yelled Fritz in an agonized, screamlike voice.

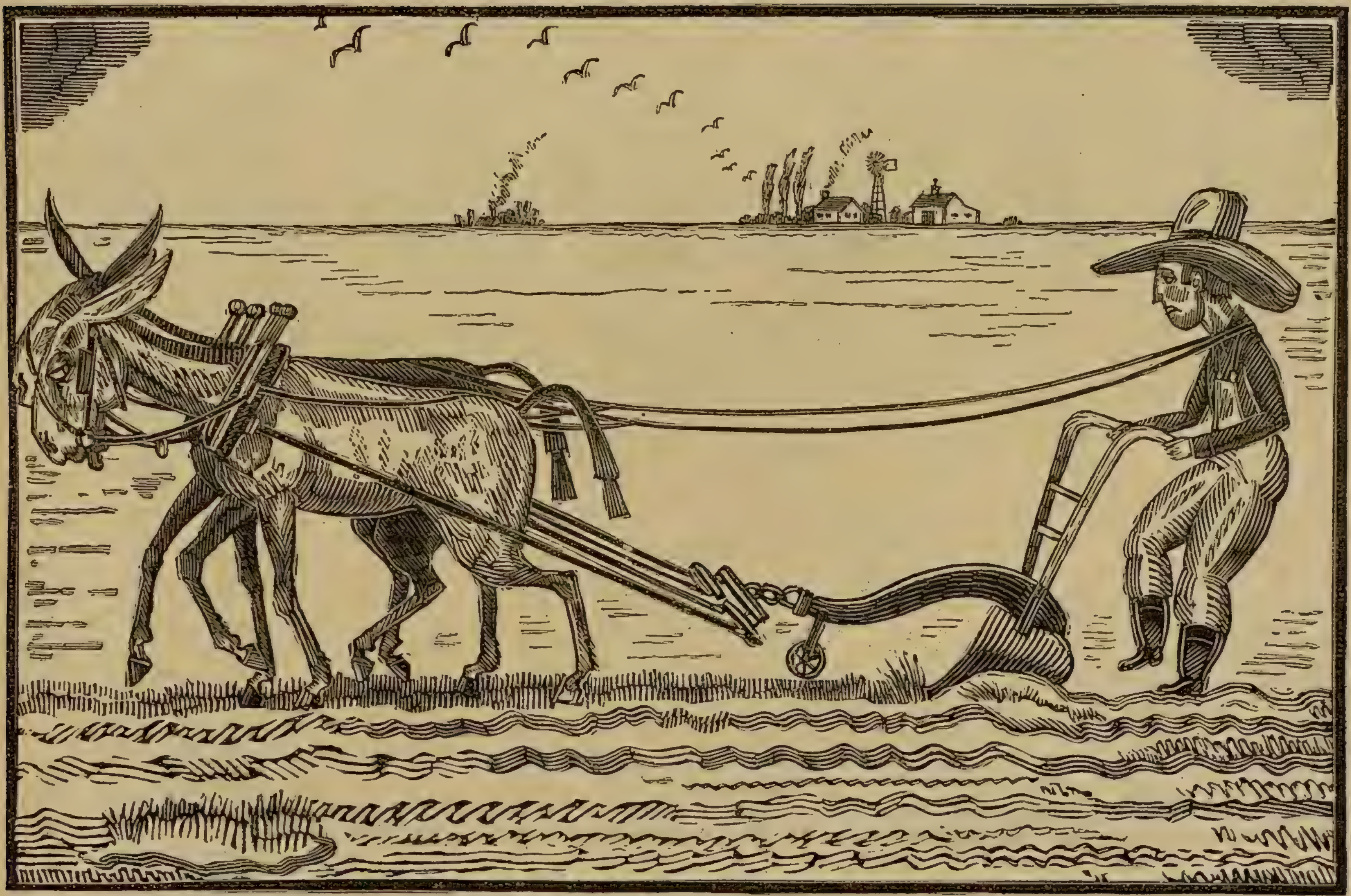
The air was still now, with the exception of that awful funeral tune set up by the braces: the old Song of Death.

"My God!" I whispered. "His glass must have broken." The Pest leaped by me, headed toward the falling plane. She wasn't human. At least, she wasn't sane. I stuck out a foot and tripped her. Then I ran.

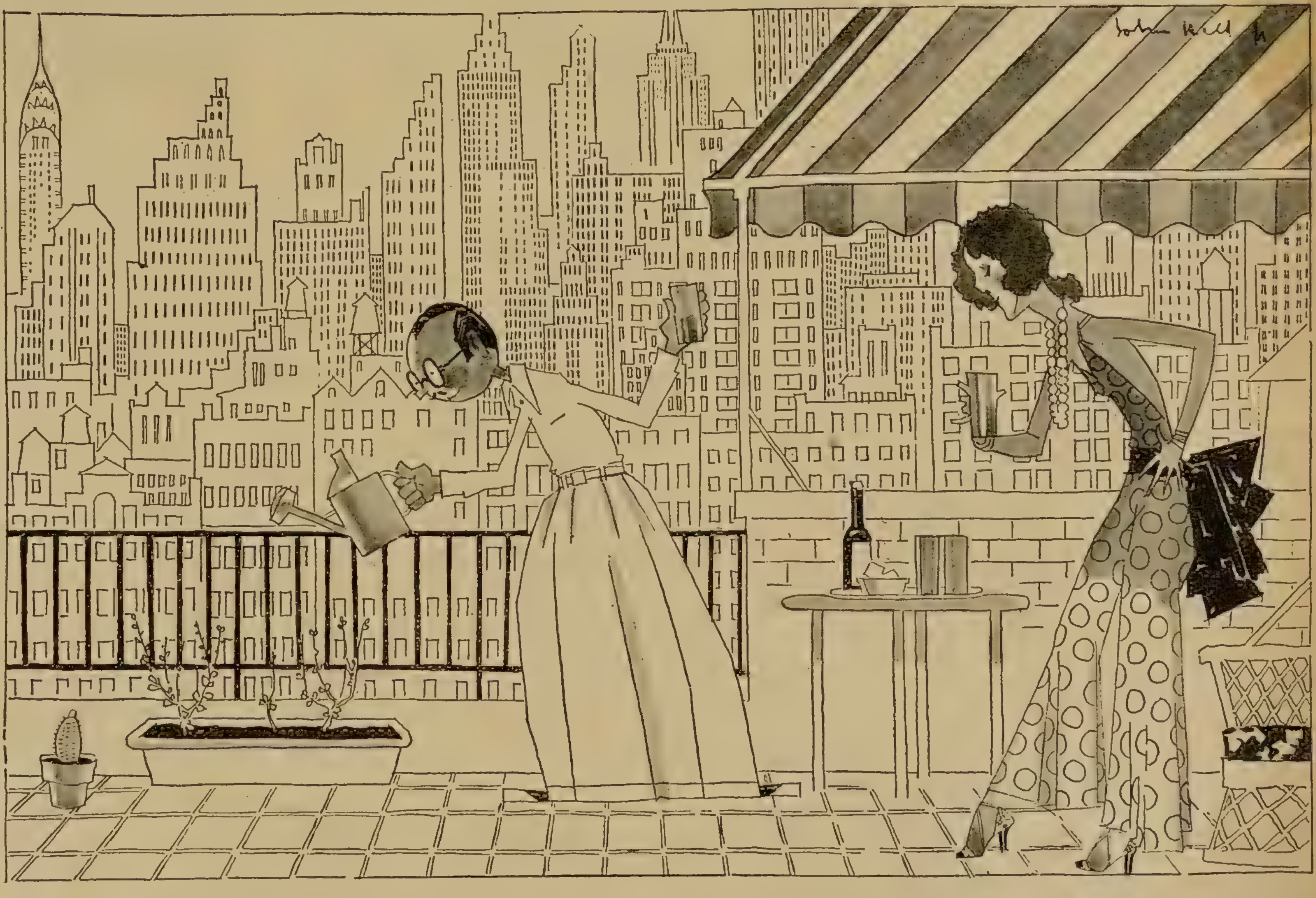
"Fritz," I hollered. "It'll be fire—the extinguishers!"

Even more exciting than Gibson's battle with death was the end of his adventure. Stay with the flyers next week and watch them trying to outwit doom.

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS *by* John Held, Jr.



The Great Outdoors Plowing the West Forty



The Great Outdoors The Penthouse Garden

Opera-Bouffe REVOLTS

What Usually Happens When the Marines Have Landed

By

SMEDLEY D. BUTLER

Major General, United States Marine Corps

who was a general at 37, has seen service the world around, has nearly a score of decorations of honor from his own and foreign governments. It was reported last spring that he expected to retire on October 1 of this year.

Pictures by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

(Reading time: 22 minutes 18 seconds.)

HONDURAS TORN BY REVOLT;
REBELS MARCH ON CAPITAL;
FEAR AMERICANS IN PERIL

THIS headline, or a similar one, undoubtedly is familiar to most newspaper readers in the United States. And has been for decades. You may substitute the name of some other Central American republic for that of Honduras, and the headline is just as familiar. Sometimes "bandits" replaces "rebels"—usually the difference is slight.

In a day or a week another familiar headline appears. Generally it reads something like this:

MARINES REACH HONDURAS;
AMERICANS REPORTED SAFE;
REBELS SEIZE COAST TOWN

Just as likely REBELS IN FULL RETREAT or TWENTY SLAIN IN BATTLE is the wording of the third line.

Then, some months or years later, the final chapter is recorded by the press in a manner such as this:

MARINES LEAVE HONDURAS;
PEACEFUL ELECTION MARKS
END OF BRIEF REBELLION

"What do Marines do when they are sent to some Central American republic where a revolution is in progress?"

I am asked this question repeatedly. The recent bandit outbreak in Nicaragua and the short-lived unsuccessful rebellion in Honduras have multiplied the number of questioners. Those who ask the question, or similar ones, regarding the nature of the civil strifes in that area, and the activities of the American Marines who go there, seem to expect to hear thrilling tales of glorious adventure in glamorous tropic lands; stories of fierce fighting between determined armies decked out in gaudy and colorful uniforms; of heroic exploits, dashing charges, and much spilling of blood.

I hate to disillusion these romantically minded persons.

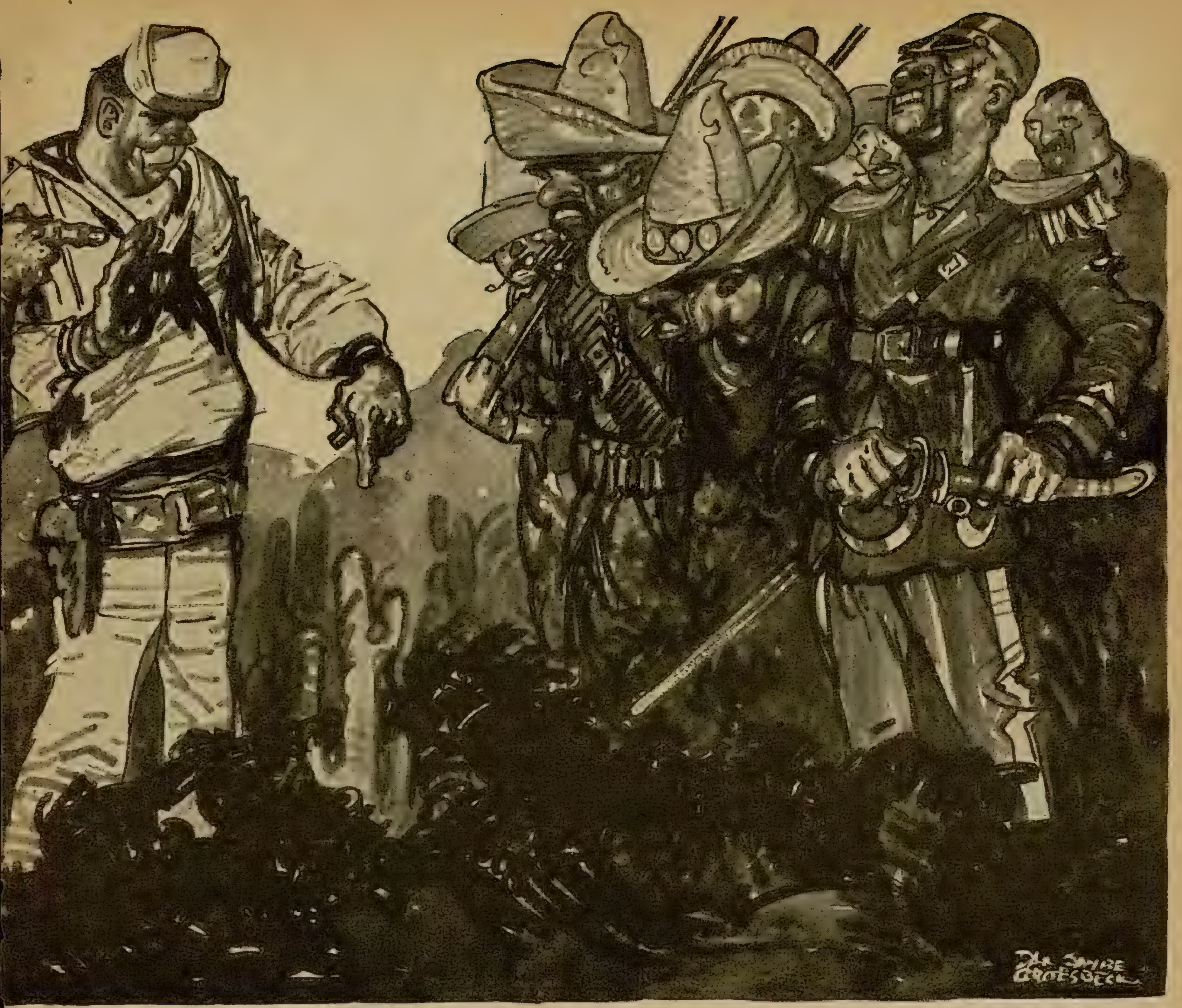
Most revolutions in the Latin-American countries are of the *opera-bouffe* type. There is some flag waving and cheering, much boasting, more parading and drilling, but very little actual fighting. What combat there is generally consists of brief skirmishes under cover of darkness and ambuscades in the jungle-like stretches. Rarely is there any fighting in the open. Trench or other modern warfare is unknown. There are no definite lines, no "no man's land" in between. A detachment loyal to the government in the morning, in the afternoon may switch its allegiance to the insurgents; a rebel group may find it advisable, during a siesta, to join the ranks of the federals. There is all too occasional looting and sacking. The soldiers are in rags and usually shoeless. All of them may not have weapons of war; those who do usually have antiquated rifles or machine guns. The generals—and these armies have oversupplies of these dignitaries—wear uniforms that would put to shame the drum major of a leading college band.

The arm

For the Marines: lots of hard work in killing hot weather, with the added annoyance of millions of insects of every known species; long, arduous, and difficult trips by foot, animal, or rail; little if any fighting and much use of diplomacy. In fact, despite the fighting reputation of our Marines, we are an outfit of first-class diplomats—not by choice, but by circumstances and the will of the State Department.

It should be borne in mind that the Marines, when they are sent to these lands, are given definite instructions by Washington. While these orders vary with administrations and with conditions in the land to which the Marines go, usually they are of the same tenor: "Protect American lives and property and the lives of other foreign nationals. . . . Observe a strict neutrality and do not aid or hinder either side in its efforts. . . . Do not engage in battles or fights, except in the defense of American lives. . . . Try to restore peace on an equitable basis. . . . Finally, see that a fair election is held and that a stable government is established."

I have served with the Marines on many of these emergency occupations. Because Honduras is the latest seat of disorder at the time of writing, from my memory I relate in these pages some of the experiences of a Marine detachment in Honduras during the revolt in that land in 1903, a rebellion not only typical of the



up by two American sailors who would not let it pass. The sailors had been partaking of beverages.

recent one there, but similar to many other revolutions in Central American republics. Sometimes there is more fighting and more bloodshed than we observed in 1903; sometimes the Marines see more action and have more trouble. As a rule, however, these revolutions follow the same lines and the same routine.

In February of 1903 several hundred of us were at Culebra, an island off the coast of Porto Rico, when word came that a revolution had broken out in Honduras and that our representatives there had called for aid. A battalion of Marines promptly was embarked on the old transport Panther, and in company with the Olympia, flagship of Admiral Coghlan, and the Nashville, started across the Caribbean, two thousand miles to Puerto Cortés.

THE speed of this worthy squadron was but eight knots an hour, so the trip took ten days; and as not a puff of wind disturbed our passage, the heat was intense and time leaned heavily on our hands. The ship was very crowded, and all of us, Marines and bluejackets, were considerably uncomfortable; but traveling around, with a definite destination and a revolution in anticipation, always amuses American youngsters, so all went well.

The Panther was not a real man-o'-war, but had a skipper who thought she was, with the result that we held all the drills that were much in favor during the cruises of the Constitution in the good old days. However, drilling all day kept us busy and life passable. For instance, one of our captain's favorite exercises was to form the four hundred Marines on deck and divide them into four groups. Then we would pretend to be on an old-time frigate engaged in a death grapple with another eighteenth-century ship of the line. On approaching the enemy, the captain would shout through a large brass megaphone, "Away, riflemen, to starboard quarters!" The first hundred Marines would hurl themselves to the starboard quarter and commence firing at an imaginary enemy. The good skipper would then send the second hundred to another part of the ship to repel boarders, and in his excitement and desire to keep us all busy—and thus happy—would send another hundred to the same dear old "starboard quarters." This second detail would have to lie on top of the first hundred, and great was the confusion. However, in due course the trip came to an end, and we entered the Gulf of Puerto Cortés and found ourselves in a huge landlocked harbor with wonderfully clear blue water—so clear that one could see the bottom a hundred feet below.

The little, sparsely settled Republic of Honduras again was in the throes of a revolt. It was nothing new. Revolts had been common there for generations. Until more or less recently, when a stable government was set up, revolts seemed to be periodic—and accepted by the people as something to be expected.

An ambitious local leader simply decided that the then president had had enough of public office and what goes with it and it was high time he be sent scampering away—with the ambitious local leader as the new president. That's the reason for virtually all revolts in

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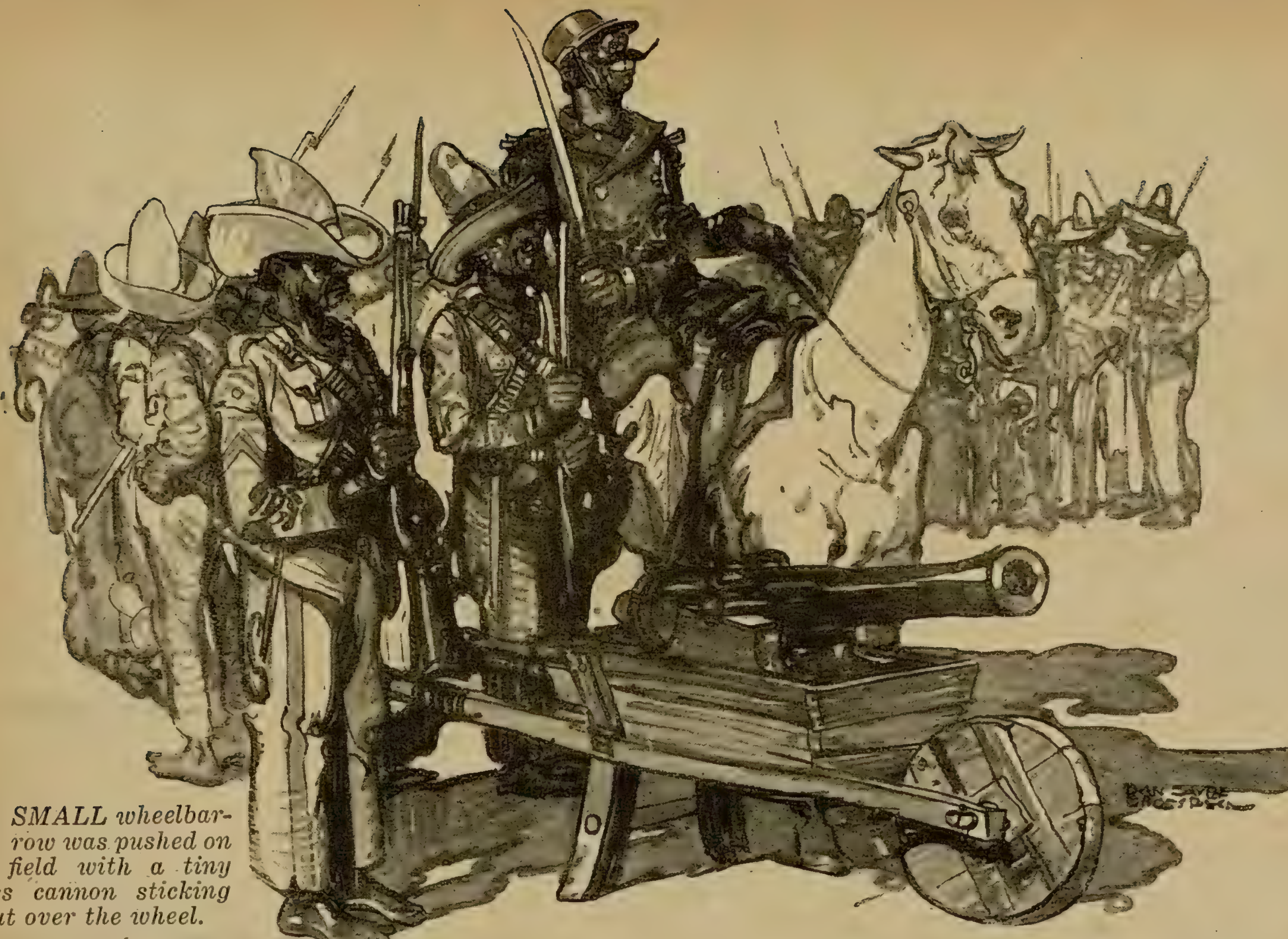

A SMALL wheelbarrow was pushed on the field with a tiny brass cannon sticking out over the wheel.

OPERA-BOUFFE REVOLTS
Continued from page twenty-nine

the Caribbean area. The names mean nothing. There have been too many presidents, too many insurrectos, and too many rebellions in that land for anyone to try to remember them.

Puerto Cortés lies in a small sand spit connected with the mainland only by a railroad bridge. The town, in those days, had but one street, nearly a mile in length, down the middle of which ran the narrow-gauge banana railroad.

The houses were of thatch for the most part, but some were built of wood and galvanized iron. Not a few had sides and roofs of kerosene-oil tins.

Our little squadron dropped anchor about noon on a blistering day—the Gulf of Puerto Cortés is the hottest place in Central America—and the air simply sizzled during our stay.

The blue-and-white flag was flying—the government colors—so we fired a national salute of twenty-one guns. This is a salutation required of a foreign man-o'-war entering the port of a friendly nation, and international custom requires that it be answered at once.

For an hour or so, however, no answering salute reached our ears. Then there was a great puff of smoke from the harbor defense fort, a mud fort, and a dull thud rolled our way.

Those of us who were not fried to insensibility by this time realized that this was the beginning of a return salute and idly started to count the guns. In another half hour came a second boom, and so on, at increasingly slower intervals, until sunset, when twelve guns had been fired.

A small boat then put out and came alongside the flagship, and a native officer, in red pants and green coat, explained that the return salute would be completed in the morning; they had run out of powder. He further explained that they had been getting the powder for the salvos by emptying rifle ammunition; but as darkness had come, they could not continue working for fear of blowing themselves up, as their light came from candles. The next morning at daylight the salute continued, but only eighteen guns were fired. The local commander explained his ammunition was running low, so the admiral "forgave" the remaining shots, and all was serene.

At that time the town was in the hands of the government soldiers, *i. e.*, controlled by some five hundred soldiers in sympathy with the then president. Government seems to mean little to many of these people—leaders and personal gain, everything.

Government soldiers were distinguished from revolutionary soldiers by the colors of their hatbands, or rather by the colors displayed, for there is a difference. On occasions worth while the hatband quickly is turned inside out, and federals suddenly emerge as rebels, or insurrectos as rapidly become stanch, loyal followers of the president. In my time most Central American military hat ribbons were "two-faced" for convenience and safety. In that way a detail of soldiers always was on the "proper" side. If they met a larger force of the opposing side, a quick switch of hat ribbons and, presto! change! they were with the stronger side. Government colors, as a rule, are blue and white, while the revolutionists generally select red and white.

THAT night a vigilant outpost was placed on the railroad bridge to keep out any rebel armies that might wander that way in an attempt to capture the port town. These fellows, led by a dashing officer, had but little interest in the war, and, knowing full well that no rebels were within a hundred miles, laid themselves down to sleep, using the rusty rails as pillows. A banana train came grinding along later that night. The snores of the sleepers must have drowned out the terrible grind of wheels on rusty rails, for the entire outpost was wiped out.

The engineer of the train, an American, was hurriedly tried, and sentenced to die at sunrise. But a squad of Marines from the Panther landed before daybreak and changed the verdict—also the habits of outposts on railroad bridges.

The Honduran army went through all the motions of soldiering, including target practice, and invited us to witness an exhibition of their collective skill. Apparently they never fired singly, but by companies.

On this particular occasion—the show being put on expressly for our benefit—a cotton cloth, fifty feet long by six feet high, was stretched fifty yards in front of the soldiers. It was the target. Without thought, we had grouped ourselves at each end of the firing line to watch the show, when an officer explained, in broken English, that we were in danger—not grave danger, of course—and requested us to take a position directly in the rear of the company firing and advised us to keep low. These soldiers fired from the hip; that is, the butt of the rifle was held alongside the hip and the muzzle pointed with the left arm. The sights of the guns either were missing or rusted fast and not usable.

Well, after much talking and arranging of men and guns, the firing commenced. It was evidently intended to do the job by the volley system; but something went wrong, and for nearly ten minutes there was great noise and greater confusion. Finally the officers recovered control of their boys and the firing ceased.

THE scoring then started and, to the great delight of the Hondurans, officers and men, sixty-odd holes were found in the target and the exhibition was pronounced a tremendous success. The general even issued a statement congratulating all concerned, not so much on their skill, apparently, as on their failure to shoot one another. That explained to us why the whole army formed in ranks and was ordered to fire together—no individual was permitted to wander off and take pot shots at his mates while aiming elsewhere.

The army had no regulation uniform beyond the hat ribbon. Most of the soldiers wore straw hats, and about half had both trousers and coats; the remainder, one or more of those various unimportant articles of recognized correctness in dress.

The general commanding was not a native but a Jamaican, who served the Hondurans for money and, perhaps, a little love of adventure. He wore gaudy uniforms, green and red, and a French marshal's cap. He was a man of great and ponderous dignity and did much boasting of his deeds of valor in the past and of his great loyalty to this the country of his adoption. It's a habit of mercenary soldiers.

Eventually the tide of rebellion crept toward Puerto Cortés—not that any outside soldiers were marching toward it, but simply that, according to custom, loyal troops of the garrison were becoming imbued with revolutionary ideas. One could hardly blame the federal army, and it is a wonder it fought at all; in fact, the soldiers were hardly more than children and had no idea what it was all about.

(There is a good story told of two American sailors and a Honduran army. The native general sent his aide to tell the army to advance, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name........................
Address........................
City........................ State........ L-1021

OPERA-BOUFFE REVOLTS
Continued from page thirty-one

the aide did not return. Time went on, and the general, becoming impatient, sent out another aide, who also failed to come back. He finally sent his adjutant with positive orders to bring up the army, and the adjutant eventually came back with the explanation that the army was held up by two American sailors who would not let it pass. The sailors, it seemed, had been partaking of beverages since prohibited to Americans.)

One morning the inevitable change came, when two-thirds of the federal army suddenly turned their hatbands inside out, displaying the red-and-white colors of the insurrectos, and, in friendly fashion, jumped the unsuspecting and unprepared remaining third.

Puerto Cortés is the principal Atlantic seaport of Honduras and has a customhouse and, incidentally, the remnants of the old Louisiana lottery. This customhouse, that summer, had some $6,000 in its safe and thus became the goal for both sides.

The Jamaican general remained in his headquarters at the customhouse, and sent his son with a handful of loyal troops—those who had not had time to switch their hatbands—to meet the insurrectos.

THE two sides met. Here, at last, we were to see action: a real battle between federals and rebels. The battle was, of necessity, confined to the one long and narrow street, and as our ship lay well offshore we were able to see the whole show, and, aside from the fact some of the poor devils were killed and wounded, it was an absurd spectacle.

The general's son advanced to the "front" along the single-track railroad, mounted not on a charging steed but on a hand car pumped by his soldiers. On each side of the track and in front of him were a few soldiers, all busily engaged, as in target practice, in firing from the hip.

This martial and inspiring advance continued for three or four blocks, when the general's son—also a general in his own right—apparently was wounded, and had to be taken to the rear on the hand car. The rest of the federal army melted into the houses and shacks.

This strategic movement had, however, gained the time necessary to get up steam in the Honduran navy and to place on board the $6,000 in customs funds—also the general of foreign extraction who, only days before, had so fervently and patriotically expressed ideas of dying for dear old Honduras, his land by adoption.

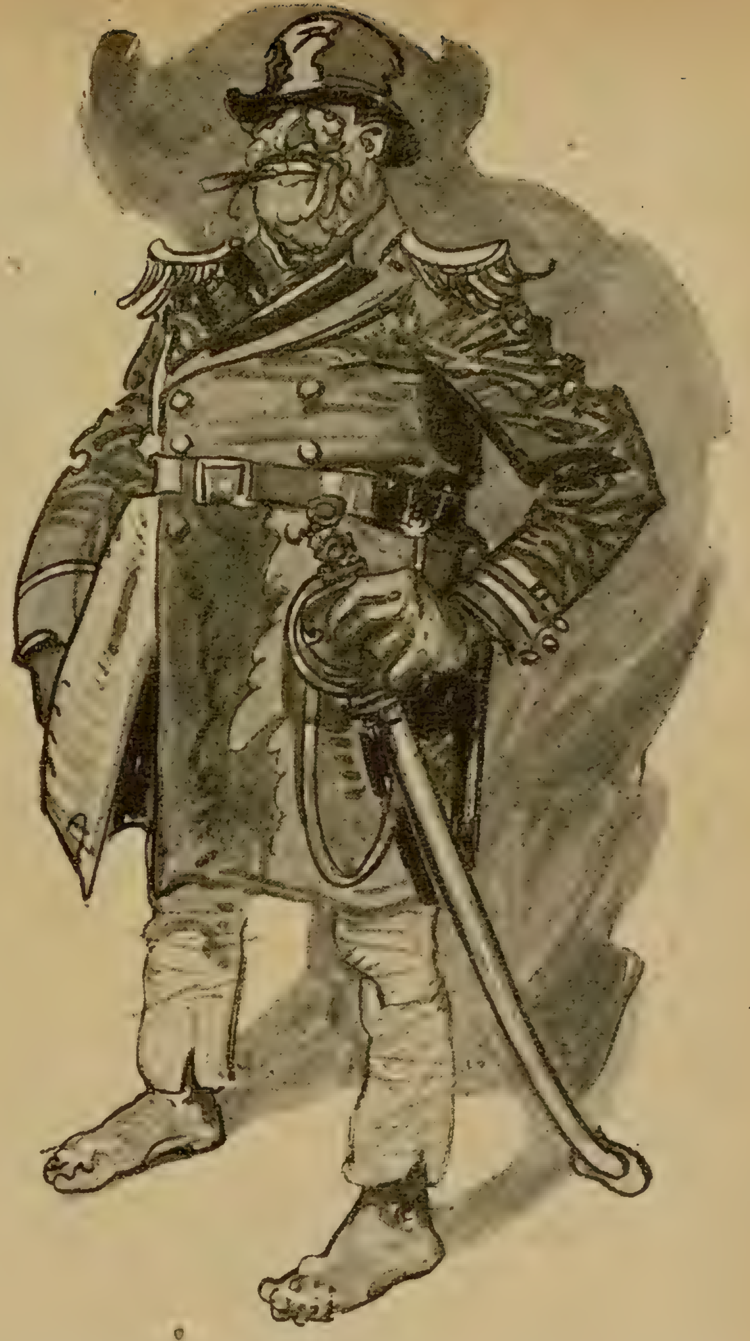
The navy consisted of a small river tugboat—the kind you see in New York harbor and elsewhere chugging busily and noisily about—that puffed much when under way, and which boasted a battery of one antiquated revolving cannon in its stern. It was a silly little boat, not over seventy-five feet long, and inappropriately named the Blanco (white)—for a more filthy hulk never sailed any sea.

Well, the navy shoved off from the customhouse dock and was cleared by the time the victorious army reached it, and all seemed to be well for the gallant Jamaican general.

This dignitary, however, could not resist the temptation to take one last shot at his former comrades, and steered his crazy-looking warship to a position a couple of hundred yards offshore, in front of the mud fort, and began a bombardment with his revolving cannon—a one-pounder. The result of this was, of course, nothing but noise, and might have continued indefinitely had not the fort's defenders charged their old iron muzzle loader with a quaint mixture of spikes, bolts, and other odds and ends, and let go at the Blanco.

The air, in a moment, was full of flying pieces of scrap iron. The range was short and the dispersion great, so many hits were registered, and the Blanco, being rotten, began to sink. However, by her own efforts she was gotten alongside the Olympia and temporarily patched up by our carpenter, and went puffing on her way out to sea.

The port thus went into the hands of the new crowd and the scene of activities moved farther down the coast to La Ceiba, so on we went.



The commander had no regular uniform, his costume being distinguished by the addition of a huge saber.

La Ceiba had no harbor and was a typical native village of thatch huts squeezed in between the sea and the vigorous jungle, which was doing its best to gobble up the village.

This town was still in the hands of the government, but its garrison was not to be compared in brilliance to that of Puerto Cortés; in fact, the commander had no regular uniform and wore a frock coat and a shaggy silk hat, his costume being distinguished from that of an ordinary citizen only by the addition of a huge saber of ancient design and vintage.

The weather was terribly hot and ice was twenty cents a pound, so life was mighty slow, and had it not been for the military entertainments provided by the federal army, time would have been unbearable in its passage for us.

AMONG other absurd shows was a grand review, to which all of us were bidden, on a very hot afternoon just as the sun was due to set.

The ceremony took place in front—or rear, as you may prefer—of a one-wall fort, built to be occupied and defended from either side, depending on the direction of the attack and the location in which the defenders happened to find themselves.

On top of this wall fort was a small flagpole with the blue-and-white emblem flying in the sullen and extremely feeble breeze.

The parade ground was sand and did not lend itself to accurate movements, nor did the band, with its instruments of bamboo and battered tin, create much of a thrill, a desire for heroic deeds, or smart military maneuvers. The review was painful; the musicians were willing, if tuneless.

It is difficult to maintain dignified and respectful expressions while attending such a show; but these fellows were so much in earnest that we felt bound to be polite and interested. Interested we certainly were, but not in the sense they thought. The parade ground was alive with persons and animals—mostly pigs—all of which mass seemed inclined to sit or stand still, despite the efforts of the army to clear the ground before the troops could form.

Finally, after much talking and running about, the troops—only a few hundred—were brought in and arranged in groups around the field. When all was ready, the general, high hat, long coat, huge sword, and all, appeared on a small emaciated white pony and the review commenced. There were some exercises—motions perhaps is the better word—corresponding to our manual of arms, and then the climax. A small wheelbarrow was pushed on the field with a tiny brass cannon sticking out over the wheel. This odd piece of ordnance was pompously wheeled to a position in front of the silly, though no doubt very wisely designed, fort, and all preparations were made for the ceremony of lowering the national colors, thus indicating that a busy day in the defense of their country had finally been brought to a successful conclusion.

Next, several soldiers brought a ladder and, leaning it against the fort, climbed to the top and took positions at the little flagpole. The army, which in the meantime had largely broken ranks during these preparations and had strayed away, was brought back and the band began a weird series of sounds, evidently their national air. The soldiers on the wall, instead of lowering the colors, did better than that.

They picked up the pole and, as the wheelbarrow cannon fired a feeble, coughy salute, lowered flag, pole, and everything to the ground.

The army then marched off, carrying the flagpole and dragging their artillery.

WE lay off the beach for a couple of weeks, finding it most difficult when not cussing the heat to kill time, when finally the turnover of hatbands occurred and a little firing announced the presence of a new party in control. No one was injured in this change from federal to rebel control.

It was just a friendly move, with a few shots fired to make it look realistic.

So far, it seemed to us that no Americans in Honduras were in danger of anything but yellow fever or flea bites. However, La Ceiba was safe.

The turnover had taken place and the war was over in this town. So we steamed slowly down the coast to the next town where revolutionary activities seemed to be due.

This little place, Trujillo by name, is on the shore of a little bay, and was slightly different in construction from the others. The houses were substantial and on raised foundations.

Trujillo was the scene of the execution of William Walker, famous filibuster of the pre-Civil War period. There we had a consular agent, a native of Honduras, and he advised us that he was in grave danger because of our presence in the country.

On arriving at Trujillo we heard some firing, so a couple of boatloads of Marines landed and we marched to the site of our consulate.

As we went through the town both sides stopped firing. One crowd was in the church on the north side of the plaza, and the other in the town building on the south side. Our consulate was not exactly in the line of fire, or would not have been if the firing had been at all accurate, but the marksmanship of these fellows was poor, and thus our representative had reason to fear for his safety.

We entered the consulate and found him tucked away under the first floor of his house between the floor beams, and as near the center of the wood supply as possible; that is, with as much wood as possible on each side of him.

He was wrapped in an American flag made into a sort of garment resembling a Mother Hubbard, and presented a most absurd spectacle. He seemed to have little on

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Doom . . .

to dandruff!

Isn't dandruff just too humiliating? Not only bad for your hair, but so embarrassing. If you are bothered with it, set aside a few minutes a week to correct the condition. Of course, if you have a serious case of dandruff, you may need a doctor's advice, for general health affects the scalp. But if you, like thousands of other girls, merely find that your hair looks "powdery" and the scalp flaky, do try this easy corrective treatment.

Once a week apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic liberally to the scalp. Steam the head with hot towels, and follow with a thorough massage, working round and round with the finger tips, until you feel the tingle of stimulated circulation. Then finish with your usual shampoo. If you can leave the Tonic on overnight and shampoo the next morning, so much the better. Simple, isn't it? But positively effective.

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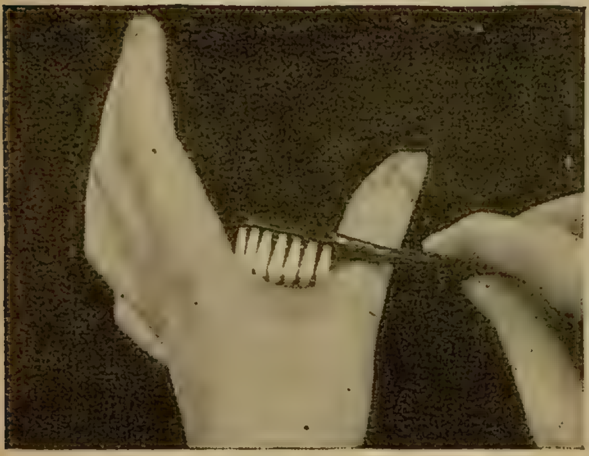
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG U S PAT OFF

BETTER SHAPE



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Johnson & Johnson
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Tek

the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

[OPERA-BOUFFE REVOLTS
Continued from page thirty-three]

under this flag effect, so we escorted him in a manner due his rank and station to the shore, put him on a boat, and sent him on board ship, where he was properly outfitted.

Some of us visited the commanders of the rival armies in an effort to bring about peace, and were much interested in the poor devil in charge of the government forces.

He was a sharp-faced fellow with a clear eye, and determined to fight it out to the last. His troops, about one hundred in number, were with him in the town hall and, apparently, ready to do his bidding. Neither side would give in, so we returned to the Panther and lay off the beach for a time.

FINALLY the rebels won the battle and control of the town by the simple expedient of killing off the government leader. We all felt sorry for him, as he had made quite an impression on us.

The federal soldiers quickly and unanimously turned their hatbands inside out.

The revolt, as far as this town was concerned, had ended.

During the final battle a few shots occasionally came our way and caused us to move farther and farther away from the beach, but no one was hurt and, as all Americans were safe, we finally weighed anchor and slowly steamed up the coast to La Ceiba and Puerto Cortés, to see how the rebels were faring in those towns — which they had captured so gloriously, after so much bitter fighting!

LA CEIBA and Puerto Cortés were as quiet as when we had left after the turnovers.

By the middle of April this business of turning hatbands inside out had become epidemic, with the result that the revolt was over.

The old president was seeking friendly asylum somewhere, trying to save his head, while the erstwhile insurrecto leader had assumed the provisional presidency.

And the Marines sailed away, eventually to return to the States to regale their friends and admirers with tales of thrilling adventures and narrow escapes in the "bloody" revolution in Honduras.

NOTE: Opinions or assertions contained herein are private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large.

(Signed) S. D. BUTLER.

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Purely Educational

Jimmy, while playing one day, found a small stray dog, but upon bringing it home was forbidden to keep it. At last he was given permission if he promised to keep it out of the front part of the house.

One noon I came home and found him and the dog seated on the floor in the living room.

"Why, Jimmy, didn't you promise to keep your dog in the back?" I asked.

"But, daddy," said Jimmy, "I was only showing Teddy where he couldn't go."—M. L. Carbaugh, 2009 Fourteenth Street, Moline, Ill.

* * *

A Case of Absent Treatment

Suzanne recently had her tonsils removed, before which the doctor gave her an anæsthetic. Two or three days later her dad said:

"Well, Suzanne, it didn't hurt you a bit, did it?"

"Well, you see, daddy," replied Suzanne, "I really don't know, 'cause I wasn't there."—Mrs. Wm. R. Scull, 660½ N. Sweetzer, Hollywood, Calif.

Against the Wall

A Short Short Story

By

KARL A. LUNDBERG

who, at fourteen, began "busting broncs," and whose love for the wilderness once led him into hunting and trapping in northern Alberta. He later tried farming, then became an accountant, and now writes fiction. He lives in Minneapolis.

Picture by CARL PFEUFER

(Reading time: 5 minutes.)

MEL JUDD, foreman of the Quarter Circle Seven, sat like an image behind the rude table; but his eyes were watchful as his visitor settled into a chair. Zach Doty's gaze roved insolently about the room.

"Done right well for yourself, Howard," he remarked sneeringly, "since you lit out o' Texas after killin' Rufe Adams."

Judd's eyes narrowed at the sound of the name he had not heard for five years. "I didn't kill Adams," was his slow-spoken denial.

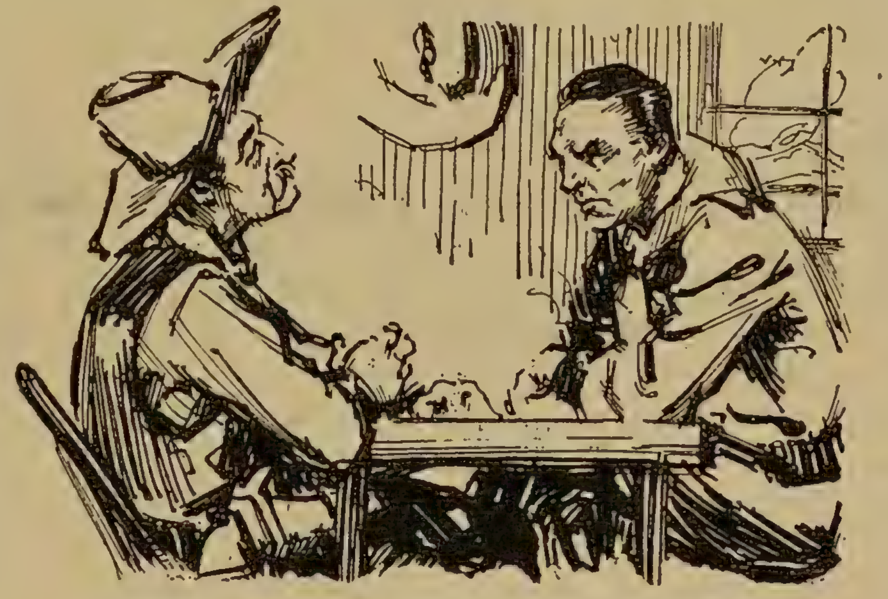
"No?" Doty spoke with a skeptical lift of his eyebrows. "How about yore bein' seen going in and comin' out?"

"I went to see him, yes. I was meanin' to kill the snake. But somebody'd beat me to it. He was dead. Been dead mebbe an hour. The safe was open—and empty."

Doty's lip lifted. "Listens good!" he grunted sarcastically. "'Twon't hold water in the courts o' Costello—not with the Adamses on yore trail."

"I knew I'd been seen leavin'," continued Judd calmly. "I'd said I was goin' to kill him. That's all the Adamses needed. So I left."

"I wasn't figgerin' you'd admit it," drawled Doty. "One thing is sure, anyhow. If the Adamses knowed where yo're hangin' out you'd be stretchin' hemp before you could say Jack Robinson. They're offerin' a thousand dollars reward fer you—dead or alive."



Judd's eyes were watchful as his visitor settled into a chair.

Judd's right hand closed about the butt of a six-gun that lay in his lap, hid from Doty by the table. "And there's where you come in, I s'pose," he said.

"Me?" A pained expression spread over Doty's fox-like face. "Think I'd turn in an old friend? No, sir! Shore ain't aimin' to do that—not if yo're sensible."

Judd raised his eyes to Doty's face. "Sensible?"

Doty leaned forward confidently. "Well, now, look here. Yo're runnin' this outfit fer a States syndicate, I hear. Yo're runnin' some thirty thousand head o' cows, they tell me. With a little help, me and you c'n rustle a couple thousand head a year; and we wouldn't be takin' much of a chance, either." A sardonic grin stirred his lips. "They tell me yo're quite a pillar of sassiety around here. From what I hear, they'd as soon suspect the preacher."

The black muzzle of a forty-five came into view. "Doty," Judd said quietly, "I'm goin' to kill you."

Doty hooked a thumb in his vest. "Save yore lead, Howard," he advised mockingly. "I asked the sheriff to ride out here this afternoon. Ought to be here any minute now."

Judd's trigger finger tightened. "What good would that do you—dead?"

Doty smiled craftily. "You got to get up airly in the mornin' to outfigger Zach Doty. I left two letters with a feller I know. One of them goes to the sheriff and the other goes to Costello—if anything happens to me."

The gun slowly sagged and came to rest on the table. The lines deepened about t grim mouth of Judd. Do tilted back in his chair wi the air of a cat watching crippled mouse. "Make yo choice," he said shortly.

Judd spoke no word. Do rose and moved restlessly the window. "Here comes t sheriff now," he announce He turned to Judd, a scowl ridging his face. "We what you goin' to do?" he demanded sharply. "If it 'no,' you start for Costello in five minutes. Hangin' what the Adamses are after."

"Takes more evidence than what they've got," mu tered Judd.

"Evidence! Hell, they've got evidence aplenty—ev without the picture of yore wife that was in Rufe Adam pocket."

Judd's tall figure suddenly became as if hewn of ston A keen eye might have seen that for a moment he ceas to breathe. But Doty w again glancing out of t window. "He's comin' past the corrals now," he wa saying. His eyes held to the oncoming horseman for a moment, then he swung away from the window and strode up to Judd. "Talk fast," he rasped. "Don't think fer a minute yore story'll get you anywhere with the Adamse All Costello knows that Ruf and yore wife—"

"STOP!" Judd's low voice sheared through Doty's words like a knife. Hal risen, he stood, bow-backed and deadly, his knuckles white on the gun butt.

Doty stared. "Oh, all right," he growled. Judd sank back into his chair. The hoof beats of the sheriff's horse drifted in through the open doorway. The foreman of the Quarter Circle Seven sat once more like an image behind the rude table.

There was a flash of baffled rage in Doty's eyes. "Are you crazy?" he broke out. "It's ten thousand a year fer you against a rope around yore fool neck!"

Judd sat silent and cold as a rock. The crunch of footsteps sounded on the scoria-covered path.

"Yore last chance!" flared Doty.

Judd rose, a grim smile on his lips.

Doty fell back. "The reward, then!" he snarled. "By God, I'll get that, anyway!" As the sheriff stepped into the room, he jabbed a trembling finger in Judd's direction. "His name ain't Judd!" he shouted. "That's Earl Howard! There's a thousand dollars on his head fer the killin' of Rufe Adams in Costello, Texas!"

Mel Judd returned the sheriff's stare with a wintry smile. "Just a minute, Henry," he said quietly. His cold eyes fixed on Doty. "Doty," he spoke softly, "you said there was a picture of my wife in Rufe Adams' pocket." Doty nodded guardedly. "When they found Rufe Adams," went on Judd, "they did *not* find that photo in his pocket. I had taken it. You couldn't have known about that picture unless—*you* killed Rufe Adams!"

A curse ripped from Doty's lips. His hand darted toward his gun. Flame belched with a crash of sound from the sheriff's gun. Doty slumped to the floor.

THE END

Leo Carrillo and George Brent in The Homicide Squad, a new kind of gangster play.

Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in The Guardsman, which they played on the stage.

The Guardsma

Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, and Hollywood's Three

By FREDERIC

Reading time: 5 minutes 15 seconds.)

TWO interesting new personalities come to the screen in the new Metro-Goldwyn production of Ferenc Molnar's The Guardsman.

They are Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, stars of the New York Theater Guild. Lunt is an American, born in Milwaukee, while Miss Fontanne is English. The two players met in the course of their dramatic work in 1922 and were married shortly after. They have appeared frequently, together and separately, in Guild productions; and I doubt if any two actors have a better record for intelligent, able work.

You will be attracted by their film appearances, for here are two players who pay no attention to the three Ps of Hollywood—personality, pose, and profile. They are concerned merely with getting the most out of a playwright's work.

In brief, neither Mr. Lunt nor Miss Fontanne plays Mr. Lunt or Miss Fontanne.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE GUARDSMAN

CAST

The Actor	Alfred Lunt
The Actress	Lynn Fontanne
The Critic	Roland Young
Liesl	Zasu Pitts
Mama	Maude Eburne
A Creditor	Herman Bing

Directed by Sidney Franklin.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

A brittle Continental comedy this, written by Ferenc Molnar, who plays so deftly with the bitter-sweet theme of love.

Here you find the first rifts in the marriage of the two stars of a Viennese theatrical company. She has taken to playing Chopin at twilight, and he recognizes the symptoms of restlessness. So, to test her love, he comes in the costume and make-up of a Russian guardsman. His tempestuous suit is triumphant, and after one romantic night he is torn between admiration for his own abilities as an actor and a lover and horror at discovering his wife's infidelity. I will not relate how neatly playwright Molnar has the wife finally restore her husband's lost confidence.

Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne played The Guardsman successfully on the New York stage in 1924, and they do splendid work. Miss Fontanne is charm as the susceptible actress, and Mr. L gives an admirable performance wi a performance. His guardsman robust characterization, with the jeal vain actor shining through every and then to point the high comedy of romantic masquerade.

Roland Young is excellent as the cr a friend of the family. Zasu Pitts, the other hand, gives just another p trait of Zasu Pitts.

Molnar shoots some bitter shaft wit at acting temperament. Appare this is the same the world over.

★ ★ ★ PERSONAL MAID

CAST

Nora Ryan	Nancy Carroll
Peter Shea	Pat O'Brien
Dick Gary	Gene Raymond
Kipp	Hugh O'Connell
Mrs. Otis Gary	Mary Boland
Gary Gary	George Fawcett
Burrows	Ernest Lawfor
Gwen Gary	Charlotte Wynters

Directed by Monta Bell.
Produced by Paramount.

Grace Perkins' popular novel had genuine element of novelty: it show life behind the grilled doors of a Pa Avenue mansion and revealed, wi careful detail, the machinery of a ri

Pat O'Brien and Nancy Carroll, a personable pair in *Personal Maid.*

Herbert Marshall and Claudette Colbert in a scene from *Secrets of a Secretary.*

and the Maid

race Perkins' Popular Novel, and Two Other Films

MES SMITH

in close-up. The heroine was a
diplomatic personal maid who
l control much of the machinery
solid foundation of a decidedly
y family.

s film adaptation gets away from
Perkins' story, but there are still
h of the inner revelations to give
shness and interest. The makers
film have been a bit too worried
working out a satisfactory love

ke Nancy Carroll pretty well in the
rôle. There were great possibili-
n the part, but Miss Carroll missed
of them.

THE HOMICIDE SQUAD

CAST

ie	Leo Carrillo
otain Buckley	Noah Beery
lie	Mary Brian
Riley	Russell Gleason
nmy	George Brent
ctor	Walter C. Percival
go	J. Carol Naish

Directed by George Melford.
Produced by Universal.

gangster films now open with a
ation of high moral intent. So,
oes this story of a racketeer master
who hides behind the bland pose
candy dealer. Leo Carrillo, who played the kind-hearted killer who lavished ermine on the innocent heroine of Hell Bound, does another dialect gang boss. This Louie is a hard boy who munches taffy and shoots mercilessly between chuckles.

By palming off a weakling as Louie's long-lost son, the police manage to corner the racketeer boss. Trapping the master killer *via* father love shades the sympathy toward the big peanut-brittle and machine-gun magnate. There, of course, lies the menace of these underworld films, if menace there be.

The incidents of gang rule are pretty gory, particularly the way the gat boys put a squealer on the spot. This bit of a hysterical doomed gangster is done vividly by J. Carol Naish.

★ SECRETS OF A SECRETARY

CAST

Helen Blake	Claudette Colbert
Lord Danforth	Herbert Marshall
Frank d'Agnoli	Georges Metaxa
Sylvia Merritt	Betty Lawford
Mrs. Merritt	Mary Boland
Mr. Merritt	Berton Churchill

Directed by George Abbott.
Produced by Paramount.

A confession type of yarn, the heroine being a rich girl who marries a gigolo, loses her fortune and her husband, and who becomes a social secretary. I cannot say much for the story, except that it is as weak as a gangster's alibi. The piquant Claudette Colbert is utterly wasted here.

Do you know that—

Harold Lloyd is at work on a new comedy, built about a boob who breaks into a movie studio?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Street Scene, Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant, Skippy, The Front Page.

★★★—The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire, Dirigible, Tabu, Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On, Strangers May Kiss, Dishonored, The Last Parade, Pagliacci.

Double-
AME

A Glimpse of
that Goes On Behi

By HERBERT

(Reading time: 17 minutes 5 seconds.)

IN 1917 I created the American Black Chamber, the official cipher bureau of the United States Government, which solved the secret code and cipher telegrams of foreign governments. I directed its secret activities until 1929, when a new Secretary of State, being informed of our skill, disapproved of our practices. This decision closed the doors of my secret bureau.

During this period, from 1917 to 1929, the Black Chamber deciphered over 45,000 diplomatic code and cipher telegrams of foreign governments, and solved the code books of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, China, Costa Rica, Cuba, England, France, Germany, Japan, Liberia, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Peru, Russia, San Salvador, Santo Domingo, Soviet Union, and Spain.

And now that the United States is no longer engaged in this sort of espionage, I am often asked whether such countries as England continued after the war to supervise the diplomatic messages of friendly nations. We are all familiar with the fame of the British naval cipher bureau, obtained during the war under the direction of Admiral Hall. But did this bureau continue its secret activities after the war?

On December 16, 1920, this question was asked indirectly of Newcomb Carlton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, who was testifying before the Senate committee on cable landing licenses.

"As I recall it," Mr. Carlton said, "after a message has been in our office in London for, I think, ten days, to give it a good start so there cannot be any question about it, that message in its original form—ninety per cent of them are in code—is taken to, I think, the British Naval Intelligence Bureau. They hold them not more than a few hours, three or four or five, and then return them. They do not hold them long enough for anything like deciphering. . . ."

The chairman might have pointed out to Mr. Carlton that, though it may take several hours or perhaps weeks or months to decipher a document, only a few seconds are required to make a photostatic copy. Once the telegrams are photostated, the cryptographers can take their time solving them.

Mr. Carlton went on to say that he had instructed his vice president in London not to deliver the messages, but was assured by the British Government that the messages would not be deciphered but that they wanted to know who was cabling.

On January 10, 1921, Mr. Carlton was again questioned by the same committee.

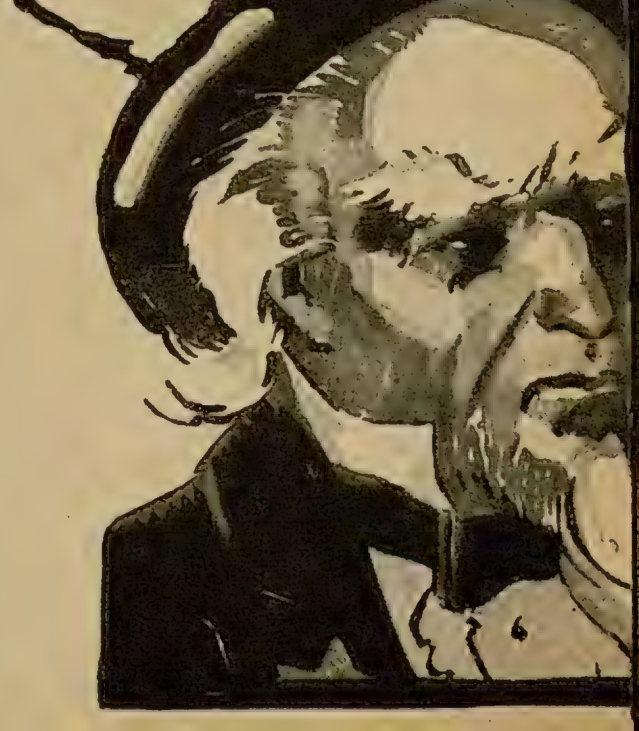
THE CHAIRMAN: "Mr. Carlton, as I recall it, when you were on the stand here a couple of weeks ago or so, you made the statement that all commercial messages were turned over to the Navy Department of Great Britain, but you did not know whether that included government messages or not. I would like to know whether that does include government messages or not."

Mr. Carlton asked to be excused from answering. The chairman did not insist, but after taking other testimony he requested an answer.

MR. CARLTON: "I must first describe what takes place. It appears that the British Government was desirous of supervising in and out cable messages to certain European countries in the interest of British peace and quiet. In order to avoid an appearance of discriminating against other European countries, they decided to take charge, physical charge, of all in and out cable messages from every country, and they therefore adopted the plan of waiting ten days, that is, to give ten days between the handling of messages and the time that the government called at the cable offices for the messages. The messages were then placed in large bags, sealed, I believe, and put in wagons. Those wagons were drawn away under custody of the Admiralty, and lodged overnight in a storehouse and returned to the cable office next morning. . . .

"We have further investigated and are satisfied that during that period not a single message, commercial, diplomatic, or otherwise, has been actually handled by the Naval Intelligence Bureau, and the contents are unknown to the British Government because of that fact."

Just how one would go about investigating what happened to the telegrams during the night Mr. Carlton does not say. Having directed the secret activities of the American Black Chamber over a period of twelve years, I ask to be pardoned if I am skeptical. During the war I was in London several weeks, studying cryptography under the British and was in a good position to know



Crossing RICA

International Intrigue
Uncle Sam's Back

YARDLEY

something of the espionage methods of the Admiralty cipher bureau.

Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, testifying before the same committee, said:

"Since censorship ceased the British Government have required us to turn over all messages ten days after they have been sent or received. This is a right which they claim under the landing licenses they issue to all cable companies."

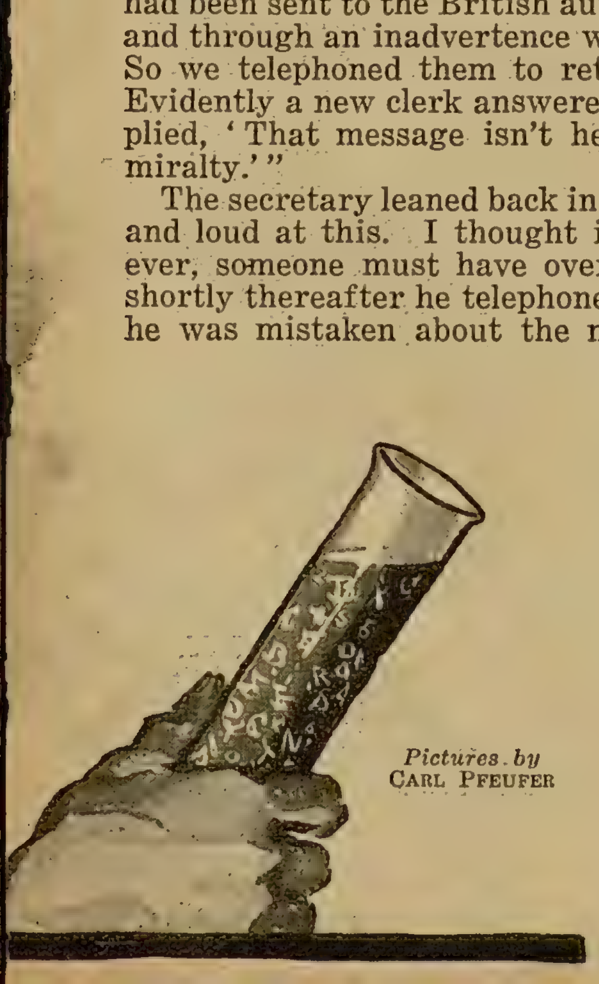
Mr. Mackay did not say that the British made no attempt to decipher the messages.

In any case, members of our diplomatic corps tell a story that hardly fits into Mr. Carlton's picture. They take it as an accepted fact that Great Britain attempts to decipher our messages—take it good-naturedly, as most diplomats do. Not long ago a former secretary to the American Embassy in London thought he had a huge joke on the British Admiralty cipher bureau when he told me the following tale.

"AS you know," he said, "code words are often garbled in transmission and cannot be deciphered. One day Washington cabled us in London, asking that we confirm and repeat several code words in a message that had been dispatched a few hours earlier. The original code message had been sent to the British authorities for transmission, and through an inadvertence we had not retained a copy. So we telephoned them to return the original at once. Evidently a new clerk answered the telephone, for he replied, 'That message isn't here. It's over at the Admiralty.'"

The secretary leaned back in his chair and laughed long and loud at this. I thought it amusing myself. However, someone must have overheard the new clerk, for shortly thereafter he telephoned the embassy to say that he was mistaken about the message being at the Admiralty. They had found the message and were returning it to the embassy. "Of course," concluded the secretary, "what actually happened is that they realized the clerk had tipped their hands, and sent an urgent call to the Admiralty to rush the telegram back to us."

But whether Mr. Carlton was overoptimistic or not, the American Black Chamber was not so fortunate as to have wagonloads of code and cipher messages delivered to it under naval escort. Our cable lines are not controlled by the government, and there were therefore periods when it was difficult to obtain copies of the telegrams of foreign governments. Often it was necessary to resort to dangerous espionage.



Pictures by CARL PFEUFER

In 1927, however, things were running smoothly, when suddenly my informant in Washington stopped sending me copies of Japanese code messages, except one now and then. This was during the crisis in China, when Washington was especially concerned about the intentions of Japan and England. Back in 1919 I had broken the Japanese diplomatic codes. From 1919 to 1927 we had deciphered something like 10,000 Japanese diplomatic messages and broken close to thirty different Japanese codes—this, of course, in addition to our other work. Japan was one of the few governments that Washington was interested in at all times. For this reason, aside from the Chinese crisis, I wrote my informant after a couple of weeks, asking why he was sending us only a few Japanese messages. He replied that only a few were being filed with the cable companies in Washington. I doubted this and immediately took the midnight to Washington, where I questioned him closely.

"I THINK the Japanese Embassy is sending its messages in some other manner," he told me. "But in order not to arouse suspicion they file a telegram now and then with the cable companies here."

"But what of the telegrams they receive from Tokyo?" I asked.

"I have sent you everything, both received and sent cables," he assured me.

"But there haven't been a dozen telegrams in the last three weeks," I protested. "During the crisis in China there should be a large file."

"I can't help that," he said. "They are not being filed here in the name of the Japanese Embassy."

I was bewildered at this information, but a few days later I received a communication from my government that seemed to explain the situation. Japan evidently had adopted a most amazing and illegal method of sending diplomatic dispatches to and from Tokyo and Washington.

The letter contained several code telegrams and sheets of data, and stated that these had been turned over to the War Department by the coast guard which was intercepting rumrunner wireless messages on the Pacific coast.

The messages had been intercepted on a wave length of about fifty-five meters between 5 and 6 A. M., Pacific time. They were evidently transmitted on a fixed schedule, for the sending operator gave no call or signature. But suddenly, without warning, there flashed "RK5 to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DOUBLE-CROSSING AMERICA
Continued from page thirty-nine

RP7." Then followed rapidly several messages with no address or signature. At the end there was silence for a few seconds, then the other station signaled "RP7 to RK3," and followed with a series of messages. There was no acknowledgment. The air was suddenly still, and not until twenty-four hours later would the signals again be heard.

Investigation, so the report said, disclosed the fact that the mysterious calls, RP7 and RK3, were signals for amateur stations. Nothing else was known.

Typed at the bottom of each message were notes by the coast guard intercepting operator:

> The above is certain to be correct for the signals were exceptionally loud, but the check doesn't agree nor the numbers. Unable to hear RP7 this watch.
>
> The above code groups were intercepted on approximately fifty meters. Signals barely readable. Station already transmitting when tuned in and did not sign call at end of message.
>
> RK3 sent the first message and then signaled "AR," meaning "I have finished, go ahead." RP7 transmitted, but our station was unable to copy on account of static. RK3 then signaled "AHR," meaning "Another here," and transmitted Part 2 of inclosure, not sending any address or signature. He signed off with "NM," meaning "No more."
>
> These two stations apparently work on fixed schedule every morning from 5 A.M. to 5:30 A.M., Pacific coast time.

The intercepted messages were in ten-letter code groups. The following few lines will serve as an example:

> FAFEOZIDNY VAFEITQUPU EXAPAJJAJI AGENCICIJI FOLOUKRAAZ OJEGJEGLUATNIOWUDJI. . . .

I had read the report and the operator's comments hurriedly without paying any attention to the cipher messages. When I looked at them, my heart stood still. They were Japanese diplomatic code messages! Japan had discovered that we were reading her messages and had established communication with Tokyo through high-frequency transmission. Such a step was illegal, a grave breach of international law.

They were, without question, encoded in what we called Jbb code, the twenty-eighth Japanese code we had broken since my original solution. I at last took the messages into the Japanese Department of the Black Chamber, and requested my assistants to give me a translation at once.

They told me the telegrams were so badly garbled that only phrases here and there could be read, but they were sufficiently clear to show the subject matter, which was the Chinese situation.

This gave us no clue as to their destination, for it is the custom of Tokyo to keep all embassies informed on international questions.

THE messages therefore might be from Peiping to Tokyo, or from Tokyo to Washington, London, Paris, or any other post. However, one of the telegrams was not encoded in Jbb code, but in Jw, an English-language code which the Japanese had compiled for encoding English-language telegrams. Though badly garbled, the message was without question a memorandum from our Secretary of State to the Japanese Foreign Office. It looked to me like a Washington-Tokyo telegram.

All this seemed to me conclusive proof that Japan had erected a high-frequency sending and receiving set on our soil.

I felt some hesitancy in sending my deductions to Washington. It might lead to very serious consequences. War had often been declared for less. However, there was nothing to do but report my findings. In making my report I urged Washington to attempt to locate the station by the use of a radio goniometer, which is an instrument that shows the direction from which the wave emanates. Much to my surprise, I was informed that the War Department equipment for high-frequency interception was not sufficiently modern for this experiment.

Washington was horrified at the thought that Japan

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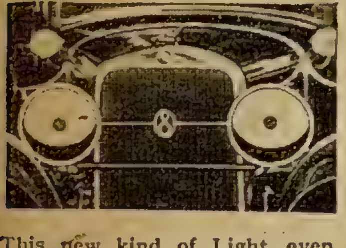
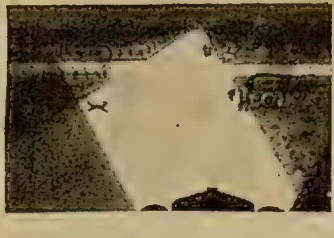
AT LAST! An amazingly queer yet simple invention lifts the curse of night driving from the motoring world. This altogether new discovery called "Perfect-O-Lite" replaces old glass "bulbs" in your automobile headlights with truly amazing results. Road illumination is instantly doubled yet glare is absolutely banished. Ordinary objects in the road, ruts, animals, obstructions, etc., are made clearly visible at least **three** times as far. Instead of ordinary "direct" light, this beam is composed entirely of double-reflected or "infused" light. This new kind of light cuts right through the other fellow's headlights. Even shoots through fog, mist, rain and snow. There is no wiring or installation. No extra upkeep. Banishes the need for glare shields. No wonder concerns like Wallace & Tiernan, big West Virginia Bus Lines, Columbus Fire Trucks, etc., have already installed Perfect-O-Lite as standard equipment. To prove what this invention will do, the manufacturer now offers a set to every motorist on FREE TEST. Simply mail the coupon promptly for details.

HACHMEISTER-LIND CO.
Dept. P-930 PITTSBURGH, PA.



This new kind of Light even LOOKS entirely different.



Gives perfect illumination of entire roadway without shadows or flickering.

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Full-time and spare-time workers. New *Free Demonstration* Plan with *Sales Guaranteed. Exclusive Territory.* Sell in bunches to fleet owners. A real chance for $8 to $14 very first hour; $6,000 to $10,000 a year. Wehner of Pennsylvania made $1,125 in 90 days, spare time; Davis of Pennsylvania made $1,400 in one week. No limit for distributors. Use coupon quick!

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Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rush Free Test Offer and money-making facts.

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had secretly erected a wireless station in the United States. I was ordered to Washington at once with instructions to bring the evidence on which I based my memorandum. When I showed them the decipherment of the English-text telegram and explained personally that my informant had told me that the Japanese Embassy no longer filed their messages with the cable companies, they readily agreed with my memorandum. The situation looked serious indeed.

On my way back to New York I thought of ways and means of getting positive proof of the location of the stations. For over a year the Tokyo Government had prefaced their code telegrams with a series of letters. From the text of the telegrams it was clear that the letters had nothing to do with the messages themselves. For this reason no one considered it worth while to attempt to find out what they meant.

The first few letters, FAFEOZIDNY VAFEITQUPU, of the message already quoted are the indecipherable groups. Now it suddenly occurred to me that if I could decipher these groups, and if they gave the number of the telegrams, I could then determine whether they were passing between Washington and Tokyo. The Washington-Tokyo telegram number for February, the date of this mysterious intercept, is approximately 40; the Tokyo-Washington, 50. Now if I can break the Telegram Reference Code and discover that the telegram in question has a number a great deal larger or smaller than 40 or 50—say 10 or 200—then I am fairly certain that it is not a message passing between Washington and Tokyo. On the other hand, if the series number is approximately 40 or 50, I have good proof that Japan has erected a station on our soil.

THE Congressional Limited was pulling out of Philadelphia when this thought suddenly flashed through my mind. What had those first few letters of each telegram looked like? I had paid little attention to them. Could I decipher them? For two hours I impatiently awaited my arrival in New York, and was not happy until I had unlocked my safe and scattered before me on my flat-topped desk a sheaf of Japanese diplomatic code telegrams.

The process of deciphering was intricate, and as its success proved barren of direct results, I omit the technical details.

Having constructed the table to my satisfaction, I turned to the intercepted messages between RP7 and RK3 with misgivings. Would my table confirm my deduction that Japan had erected a wireless station in the United States? I began to decipher these groups of letters. One was enough.

FA	FE	OZ	ID	NY	VA	FE	IT
0	1	86	—	13th	my	1	81

I now had the answer to my problem. The mysterious telegrams were not Washington-Tokyo messages. They were transmitted between Japanese posts. Although the intercepted message just quoted was sent February 13, the serial number is 186. Now the Washington-to-Tokyo number for approximately the same date is only 40, and that from Tokyo to Washington only 50. This is proof that the RK3 and RP7 wireless intercepts are not between Washington and Tokyo.

I gave a sigh of relief, for I had innocently been the cause of a great deal of anxiety. When Washington received my report I think they were so relieved at my findings that they forgot to censure me for guessing wrong.

But this did not end the episode. Now that we knew that the Japanese Embassy were not using a private wireless, why were they not filing their messages with the established lines? I went to Washington the next day, determined to find out. When I arrived I called in a man on whom I had depended for information and told him the whole story.

"Now," I asked, "how do you account for the fact that the Japanese Embassy is filing no telegrams?"

"Maybe Blank is putting something over on you," he said with a smile.

"Well, you know more about him than I do. He's your man."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG—who recently made her initial talking picture, *Kept Husbands*, for Radio Pictures, after an absence from the screen of many years. Who would dream, looking at this recent picture, that she is 38!

"I am 38!" *says*

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Famous screen favorite says no woman need look her age

"I REALLY am 38 years old," says Clara Kimball Young, beautiful screen star, "and I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the lovely sparkling freshness of youth can be charming at almost any age. Stage and screen stars, of course, *must* keep their youthful charm. It's youth that wins hearts and youth that holds them.

"Above everything else, stage and screen stars guard complexion beauty. They know that a skin softly smooth and clear always has irresistible appeal.

"Several years ago I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would do wonders for my skin, and now that I have returned to the screen, I depend on the gentle lather of this nice soap to keep my skin youthfully smooth and fresh."

How 9 out of 10 Stars guard Complexion Beauty

This lovely favorite is only one of the hundreds of Hollywood actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*.

Of the 613 important actresses there, including all stars, actually 605 depend on this fragrant, white soap to keep their skins youthfully smooth.

Surely *you* will want to try it!

Lux Toilet Soap-10¢

DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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Stop the pain with Dent's Toothache Gum. Not a chewing gum. Applied gently in cavity of aching tooth it—

(1) Stops toothache instantly,
(2) Cleanses and protects cavity,
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Does not spill or dry up like liquids. All druggists or by mail, 25¢. Made for 40 years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

LUCKY TIGER

For Hair and Scalp!

A single application stops that miserable itching. A single bottle corrects scalp irritations. A Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed, safe for both adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers, Beauty Parlors.

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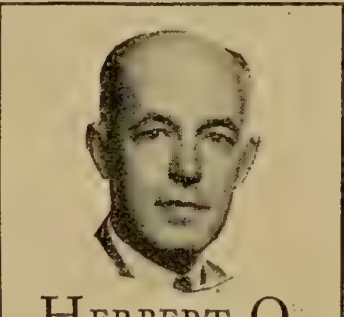
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

DOUBLE-CROSSING AMERICA

Continued from page forty-one

"No one knows much about him," he said. Then, "Going to be in town long? Meet me at the cigar store at Sixteenth and New York Avenue at noon. I may have something then to report."

When I met him there he seemed to think he had a good joke on me.



HERBERT O. YARDLEY

who wrote this article, is the author of that much discussed book The American Black Chamber, telling of the activities of the U. S. Cryptographic Bureau. Now that the bureau has been closed, Major Yardley lives at Worthington, Indiana.

"Say, Yardley," he began, "that fellow has been lying to you. The Japanese are sending plenty of telegrams."

Making connections to obtain copies of the diplomatic telegrams of foreign governments in this country is not easy. They are not hauled around in wagons as they are in England. It was past midnight before we arrived at a satisfactory plan.

WITHIN a few weeks messages found their way by devious means into the Black Chamber. We were just in time, for on March 24 the Chinese situation became acute. The Japanese telegrams as deciphered by us and sent to Washington showed that there was talk of intervention. The Great Powers, seeing their opportunity for spoils, began to spar with each other. England and Japan could not forget the Anglo-Japanese Alliance that had been of such concern to the United States before it had been abrogated. There was talk of renewing it. We found England and Japan making joint and, so they thought, secret plans in China. They were maneuvering to isolate America.

Paragraphs from a few of the hundreds of Japanese telegrams that the Black Chamber deciphered follow:

From Tokyo
To London May 14, 1927.

. . . On May 13th the British Ambassador called upon the Foreign Minister. A summary of their interview follows:

. . . The British Ambassador referred to point two of my cablegram mentioned above, and said that the British Minister for Foreign Affairs entertained the hope that in future a definite understanding and agreement could be reached between Japan and Great Britain with reference to Chinese questions.

The Foreign Minister replied that there should not be a constant change of policy with regard to Chinese matters and that he thought that instead of such a general understanding it would be better to have a frank interchange of views between the two countries in a spirit of coöperation every time one of these questions should arise.

The Ambassador asked why the first step could not be taken now to begin conferences between Japan and Great Britain and to fix a common policy on questions which required immediate solution, such as the question of foreign concessions, the question of the extent to which the so-called treaty rights are to be abandoned, and other similar questions. . . .

From London
To Tokyo
May 17, 1927.

On May 17th (?) Aglen called and discussed the Chinese question. . . . Aglen replied that . . . the Minister for Foreign Affairs had had an interview with King George and had observed that the King had an unexpectedly good understanding of the Chinese situation. . . .

I remarked that the idea of coöperation between Japan and Great Britain might be said to be a very efficacious argument . . . but that it was impossible to ignore the United States. I added that if the United States were to be included, it was questionable whether a joint policy could be reached.

Aglen said he did not think that it was essential for the United States to be included and that the only thing to do was for Japan and the British Empire to begin conversations by themselves. . . .

But for the intercepted Japanese wireless messages that led us first to suspect a Japanese station on American soil, which in turn led to the lies of my informant, the Black Chamber would not have come into possession of these messages which created such a stir in Washington.

THE END

September 5th Limerick Winners

$100 FIRST PRIZE

A wise secretary was May
Who wrote what the boss meant to say.
In fact, when he read it
He thought he had said it—
A mis(s)understanding, each way.

Mary E. Mahoney, Boston, Mass.

$50 SECOND PRIZES

And he had—in a "helluva" way.
Sven J. Swanfeldt, Schenectady, N. Y.

Her "type" made him see it that way.
J. C. Dart, Manilla, Iowa.

$25 THIRD PRIZES

A Jill after "jack" finds a way.
Althea Thurston, Los Angeles, Calif.

Now she's bright—from the "rays" in her pay!
Bernard Greenberg, Allentown, Pa.

Her type made his type seem O.K.
Frank J. Gilbert, Philadelphia, Pa.

"All's swell" with his head and her pay.
James S. Gleland, Chicago, Ill.

$10 PRIZES

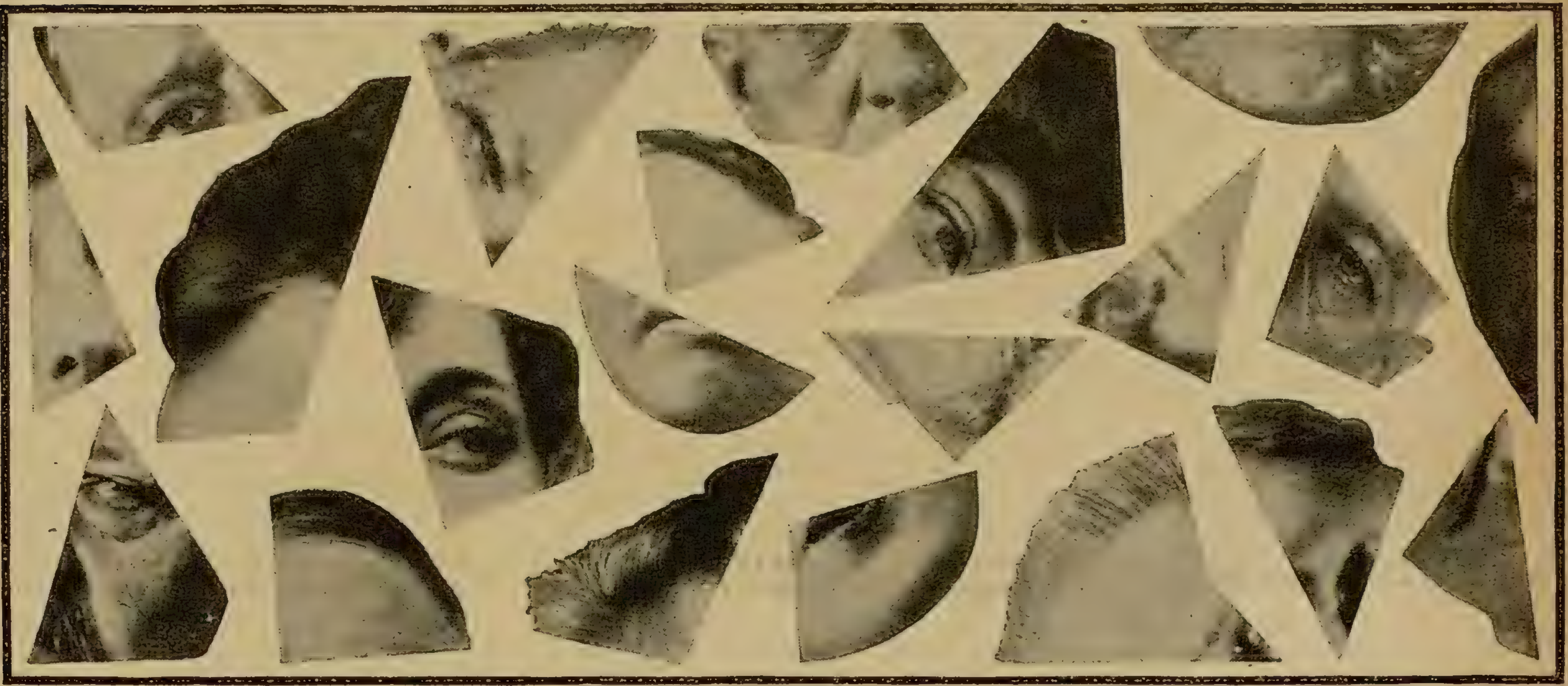
Paul B. Witmer, Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. Sadie S. Franz, Alhambra, Calif.; A. E. Ackerley, Toronto, Canada; L. E. Stevenson, Washington, D. C.; G. A. Aman, Hyattsville, Md.; Isabel Taylor, Ridgewood, N. J.; Chas. G. Shepherd, Elmhurst, Ill.; Paul E. Miller, Buffalo, N. Y.; Vaughn H. Knight, Lee, Maine; Mrs. J. P. Smith, Toledo, Ohio; Ruth S. Mackoy, Covington, Ky.; Mrs. Elinor T. Abel, Washington, D. C.; F. W. Bason, Osawatomie, Kans.; Mrs. Elsie M. Ball, Little Rock, Ark.; B. Pengelly, Toronto, Canada; Ethel Matthews, Gibsonburg, Ohio; Catherine M. Henson, Clarkdale, Ariz.; Louise Pursell, Miami, Fla.; Betty Lou Haller, Los Angeles, Calif.; Clifford Crane, Whitehall, Mont.

Clip These Coupons!

Paste Them Together, Identify the Pictures, and Cash In on This

$5,000 in CASH PRIZES

Liberty's Jig-Saw Puzzle No. 4



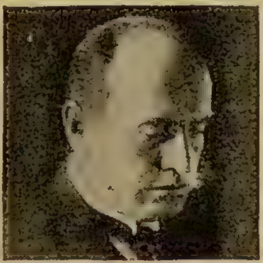
HERE they are, ladies and gentlemen. Here are the coupons, the little pieces of paper which, if properly prepared, can be cashed in for a big dividend of Liberty's $5,000 cash jig-saw prize fund.

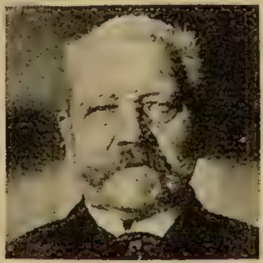
How to do it? Read the simple, brief rules at the right. Or, we'll tell you. The puzzle above contains the pictures of three prominent persons. The trick is to cut out the pieces and assemble them into pictures and then identify the originals. This is puzzle No. 4 of a series of ten. Missed the others? Well, that's no obstacle. Liberty will supply them, free. Just send a note or a post card to JIG-SAW, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and say you want the first three jig-saw puzzles to bring your entry up to date. They'll go out to you by return mail. Solve them when you receive them and you'll be sitting pretty, right up with the rest of the field. You see, no entries will be accepted until the entire set of ten puzzles, thirty pictures, has been completed. You can still get into the big money—if you enter. Do it now!

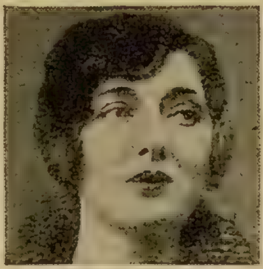
NOTE—To aid you we have included among the six small pictures at the right the three pictures used in constructing the above jig-saw puzzle.

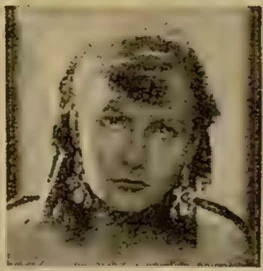
CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

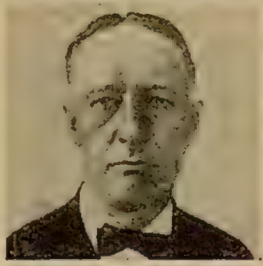
First Prize	$1,000
Second Prize	500
Third Prize	100
8 Fourth Prizes, each $50, total	400
300 Fifth Prizes, each $10, total	3,000
311 Prizes	Total $5,000

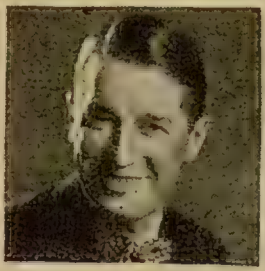












The RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a jig-saw puzzle comprised of the pictures of people who have been, or now are, prominent in the news of the day and whose pictures are frequently seen in newspapers, magazines, and elsewhere.

2—Each week's puzzle when cut apart and correctly assembled will result in three separate and complete pictures.

3—Write plainly, or print, the name of the person it portrays below each picture.

4—Save all solutions until you have a complete set of thirty pictures identified.

5—Then write one letter of not more than seventy-five words, by which each entry must be accompanied, telling " What I most admire about the character of one of the persons I have identified in this contest."

6—You need not purchase Liberty nor cut out the printed puzzles in order to compete. You may trace the puzzles from the magazine and assemble your solutions from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

7—When you have your complete set of thirty pictures identified, attach your seventy-five-word letter and send by first-class mail to JIG-SAW, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8—All entries must be received before the close of business Friday, November 27, 1931.

9—For the set of solutions most nearly correct accompanied by the best letter Liberty will award $1,000; for the next best, $500; for the next best, $100, etc., according to the accompanying cash prize schedule.

10—The judges will be appointed by Liberty Magazine. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries can be returned nor can we enter into any correspondence relative thereto. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

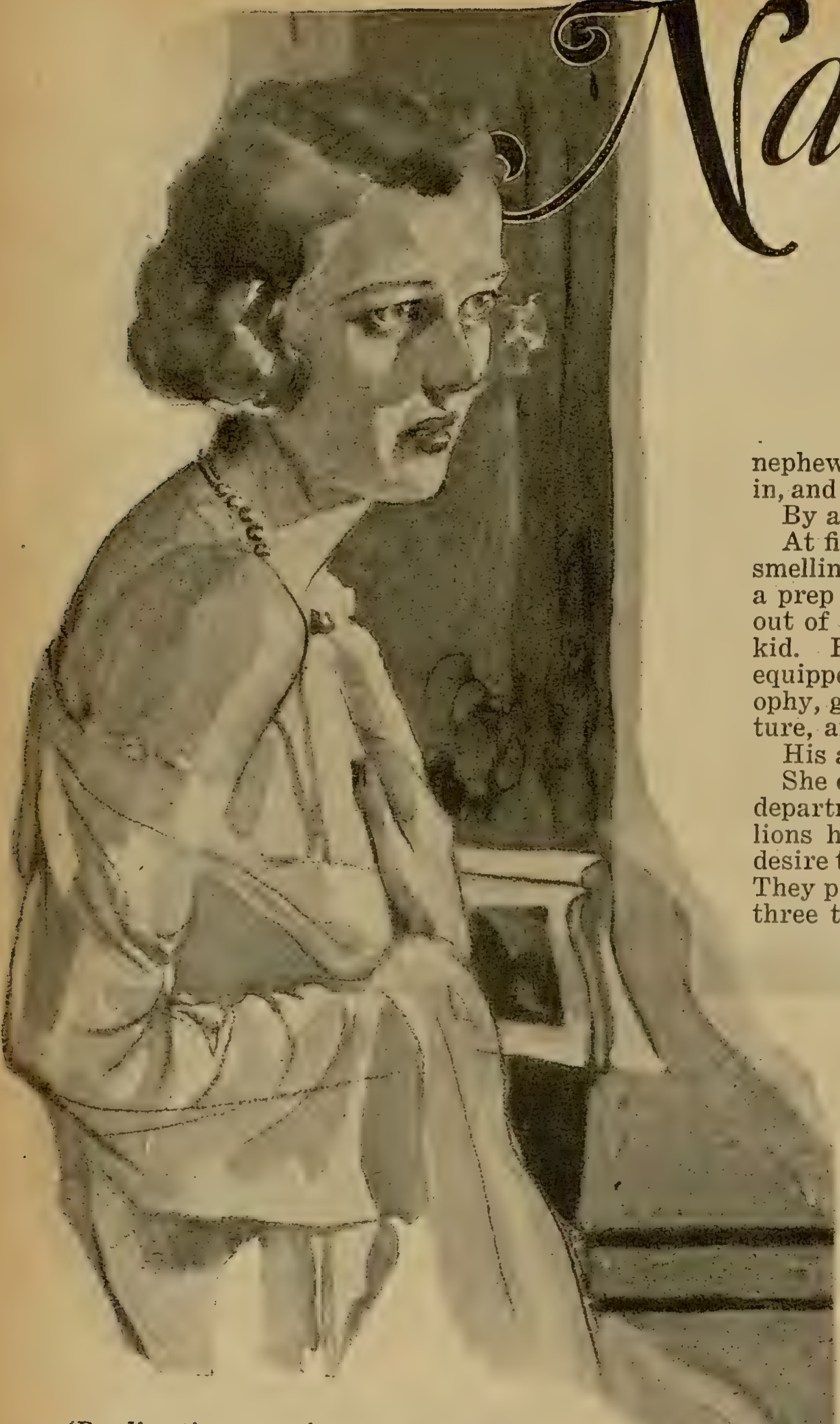
11—Announcement of awards will be made in the earliest issue of Liberty Magazine compatible with careful and accurate judging.

WATCH FOR JIG-SAW PUZZLE NO. 5 ON THIS PAGE NEXT WEEK!

Nature Take

The Story of a Fam

By EDWAR



(Reading time: 34 minutes 40 seconds.)

JUST after he was twelve Martin Kenworthy became an orphan. His parents died simultaneously in an automobile accident. Their end was unnecessary, regrettable, and painlessly sudden.

The important result was that Martin became the ward, and the pride and joy, of his Aunt Miriam. He went to live in her New York house, on Thirty-eighth Street just off Park Avenue. He grew up among gilt furniture and thick carpets and soft-footed servants and other manifestations of wealth.

And he became heir apparent to a very great deal of money.

His Aunt Miriam had married well. In the Social Register she was listed as " Crafton, Mrs. Henry R. (Miriam Kenworthy)." Her name stood alone; for Crafton, Henry R., had departed this life less than two years after their marriage, leaving her a fine, aristocratic name and all his worldly goods, which latter were worth a dizzying sum.

Mrs. Crafton was a pink-and-white lady with a sad or uncomprehending half smile (it was hard to tell which), and fluttery hands, and a social and moral code straight out of Louisa M. Alcott. She was not exactly the ideal type to be foster mother to anything more serious than a Pekingese, but she didn't know that. She accepted her nephew as she had accepted auction bridge when it came in, and did the best she could.

By a miracle, he survived without being spoiled.

At fifteen, after a row that sent Aunt Miriam for the smelling salts, he shook off his private tutor and went to a prep school, where they kicked the incipient snobbery out of him and made him recognizable as a nice sort of kid. He spent four years at Princeton, and emerged equipped with a smattering knowledge of poker, philosophy, gin, history, girls, French, dancing, English literature, and gents' furnishings.

His aunt got him a soft job.

She owned a large interest in Lane's, the Fifth Avenue department store from which some of the Crafton millions had been drawn off, and she merely expressed a desire that her nephew be given a dignified position there. They put him in the Personnel Department and paid him three times what he was worth. He interviewed applicants for jobs and kept track of some of the employees.

He lived with his aunt on Murray Hill. She was older now, and more fluttery than ever, but they got along together. He dined with her three or four evenings a week, took her to church every Sunday, allowed her to display him to her friends at tea, and sometimes brought his own friends home with him for cocktails or for dinner.

Only once, in more than three years in the same household, did they come into serious conflict. That was when Aunt Miriam did her duty as she saw it. Martin never forgot the occasion.

She asked him, point-blank, whether it was true that he was having an affair with a show girl. She had heard stories.

Brazenly or with disarming honesty, he admitted that he knew and liked the girl she mentioned. He said she was amusing, bright, pretty, and a lot of fun to run around with. He said show girls today weren't what they had been.

His aunt did a good deal of dabbing at her nose with a tiny handkerchief, and plunged straight through her lecture without pause.

She must insist, she said, that Martin confine his affairs of the heart to girls of his own class. From his dancing-school days on (Martin wrinkled his nose) he had had plenty of opportunities to meet Nice Girls. Surely there must be dozens of the daughters of New York's Best People who would make attractive companions for him.

There was also the question of marriage, she continued. It was time for Martin to be considering it. He ought to be looking for a girl of breeding and position who would make a suitable wife for him—a girl who could accept the responsibilities of high social position. He would not find such girls in the ensembles of even the best musical shows.

Now, she continued, staring at a slippered toe, she didn't want to threaten him. But there was the question of her money. As he knew, his Uncle Harry had left her quite wealthy. And she had always planned to leave it all to Martin.

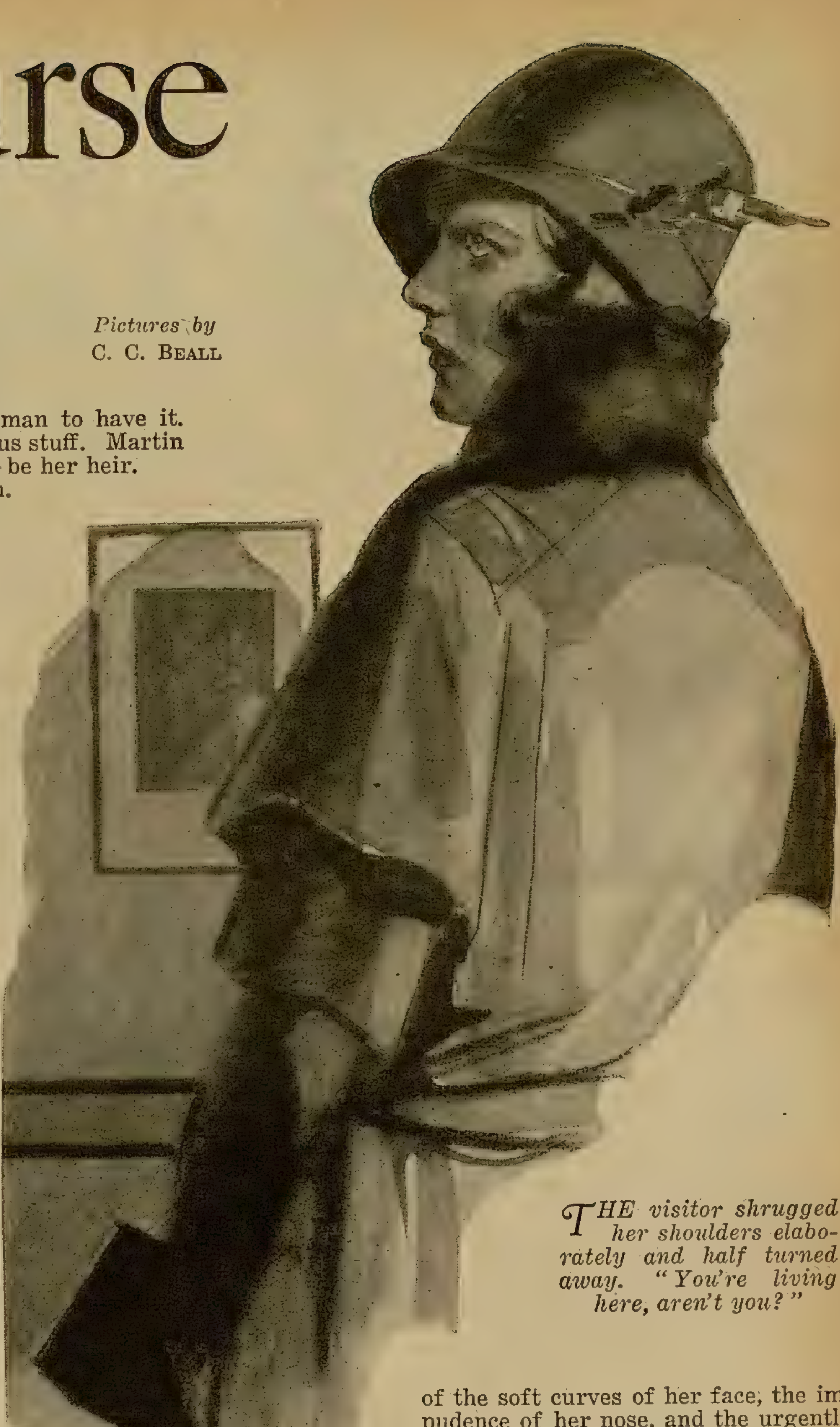
But she could certainly not do so unless she was assured

ts Course

an in a Fix

OPE

Pictures by
C. C. Beall



THE visitor shrugged her shoulders elaborately and half turned away. "You're living here, aren't you?"

hat he was the right type of young man to have it. Money ruins some people. It is dangerous stuff. Martin would have to demonstrate his fitness to be her heir.

She gave an upsetting hysterical laugh.

She would be compelled to judge him by the companions he selected. Further inclinations to associate with the lower classes, whether or not connected with the stage, would be an indication to her that he could not be trusted with the Crafton millions. If he should bring scandal down upon himself and her—that, of course, would settle the question once and for all.

IF he should marry unsuitably, that, too, would compel her to change her will.

So, she said in a trembling voice—and got up and fled from the room—if he had any regard either for her feelings or for her money, he would arrange his affairs accordingly. . . .

He did.

Thenceforth, for more than half a year, he behaved as if he were being trailed by half a dozen private detectives. Discreet wasn't the word for him. He even made half-hearted attempts to amuse himself with the daughters of the Best People.

And then, the following December, his aunt went to California for her health, which was as good as anybody's. Actually, she had been offered an unexpectedly good price for her house on Murray Hill, a price her lawyer told her it would be folly to refuse. And dear Mrs. Fraughton was going to California for the winter and would be a congenial and chicken-hearted companion.

She arranged for her bank to pay a handsome allowance to Martin. She saw him comfortably settled in a hotel, from which he was to move to a bachelor apartment as soon as he found a nice one. And she departed, fluttering. . . .

Martin found himself restless with this unprecedented freedom from supervision. Something was bound to happen to him.

What happened was Bobbie Parsons.

She came to Lane's in search of a job, and Martin interviewed her.

Or he pretended to. Actually, he never did get his mind on the subject he was supposed to be discussing. While she filled out the standard questionnaire he gave his undivided attention to her eyelashes, which were longer and thicker and curlier than any he had ever seen before. Later, while he pattered off the regulation statement of the store's requirements of its employees—by rote, as an insurance doctor recites the list of ailments you should have had as a child—he noted the perfection of the soft curves of her face, the impudence of her nose, and the urgently kissable fullness of her lips. Then he took her to lunch, which was a violation of the rules of common sense and the ethics of the Personnel Department. . . .

Her name was Roberta Parsons. She was nineteen. She lived (good Lord!) in Yonkers.

Her father was a small tailor and her mother had been a school-teacher until this year, when she had had trouble with her heart and had been forced to give up her position. So the family could use some more money. So Miss Parsons was looking for work. . . .

After that luncheon things happened quickly.

Martin didn't get Bobbie a job at Lane's, because if he had it could have been said that he was in love with a shopgirl; whereas if he didn't it could only be said that he was in love with the daughter of a small tailor and a former school-teacher. The beautiful, charming, indescribably thrilling daughter.

He made the pilgrimage to Yonkers not once but many

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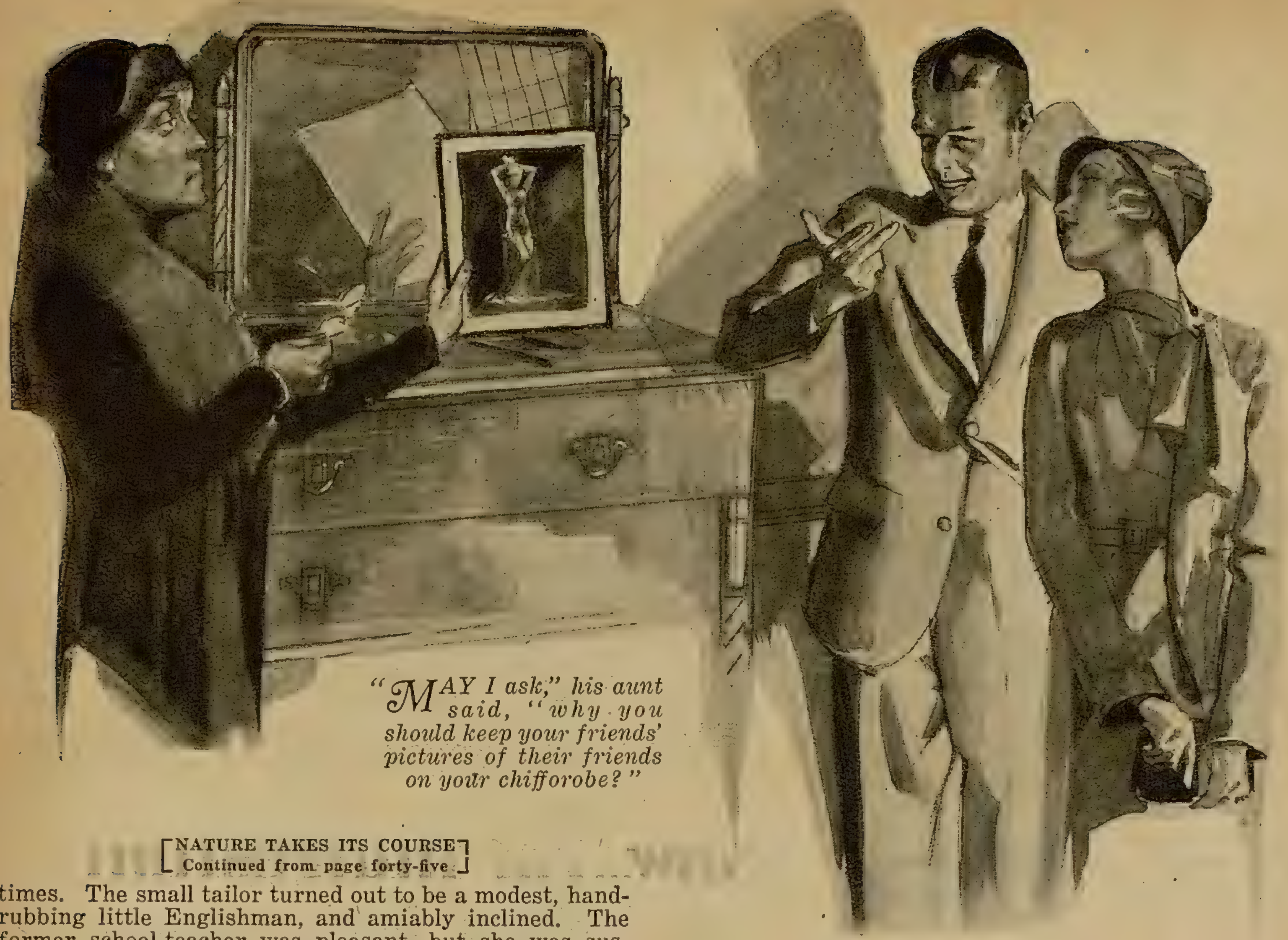


"MAY I ask," his aunt said, "why you should keep your friends' pictures of their friends on your chifforobe?"

NATURE TAKES ITS COURSE
Continued from page forty-five

times. The small tailor turned out to be a modest, hand-rubbing little Englishman, and amiably inclined. The former school-teacher was pleasant, but she was suspicious at first until she saw Martin's more-than-honorable intentions, which were shining in his eyes. . . .

They were married less than a month after they first met.

Aunt Miriam unknowingly determined the date of the wedding. Martin had been wondering how on earth he was ever going to tell her his plans. She relieved him of the immediate necessity. She telegraphed him that she was sailing for Honolulu, to stay several months.

So Martin gave her time to get well out on the Pacific, and arranged a quiet wedding. They told only a few of their friends and none of the newspapers. So there was no danger of word getting to Honolulu from outside sources.

Martin assured himself that it was best that way. If only he waited, he promised himself, an auspicious occasion would arise and he could break the news gently. Ever so gently. The very next time his aunt came to New York. . . .

Meanwhile, he was well fixed to support a wife. With his allowance and his salary, he was able to take a very nice apartment on the upper East Side. They furnished it handsomely and settled down, as happy as rabbits in a cabbage patch.

Time passed.

Mrs. Crafton returned from Honolulu to California, and was fortunately disinclined to come back East. As long as Martin was getting on without her, she felt that the climate was doing her so much good that she ought to stay. If he needed her, she wrote, she'd be more than glad . . .

He wrote back that he missed her, of course, but . . .

A year passed. And there came a time when Martin reserved a room at Miss Oliphant's, and Bobbie kept a small bag packed, in readiness for a sudden move. Everything was going to be all right.

Even Martin's double secret. Because, of course, Bobbie knew no more of Aunt Miriam than Aunt Miriam knew of her. A man couldn't let his wife think he was ashamed of her—especially . . .

Then he got the telegram. It reached him at the office, and Bobbie was spared the things he said. The words jumped at him:

ARRIVING NEW YORK FRIDAY TO SPEND WEEK BEFORE SAILING FOR EUROPE WILL WIRE EXACT TIME ARRIVAL LATER IT WILL BE SO NICE TO SEE YOU DEAR AUNT MIRIAM

Four days after that telegram arrived, Bobbie went to the hospital. That was Thursday. It was the day before the Friday of Aunt Miriam's arrival.

That night Martin paced the halls of Miss Oliphant's. Thinking bitter thoughts. Wondering whether, once his aunt had disowned him, he could even hold his job at Lane's. She had only to say the word . . .

HE was risking everything on a forlorn hope. He was going to try to bluff through the week as a bachelor. With Bobbie safely stowed away in the hospital, he might get away with it. Or he might find the auspicious moment he had been waiting for. To break it gently. . . .

He had made one good arrangement. He had traded apartments with Bill Hale for the duration of the emergency. He had moved into Bill's three bachelor rooms, and Bill, the good egg, had moved into the Kenworthys' connubial six. That would at least enable Martin to maintain an appearance of single blessedness. . . .

He fought off his visions of the deserving poor living in luxury on the Crafton millions that might have been his. He whistled up hopes that he knew were unfounded. He made up little speeches for his aunt, putting the news into what he hoped were tactful words. . . .

The night ached slowly on. Things didn't go according to schedule. They rarely do. For hours Martin sat in a chair beside the bed in the darkened room and held Bobbie's hand while she slept fitfully.

At half past seven in the morning they told him to go home and get some rest. They said nothing would happen for hours. They would notify him in plenty of time.

He gave the nurse Bill Hale's telephone number, and told her he would be there if he wasn't at Lane's. He tottered to Bill's place and shocked himself awake with a cold shower. He put on fresh clothes. He breakfasted on coffee without cream, and some crackers and anchovy paste he found in the kitchenette.

At eight thirty he was in a taxi on his way to the station.

II

EYEWITNESSES of earthquakes, tornadoes, and other great calamities are forever saying that it all seemed like a dreadful nightmare.

The mind is like that. It refuses to accept horrible situations at their face value.

A merciful quirk of the consciousness. Freud probably explains it. And, like a lot of other things Freud explains, the fact remains.

That Friday—a cold, blustery March third—seemed like one long nightmare to Martin Kenworthy. Foggy with lack of sleep, miserable with worries enough to burden two good men, he stumbled through the hours somehow. He was borne up only by the recurrent conviction that none of this was happening, anyway; that he would wake up presently and be late for the office. . . .

He found himself at the station with five minutes to spare before train time. He called up Miss Oliphant's. That was the first of precisely forty-seven telephone calls he put through to the hospital that day.

He was told there was nothing yet. Mrs. Kenworthy was resting fairly comfortably. They would let him know . . .

Aunt Miriam fluttered up the ramp behind two overladen porters. She enveloped Martin like a feather bed. Words bubbled from her:

"Oh, Martin *dear!* How *are* you? . . . Here, porter! *Porter!* Put them *down* a moment. . . . *Such* a trip! I *never* was so uncomfortable in *all* my . . . Oh, it's so good to *see* you again. How *are* you, darling? . . . Just a second, J'neece. I'll introduce him to . . . *My* goodness! The way they bump *into* a person. You *would* think . . ."

"Maybe if we got out of the way," Martin suggested.

She released him suddenly.

"Out of the way? What do you *mean?* . . . Oh, my *poor* boy! You look so *tired!* You're working too *hard.* I do wish you'd give up that silly job and come to Europe with us. It'd do you *so* much good and— Uh!"

"Over this way, Aunt Miriam," said Martin, leading her gently out of the mouth of the passage. He found a place where the crowds eddied past. She whirled away from him.

He blinked. A slender blonde, insolently neat and composed, stood beside his aunt.

"J'neece dear, *this* is Martin. After *all* I've told you. *There,* now. Isn't he the handsomest *thing?*"

"Oh, I don't know," the girl said. She looked up at Martin and did something intimate and flirtatious with her mouth.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"ON A DIET?"
"SURE . . . EVERYTHING THAT'S GOOD TO EAT"

Now...For Indigestion Just Eat Delicious "TUMS" [antacid mints]

JOE, the waiter, couldn't believe his ears when his old customer ordered hamburger, onions, hot biscuits, mince pie and coffee—just the very foods he had to avoid for months. "Why, Mr. Walters," he protested, "I thought you were on a diet?"

"Sure I'm on a diet, Joe—everything that's good to eat! No more doing without my favorite foods—no sir, not since I discovered Tums!" And Walters then went on to explain how by simply eating three or four Tums after meals he could eat any foods he liked without fear of indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, acidity and gas. "What's more, Joe, I can now enjoy smoking without fear of discomfort!"

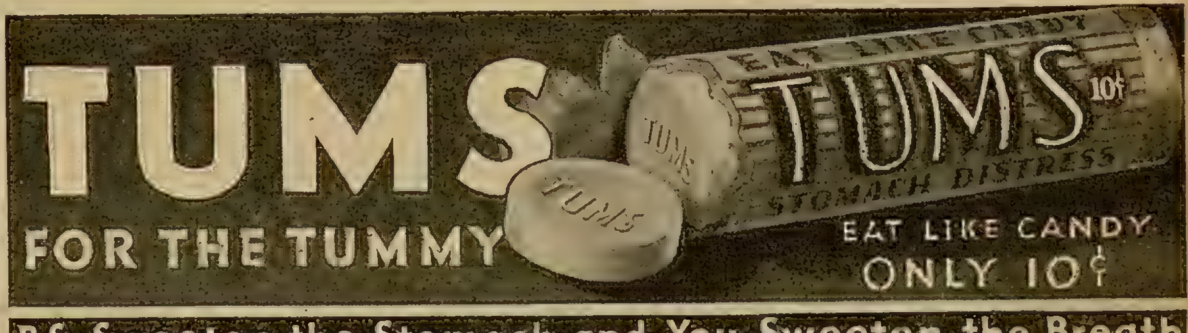
Almost everyone (about 7 out of every 10 Americans) at times suffers from indigestion. Wrong food combinations, hasty eating, nervous strain, and excessive smoking are common causes. Many people say that the very foods they like best often bring on a nauseating, gassy fullness or a sour, burning sensation.

But now you can enjoy pleasant, almost instant relief just by eating delicious antacid mints! When some favorite food distresses you or some other cause brings on upset stomach, simply eat three or four Tums—often one is enough. You'll like these refreshing candy-like mints—they're so much more agreeable than old-fashioned disagreeable preparations! Safe, too—and handy to carry in pocket or purse. Get a roll at any drug store—only 10c.

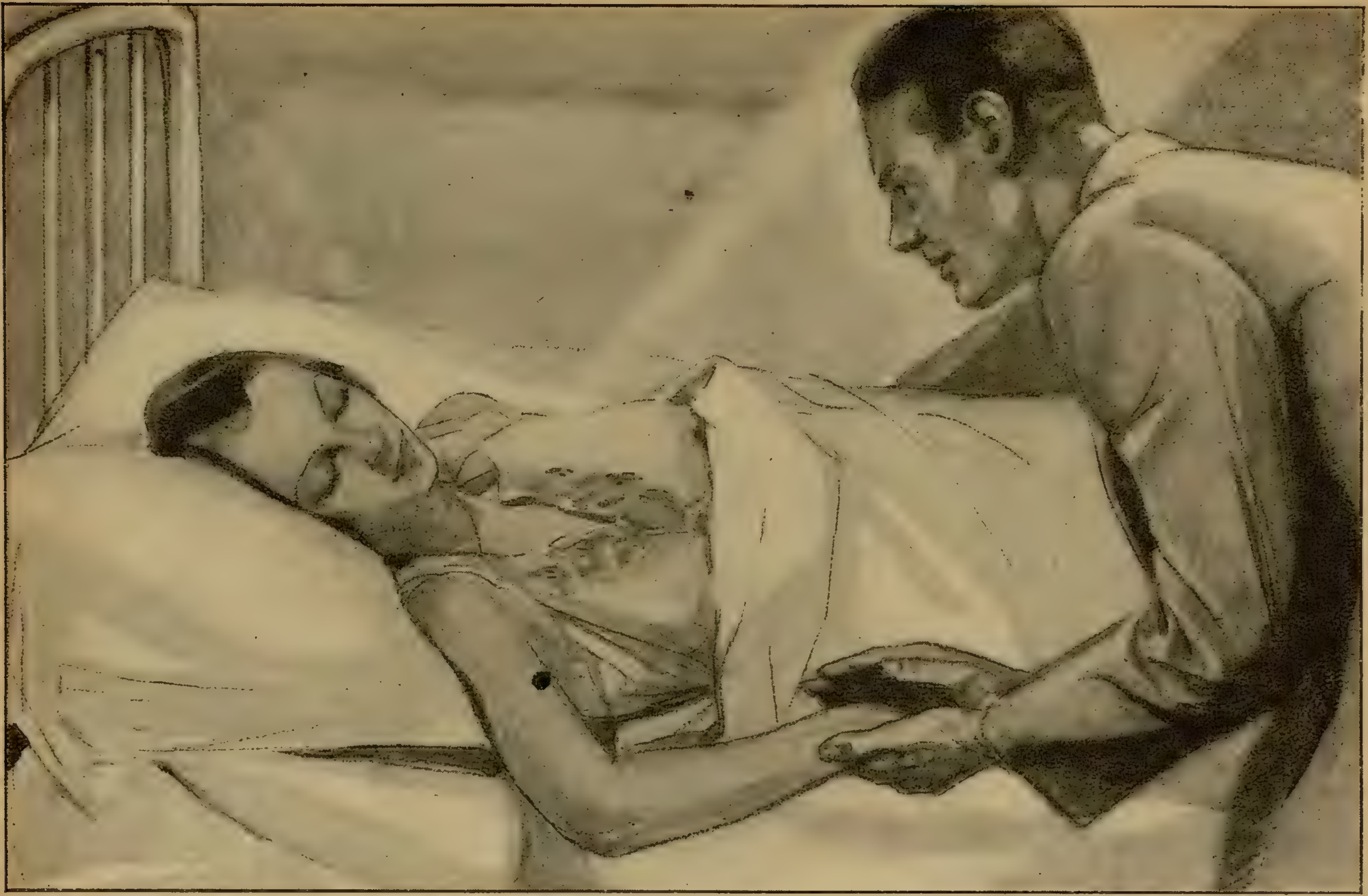
GET 2 ROLLS FREE

Thousands of people are buying Tums in the convenient $1.00 box containing 12 rolls—thus getting 2 rolls free.

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE. For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable corrective NR (NATURE'S REMEDY). Only 25c.



P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath



Martin sat beside the bed and held Bobbie's hand while she slept fitfully.

NATURE TAKES ITS COURSE
Continued from page forty-seven

"This is J'neece, Martin," Aunt Miriam was chattering on. "J'neece Grey. *You* know. I've written you *so* much about her."

Martin, who found such blonde loveliness a little sacrilegious under the circumstances, forced a mechanical smile.

"J'neece has been so *sweet* to me, Martin. You've *no* idea. Wasting her *time* with an old lady like me. So I'm chaperoning her on this trip. . . . Oh, I know you two are going to have the *love*liest time in New York. I want you to take her *sim*ply everywhere. This is her *first* visit to New York and . . ."

"Yes," said Martin, pulling his mouth awry into what he hoped was a smile. "Oh, yes. . . . Well . . . don't you think we'd better be getting along to a hotel?"

"A hotel *first?*" his aunt said, throwing her head back and arranging her mouth into a sicky-sweet expression. "Oh, *no*, my dear. I refuse to go to any *hotel* until I've seen where *you* live. You don't know how *in*terested I am! So, if *J'neece* doesn't mind, I'd like to go *straight* to your apartment!"

"I'd be thr-r-r-rilled!" gushed J'neece.

"But—you'll want to . . ." Martin began.

"Now, we've *had* our breakfast, and I'm *sure* we can put off cleaning up until we've seen *just* how—"

"But the place won't be fixed up yet, Aunt Miriam. The maid . . ."

"Does it have to be fixed up before your old aunt can see it? Don't *forget* that there were years and *years* when I tucked you in bed with my *own* hands . . ."

"Well, but . . . the bags and . . ."

"They can wait in the taxi."

He surrendered.

They inspected the apartment. Aunt Miriam led the leisurely tour of Bill Hale's three rooms. Janet pattered along behind her.

And Martin brought up the rear, with a tremor that sounded like boyish eagerness in his voice, and murder in his heart.

"Really, darling," said Aunt Miriam, "*I* think you've done *quite* well with it. A tiny bit *gaudy*, of course, but—Martin *darling*, what on *earth* is this?"

She had paused before the chifforobe to goggle at the photograph that adorned the top of it. Martin had never noticed it before. It showed a young woman, seated in a not-impenetrable mist of veils, peering out at the beholder with a sidewise and quite unladylike stare.

"That?" Martin temporized.

"This." She pointed.

"Oh," said Martin. "Oh, that, eh?"

"O-o-o-o-oh!" cooed J'neece, and poked him in the ribs.

"A friend of yours, darling?" Aunt Miriam pressed on.

"No-uh." Martin gulped. "That's a—you see—picture that belongs to a friend of mine. Friend of his, I suppose. Never seen her myself."

"May I ask," his aunt said, dropping her sweetness suddenly, "why you should keep your friends' pictures of their friends on your chifforobe?"

MARTIN wiggled his fingers in a gesture he hadn't words for. J'neece broke in: "Oh, look! She's written something: 'To just the dearest boy in the world. Lovingly, Sonya.' . . . Isn't that cute?"

The way his aunt was looking at him reminded Martin of the time she caught him with the bullfrog in the bathtub.

"You see," he gurgled, "this friend of mine comes here and stays with me sometimes. This boy. Bill Hale. Friend of mine in college. Lives out in Connecticut now. So when he spends a night in New York he stays here with me. So he keeps some of his things around. So, naturally . . ."

"Naturally," said his aunt in what she took for her Buckingham Palace accent. And she went and looked out the window.

She said nothing more about it until after her inspection of the kitchenette. There, upon opening a closet door, she came upon a cache of a dozen whisky bottles. She looked sharply at her nephew and led the way back into the living room.

"I do hope," she remarked suddenly, so that he dropped his cigarette, "that you are not—ah—*fast.*"

Martin, on his hands and knees retrieving the burning cigarette, looked over his shoulder at her.

"Fast!" He laughed unconvincingly. "Fast! Ho-ho! I have all I can do to keep up with the snails." Nobody joined in his laughter. Nobody went on with the conversation.

"Say," he said finally. "Must be three or four dollars on that taximeter by this time. Don't want to hurry you, but . . ."

Aunt Miriam was suddenly all sweetness again.

"Martin dear," she said, "you *know*—don't you?—how I *feel* about hotels?"

"How you . . . How do you mean—'feel about hotels'? Nobody feels about hotels. You just stand for 'em, the way you stand for policemen and the income tax and the weather."

His aunt looked grieved.

"*Yes,* darling. One endures them—if one *can.* But . . . my *nerves.* . . . If I go to a hotel, I shan't sleep a wink until we sail."

J'neece, sitting beside her on the sofa, patted her hand sympathetically. Martin stared. He wrinkled his forehead.

"Well, I give up. What do you want—a park bench?"

"I was thinking that if J'neece and I had an *apartment* . . ."

"An ap— You aren't thinking of taking an apartment for a week?"

SHE endured his rudeness patiently. "*No,* dear. I was thinking that *you* might be *generous* enough to let me and J'neece live *here.* Just for the *few* days we're *staying.* But, of *course* . . ."

"You mean—here?" He made a sweeping gesture indicating the place.

"Oh, *not* if you . . ."

"But—Aunt Miriam, you wouldn't like it. You'd go nuts. In the first place, it's not a housekeeping apartment. You'd have to eat out. And the maid only comes in for half a day. And—well, I'll promise you you'd hate it . . ."

He couldn't think of any additional harm that could come of it, but his instinct told him to have a care. He rubbed his forehead. He spread his hands.

"It isn't that you're not more than welcome to it," he floundered on. "You can have it for a year. But—well . . ."

HIS aunt arose and took J'neece's hand. She was resigned to the callous attitude of those one has befriended. Her manner said so. She said: "Very *well,* dear. I only thought you might be willing to make a *little* sacrifice . . ."

So she and J'neece took the place over.

Martin helped the taxi driver bring up the countless bags and boxes. He handed Aunt Miriam Bill Hale's key. He apologized for having seemed ungracious.

He looked at his watch and jumped. He said, with convincing earnestness, that he was terribly late and must rush. He would be back at six or so, and move his stuff out. He almost ran to the drug store on the corner to telephone.

The nurse reported that Mrs. Kenworthy was resting comfortably. It would be best not to disturb her. She would call him in plenty of time. . . .

He walked over to the park and stared, glassy-eyed, at the animals in the zoo. He envied them all. He would have changed places with any one of them.

They had no aunts. Or, if they had, their aunts had no money. And no notions about suitable marriages. . . .

He walked briskly down Fifth Avenue, his eyes unfocused. Without the guidance of his conscious mind, his feet led him to Lane's. He realized suddenly that he was in the elevator, being wafted to the Personnel Department.

Well, why not? . . . He could sit quietly at his desk and solve his problems. . . .

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now Take Off Fat a Pound a Day

on a Full Stomach

Do Just These Two Simple Things—Fat Fades Away

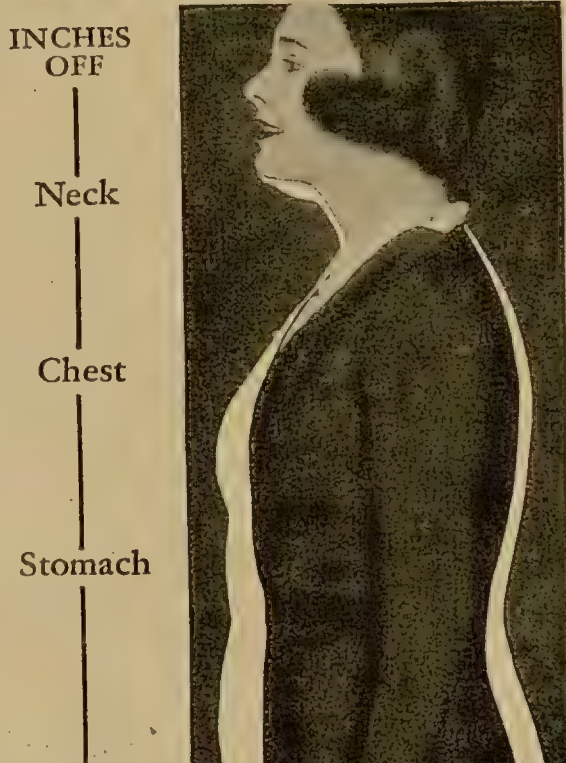
Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach.* Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment* you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You just do two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good sized piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert any fresh fruit.



At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too-tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have in years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have.

The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit* with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat.

Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—the salts are urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

NATURE TAKES ITS COURSE
Continued from page forty-nine

Solve 'em?

He wasn't even sure what they were. . . .

So he called up Miss Oliphant's and heard again that there was nothing to report.

III

IT was something past five o'clock.

J'neece Grey was alone in Bill Hale's apartment. Aunt Miriam, passionately continuing her search of the shops for sensible shoes, had sent the girl home, saying she'd be along in a few minutes.

J'neece had taken off her dress and her shoes and a few other items, and was seeking relaxation on a bed, a magazine in her hands. Cigarettes, matches, and an ash tray on the table beside her contributed to her comfort. And she had found a story she thought (judging from the illustrations) she was going to like.

But the doorbell rang.

J'neece slipped her feet into fluffy mules and whirled into a lace negligee. The bell rang again, sharply. She paused an instant at the mirror.

The bell was ringing for the fourth time when J'neece opened the door a couple of inches and peeped out.

A girl was standing there. A small, dark girl with almost black brown eyes. She wore a smart little hat and a coat with a heavy fur collar.

She looked at J'neece and said, "Huh!"

She pushed the door.

J'neece backed away. The other girl walked in—still staring with hot eyes.

"Well!" said J'neece.

"I'll say so," retorted the visitor. "'Well' is right."

"W-ho are you?" J'neece faltered.

The dark girl looked her up and down, then turned her head and glanced across the living room at the open bedroom door.

She smiled with one corner of her mouth. She threw her head back.

"I guess," she said, "I'm just the one before you."

"I—I'm afraid I don't understand," J'neece said, and tried to smile reassuringly.

"No," said the other girl. "I wouldn't have understood, either."

"But . . . really . . ."

The visitor shrugged her shoulders elaborately and half turned away. "You're living here, aren't you?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Well, let me give you a little bit of advice. Don't believe everything you hear. Don't trust him. I know what I'm talking about. I did."

"Please," J'neece murmured, "I think you'd better sit down and talk to me. I think there's some mistake. I—"

"No. There was one mistake. I made it." The girl pulled the fur up around her neck. "Good luck," she said, and stepped into the hall, closing the door behind her. . . .

Aunt Miriam came in five minutes later, and J'neece told her the story.

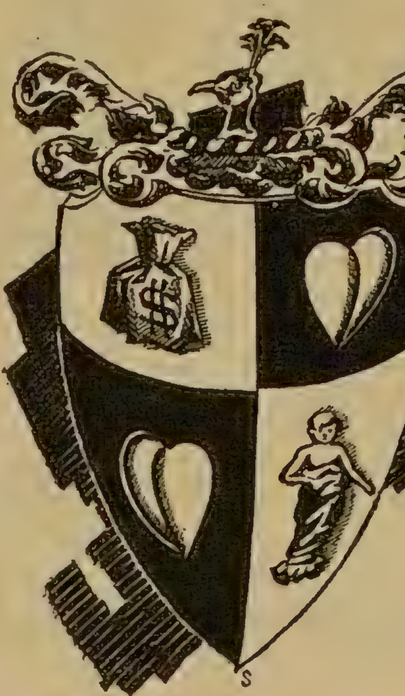
Aunt Miriam's face turned a deep old-rose shade. Her lips moved as a goldfish's will in moments of emotional stress. She dabbed at her nose with a ball of lace.

"Oh, *dear!*" she moaned, being a lady and having no adequate language at her command. "Oh, isn't this *dreadful?* . . . It—it wasn't that—*creature* whose picture was in the bedroom?"

"No. Quite a different one, Aunt M."

"Dear, oh, *dear! Another* one! . . . Oh, I *knew* I shouldn't leave the boy *alone* in New York. Oh, *what* shall I do?"

She marched up and down the room a few times, with the manner of a football official pacing off a penalty. She fetched up at the telephone; gave the number of Lane's. Mr. Kenworthy had gone for the day. . . .



At that moment, in fact, he was speeding toward her in a taxicab. His thoughts were for her alone. He was concocting a lie solely for her edification.

His forty-sixth telephone call to Miss Oliphant's, finished just before he left his desk, had brought him some slightly more definite information. Mrs. Kenworthy was still fairly comfortable, but they expected something to happen early in the evening. They advised him to hold himself in readiness. . . .

Hence the lie he was working on. Something that would give him an unarguable reason for dashing forth into the night upon receipt of a mysterious telephone call. Something that would account in advance for the message he was to receive and for the promptness with which he was to respond. . . .

Something complete and final. Something . . .

He was still groping through the fog in his mind when he found himself at his destination. Mechanically he paid the taxi man and went inside. . . . The lie came to him just as J'neece opened the door to his ring.

He didn't notice that she and his aunt handed him some pretty funny looks. The grim expression on Aunt Miriam's face was lost on him. He was beyond observing such things.

"H'llo!" he greeted them, with a cheeriness that didn't come off. "Well, did you have a nice day? Well!"

"Martin . . ." Mrs. Crafton began, looking at him out of the tops of her eyes.

"Say!" he dashed on. "About tonight. The darnedest thing has come up. I was planning to take you to a show, but . . . Well, the darnedest thing! There's a friend of mine, an old, old friend . . ." He hesitated for a likely name.

"Martin!" said his aunt again.

"Truth is"—he overwhelmed her; he was going to finish this lie, if he had to gag them both—"a friend of mine's just been called out of town. Unexpectedly. And urgently. He's got to go. And his wife's in a maternity hospital. You can imagine. So he came to see me this afternoon and he made me promise on my word of honor—he was in a terrible state, and I couldn't refuse—promise I'd go up there and—sort of—well—represent him at the last moment. Terribly good friend. You know how it is. Said he wouldn't feel comfortable unless . . ."

"Martin," his aunt said for the third time, "who is the young woman who called here a little while ago?"

HE stopped in midgesture, halted the putting over of his story, stuck his head forward as an ostrich does when it swallows a whole orange.

"Young—*woman?*"

"Yes. A dark young woman. She stopped by, and when she found J'neece here in negligee she was—well, particularly outspoken about you and your—ah—activities."

"Young woman came here? Must have been some mistake. I don't know any young women. I mean, I don't know any who'd call here. No. No, indeed. Young woman? . . . Are you sure?"

"*Sure?*" burst out his aunt. "Sure of *what?* That she was a woman? That she called? Sure of what?"

"I mean . . . Well, are you sure there wasn't some mistake? It's quite easy to make a mistake. She may have got out of the elevator on the wrong floor or something. She may . . ."

"Unfortunately, she knew the place all too well. She came in and looked around. There was no mistake. I wish I could think there was, but . . ."

"Oh!" A light dawned on Martin. "Oh, sure. Probably some girl of Bill Hale's. You see, he had this apartment for a while. He's the fellow I told you about. Lives out on Long Island, and I share the place with him when he's in town."

"He lived in Connecticut this morning."

"Connecticut? Did I say . . . Oh, yes. Certainly. He has a place up in Greenwich. For the summer. In the winter he's on Long Island. Yes. Sometimes Connecticut, sometimes Long . . ."

"Martin, you are *not* telling the truth."

"Why, Aunt Miriam!" Martin was hurt. "Why, how can you say such a thing? Of course I'm telling you the truth. I should think you'd know me well enough to know that I wouldn't do anything else."

"I had *hoped* I knew you well enough. Oh, dear! I *knew* I should never have left you here alone. . . . And what is this absurd story about this evening? This nonsense about having to *represent* someone at a *maternity* hospital?"

"Nothing absurd about it. Perfectly plain situation. This terribly good friend of mine—"

"The same one who shares the apartment and has girls calling on him?"

"No, no. Different one. Lad by the name of—of Harry Lamson. His wife—"

"Do you expect me to *believe* a story like that?"

"Why not? Can you imagine my making up a lie as crazy as that? It's perfectly simple, really. I'll sit down and tell you all about it." He fumbled through his pockets. "Soon as I can find a cigarette. Gee, I hope I'm not out of cigarettes." Further search of the clothing.

"There are cigarettes in that box on the table there."

"Oh, yes. But not my kind. I've been using some special ones—uh—with the nicotine removed. Better for the throat. Tell you. I'll just dash out to the drug store and get some. Be right back. In just a minute. . . ."

He had snatched up his hat and coat. He slipped into the hall. He rang the elevator bell sharply. . . .

It was about a minute and a half later that the phone in the apartment rang. Aunt Miriam removed the receiver and spoke in the voice she reserved for telephones and funerals:

"Hello?"

"Is Mr. Kenworthy there?" A harsh, nasal voice—a woman's voice.

"Not at the moment," said Aunt Miriam. "May I take a message for him?"

"This is Miss Oliphant's," said the voice. "I'm calling for Dr. Franklin. Will you please tell Mr. Kenworthy the doctor expects his baby in about an hour?"

"Wh-whose baby?" Aunt Miriam gulped.

"Why, Mr. Kenworthy's, of course. Will you give him the message, please?"

"Yes," said Aunt Miriam. "Yes. Certainly."

"Thank you."

J'neece found a bottle of household ammonia in the kitchenette and, with this for smelling salts, kept Aunt Miriam from fainting. . . .

In the drug store, Martin knifed his way into the telephone booth.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Kenworthy," the operator at Miss Oliphant's said. "We were just trying to locate you. Dr. Franklin says you might come over sometime soon. He expects your baby in about an hour." . . .

"Sorry!" Martin shouted at three customers who were trying to get into the drug store as he catapulted himself out.

Only one of the three was actually knocked down. The other two, badly jostled, stared at the young man, who was swinging himself aboard a passing taxi by this time. Then they all crowded into the shop to ask if anyone had been shot in the holdup.

IV

IN large public hospitals fathers-to-be and fathers-just-become are kept strictly under control. They are herded through the halls by stern nurses; huddled into antiseptic-smelling reception rooms, and there deprived even of the solace of tobacco; shoved hither and yon by hurrying internes and orderlies; sent home on schedule; and generally made to feel as pointless and in the way as they are. Cruel though this seems, it is probably all for the best.

Miss Oliphant's, being a private enterprise and operat-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

Its freshness is

really refreshing—

Try it and see.

L167

TAKE IT TONIGHT AND SMILE TOMORROW

NYAL SALTS

A saline laxative tunes up the entire system, brings regular elimination, digestion and circulation. Sluggish brain and languid muscles begin clicking. You have a general sense of well being, feel better and think better. You get that way with NYAL Salts. The family size bottle is only 65c.

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM SERVICE NYAL DRUG STORE

Sold only at

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

Your NYAL Druggist won't try to "sell" you—
He wants your permanent patronage

NATURE TAKES ITS COURSE
Continued from page fifty-one

ing for profit, cannot enforce this necessary discipline. Husbands roam at large through the halls, smoke on the fire stairways, weep stealthily in corners, and are, by and large, a menace to all that is most desirable in the business of obstetrics. It is only by a miracle of patience and concentration that their babies get born at all. . . .

Take Martin Kenworthy, for instance. Here was a young man who could have been called sane only by the most charitable and highly paid of alienists; yet he was allowed the freedom of the hospital just as if he had been a perfectly rational citizen. A glance at his eyes would have been enough to reveal him as a lunatic. Casual observation of the antics of his pulse and blood pressure would have shown his highly excited state. . . .

Martin Kenworthy had just been allowed to look at his son. At what they assured him was his son. All he had actually seen in the bundle of blankets was a little red lump that was wrinkled into a vague resemblance to a human face.

That was enough to put an end to his sanity (such as it was) for the time. They were trying now to pry him away from the door of the nursery in which his baby was confined with the two dozen others that were the past fortnight's crop. He was babbling to the nursery attendant. . . .

Another nurse appeared at his elbow and said he could see Mrs. Kenworthy now. . . .

EDWARD HOPE

who wrote this story, took a B.A. at Princeton, then a job with an advertising agency, although intending all along to be a writer of fiction. Two books and many short stories are his.

The whole thing had gone well. The boy weighed seven pounds and six ounces. Bobbie had weathered the ordeal nicely. All sorts of people had shaken Martin's hand and told him how lucky he was. . . .

He hadn't had time for even a passing thought of his Aunt Miriam since he reached the hospital.

Not until he walked out of Bobbie's room.

And met his aunt face to face.

He goggled at her. He didn't really believe she was there. He tried to blink her out of his eyes.

She persisted, however. She looked less terrifying than he had expected she would when he had considered the possibility of this show-down. Her face was sad.

Then she patted his hand.

“Martin dear, I want to talk to you,” she said.

“M-m-m,” he agreed. “Yes. . . .” He could slip past her and run down the stairs.

“Is there a place where we can be quiet, Martin? Or will you come home with me now?”

THEY sat in Miss Oliphant's office alone. Martin stared at his finger nails. He lighted a cigarette.

Finally his aunt began to talk. Her voice was low and even. Only the jiggling of her fat jowls indicated her nervousness. . . .

“Martin, I blame myself for all this . . .”

“Now, now,” he said.

“I knew I shouldn't leave you alone in New York. It was selfish of me to go off to California. Just when you needed the guidance of an older person. I am as much responsible as you are for the trouble you've got into.”

She crumpled her handkerchief.

“I have been thinking a lot since you rushed out of the apartment. I've decided that it is my duty to do all I can to spare you now. I'm not going to lecture you . . .”

Martin sighed and thought of the little red face peering up out of the mass of blankets.

“I do think that I ought to point out what seems to be your duty. I know you will want to do what's right. You are not a bad boy, Martin. At heart.”

Fundamentally sound, thought he, like business.

“However distasteful it may be to you, Martin, you must offer to marry this unfortunate young woman. . . . Please don't interrupt. I can't bear to argue. Just let me tell you what I think. . . . Things can be hushed up somehow. You must make an honest woman of her. . . .”

Gosh! exclaimed Martin's mind. Do right by our Nell. . . .

“Now, here is what I propose. I don't know what other affairs you're mixed up in. The girl who called and saw J'neece, for instance. But I'm sure we can buy off the others . . .”

“Listen, Aunt Miriam . . .”

SHE stopped him with an upraised hand.

“Please let me finish. There is another thing. Marriage with any young woman who loves you will steady you. It's what you need. A bachelor's life isn't natural or . . . And I'm willing to help. I want you to marry this poor girl. You owe it to her. And if you will marry her and give up—all the other things—I will make an outright settlement on you of a sum of money . . .”

“Money?” Martin emerged from his trance long enough to murmur the single word.

“Money, yes. It seems sordid to you, I suppose. To offer you money to marry. But money makes a great difference. In a difficult marriage, money often saves the situation. I'm trying to make it easy for you to do the right thing. So I have decided on a rather large sum . . .”

“Please, Aunt Miriam, I've got to tell you—”

“Wait. . . . I am ready to make you a gift of half a million dollars.”

In a day of unrealities, this was too much. Martin shook his head as a diver does when he comes to the surface. Half a . . . Don't be silly! . . . Knowing it was all nonsense, he was calm.

“For what?” he asked.

“I've just been telling you. To get you out of all this trouble.”

He took a deep breath.

“Suppose I weren't in any trouble at all? Suppose I'd married this girl a year ago, and hadn't told you? . . .”

“Suppose . . . What are you talking about? Why wouldn't you tell me? Why would you keep it a secret for a whole year?”

“Well . . . she—she isn't exactly Social Register, and . . .”

“Social Register? Social Register? What do I care? Do you mean this girl is actually your wife?”

Martin gulped and bowed affirmatively.

His aunt's hands, the fingers bent and taut, were above her head. “Oh, *Martin!* Why didn't you *tell* me?”

“Well,” Martin said, “you see, I wanted to break it—gently.”

The nurse brought smelling salts just in time. . . .

After his aunt had left, Martin went into Bobbie's room again to say good night. She looked white and tired and little. She gave him a small smile.

He patted her hand. “That's a great baby,” he said, grinning.

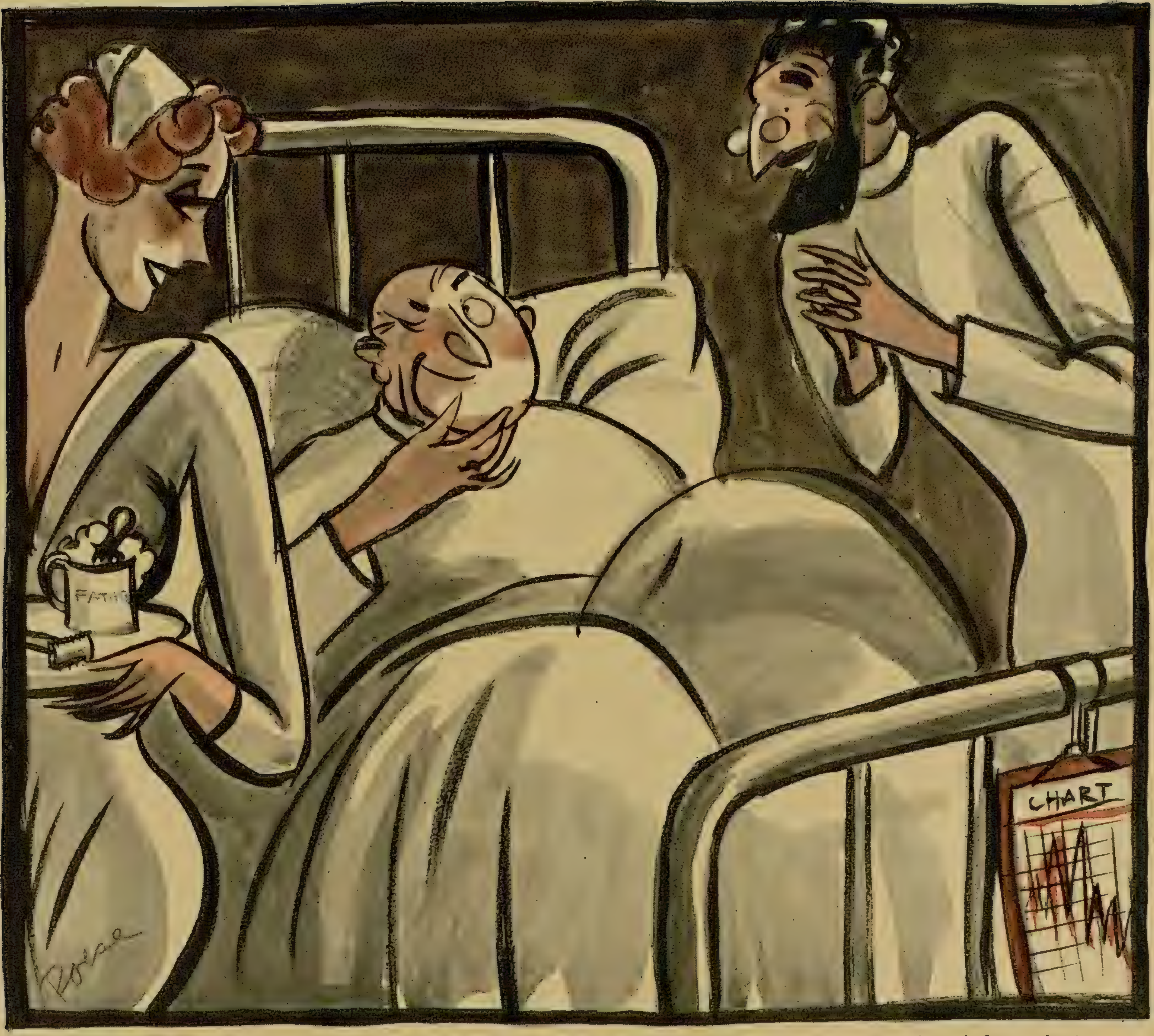
“He looks like his mother,” said Bobbie. “Poor little feller!”

Martin's grin grew broader. “Rich little feller!” he said.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 14

1—Yucatan.
2—One of two or more words which are spelled alike but have different meanings.
3—Russia.
4—The bottom of the sea.
5—Trigonometry.
6—One that is composed of two chambers or branches.
7—Boxing Day.
8—Denmark.
9—Power; might.
10—Robert Browning.
11—Opal.
12—The common spirit pervading a body of associated persons.
13—Burnsides, after General A. E. Burnside.
14—A thing of no importance.
15—John Wesley.
16—Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala, Panama, and the colony of British Honduras.
17—Sir Walter Scott.
18—Saint Cecilia.
19—Exodus (Chapter XX).
20—The hardest wood known.



Dr. Altschu detected in Mr. X the indications of a rhombusmanic and effected a transfer of the patient.

FIRST—
Catch Your Criminal

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

(Reading time: 6 minutes 31 seconds.)

WITH the increase in crime during the past decade has come a corresponding increase in crime prevention. Or perhaps it is vice versa. At any rate, we are awfully busy down at our laboratory trying to find out who is a criminal and who isn't. (You can imagine the surprise of the head of our Research Department the other day when he reacted to one of his own tests, thereby proving himself to be a "lingoidphrensic" type, or man-eating shark. He immediately resigned his portfolio and gave himself up to the authorities; but as he is seventy-one years old, they didn't want him.)

Our theory of crime prevention has a strictly psychological basis, but we will listen to anything. It is our idea to take the criminal *before* he becomes a criminal and to chivvy him about the laboratory until he is too tired and disgusted to commit the crime. A great many times we have converted potential criminals into hermits and deep-sea divers by making them want to get away

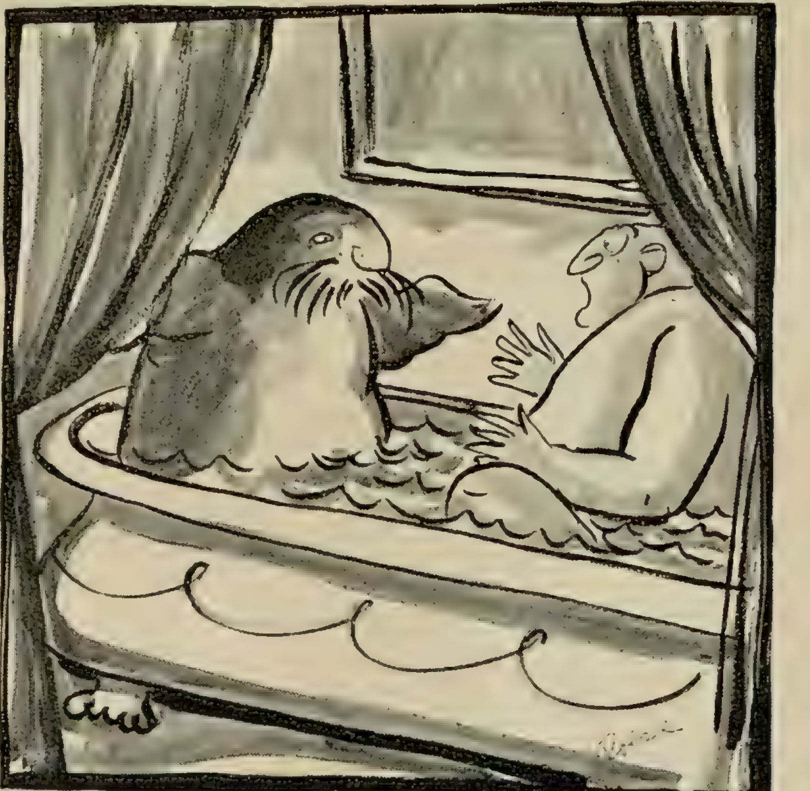
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

from it all and just be alone. The man who runs the lighthouse at Salt Mackerel Rock, Maine, is one of our graduates. He won't even let people bring him newspapers.

This man is a rather interesting case of a reformed "rhombusmanic," or "inverted nail-biter" type; that is, instead of wanting to bite his own nails he wanted to bite other people's. Perhaps I should say that his *tendencies* were in that direction, for we caught him before he had really started on anything that could be called a career in that field. Following was our course of experimentation: Mr. X, as we will call him (although his real name is Mr. Y), was a patient in the Nursing Home on City Island, having been brought there suffering from a three days' beard. He had been shaved, and was lying in his cot rubbing his chin with the tips of his fingers, when discovered by our Dr. Altschu, who was browsing about among the charity patients looking for types. Dr. Altschu immediately detected in Mr. X the indications of a rhombusmanic (low frontal elevation, pendent ear lobes, and absence of pupils in the eyes) and effected a transfer of the patient from the Nursing Home to the Crime Prevention laboratory. We gave a third baseman in exchange.

Once in the laboratory, Mr. X was put into a hot bath with a rubber walrus and told to get himself nice and clean. He was then dressed in a suit of blue denim and taken into the Chart Room, where he was seated in an easy-chair (or what he thought was an easy-chair) and told to watch the words that were thrown on the screen in front of him.


Mr. X was put into a hot bath with a rubber walrus and told to get himself nice and clean.

As a matter of fact, the chair was a special invention of Dr. Altschu's, with a delicate registering device concealed in the arms and an invisible wire stretching across the patient's neck, so that each fluctuation in his breathing and each quickening of his pulse was registered. Also the wire across his neck gradually choked him until he jumped up yelling: "Let's get the hell out of here!" At this point another registering device, which had in some unaccountable way become attached to his ankles to indicate ankle fluctuation, became suddenly rigid and threw him to the ground, where his weight and preference in flowers were taken simultaneously.

THE room was then darkened and a series of jokes were flashed on the screen. It was the patient's reactions to these jokes, as indicated on a dial in the Control Room, which determined just which type of rhombusmanic he belonged to. (There are three types of rhombusmanic—the A type, or introvert; the B type, or extravert; and the D type, or Old Man River. There used to be a C type, or Life on the Oregon Trail; but we had to drop it, as it began to edge over into the lower thermo-depressive type, which gets us into Juggling and Sleight of Hand.)

There was considerable confusion in the case of X, however, as he would not laugh at *any* of the jokes which were flashed on the screen. He just sat and asked when the news reel came on. We couldn't get him to react in the slightest degree, and the man in the Control Room kept popping his head out and saying: "O. K! Start 'er up!" But X wouldn't start.

We tried the one about the man who had three daughters that he wanted to get married, the one about the Scotchman, the Irishman, and the Jew, and the one ending: "Lie down; do you want to make a fool out of the doctor?" But all that X would do was to keep asking about the news reel and saying: "I like Mickey Mouse." This in itself was significant, but we couldn't decide of what.

So we took Mr. X out of the Joke Registration Room and put him in the Blank-Filling-Out Clinic. We set great store by our blanks, or questionnaires, especially the pink ones. If we can get a patient to fill out one of our pink questionnaires, answering every question without once dashing it to the floor and screaming, "Of all the damned nonsense!" we feel that we have done a lot toward the preservation of Society. So far we haven't been able to find one patient who could keep his temper long enough to answer every question on the sheet. This makes it difficult to keep our records straight.

Mr. X was no exception to the rule, even though we began him on the blue questionnaire. His aversion to the questions, however, took the form of frivolity and sneering, which is even harder to cope with than rage. For example, the first question on the blue form was: "You are (*a*) Mohammed, (*b*) Disraeli, (*c*) Mussolini, (*d*) yourself. Cross out the wrong ones." On this the only name that X would cross out was Mussolini's, because he said that Mussolini was the only one who was wrong. To all the other questions he answered simply "Yes" or else drew a thumb-nail sketch of a sailboat and labeled it, "My vacation sport."

IT was obvious that X was no ordinary rhombusmanic, but it was equally obvious that he ought not to be allowed at large with as many questionnaires as are being put out today. Here was a man who was evidently in a way to become either a menace to Society or else darned good company. We couldn't decide which, so we subjected him to further tests. By this time we had him in the Cutting and Binding Room.

Here he had little electric bulbs flashed before his eyes and was told to say the first word which popped into his mind at each flash. All he would say was "Ooops!" every time. He was told to shut his eyes and twirl around on his heel three times and then walk straight ahead and place his finger on the center of a wall chart. He shut his eyes as we told him, but kept on twirling round and round without stopping, maintaining that he liked it. When he was finally persuaded to stop, he walked forward and stuck his finger in Dr. Altschu's mouth, keeping on until Dr. Altschu gagged.

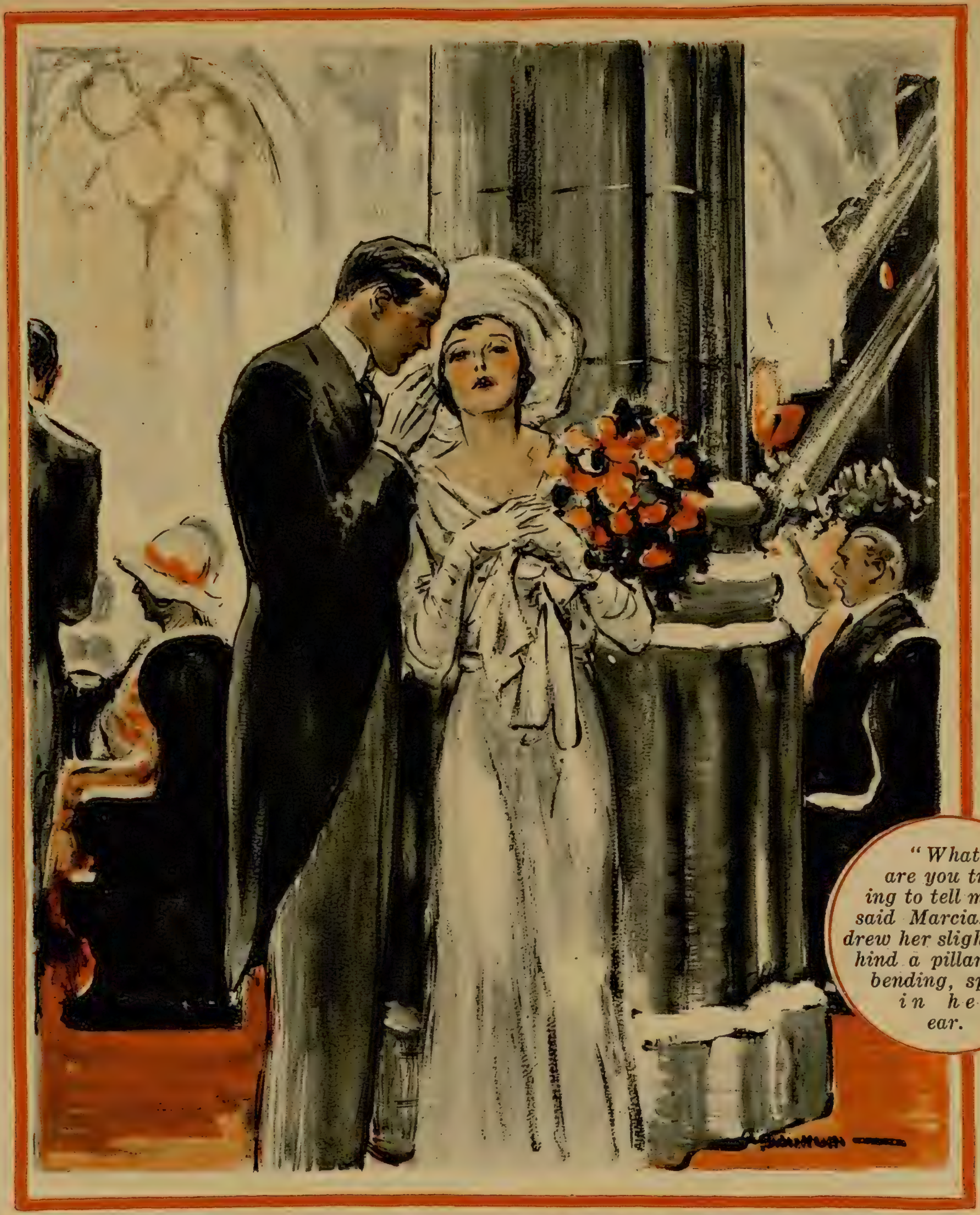
He was shown cards of different colors and asked to explain what they reminded him of; but on the first card (which was green) he launched forth into such a long reminiscence that we finally had to stop him and hide the rest of the cards.

By this time the patient was beginning to get restless, and we of the examining staff were frankly upset. So we came right out and asked him frankly if he didn't think that he might possibly be a criminal in the making, and he said that he was sure of it. In fact, he said it was only a question of minutes before he killed us all.

It was then that he asked us if we thought that we could get him a job as a lighthouse keeper where he wouldn't have to see anyone ever again, and the position at Salt Mackerel Rock was found for him.

It is along these lines that we are trying to build our system of crime prevention, on the theory that, if we can catch the criminal before he commits the crime, there will be no crime. What we need right now, however, are more experimental chairs and lots more colored bulbs.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.



"What are you trying to tell me?" said Marcia. He drew her slightly behind a pillar and, bending, spoke in her ear.

Silver Bride

A Story of the Stratagems of a Love-Hungry Wife

(Reading time: 32 minutes.)

By ETHEL M. DELL

Pictures by JAY BARNUM

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

"MY dear, how lovely you look!" whispered old Lady Barrowdale, as the bride's mother paused to greet her. "You are a picture out of a fairy tale—or a Grecian goddess! I am not sure which."

The sunshine, mistily golden, falling through countless fragments of stained glass, gave a fairylike atmosphere to the whole church. It was crowded already, and Dennis and his fellow groomsmen were busy.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page fifty-five

"Wait till you see the bride!" murmured Marcia.

Lady Barrowdale patted her arm caressingly. "My dear, you couldn't show me anything lovelier than yourself. What a proud day for Everard! You are no more than a girl, even yet. Ah! Here is Dennis! What does he want?"

Dennis, extremely well dressed and looking like a slim and youthful edition of his father, was at Marcia's elbow.

"I say," he said hurriedly, "could you have a word with Peter? I don't know if he's got cold feet or anything, but he wants you."

"Of course!" said Marcia. "Where is he?"

"Over there—near the vestry door. I must go," said Dennis, and was gone with the words.

Marcia looked across the church, encountering as she did so the vague supercilious stare of Maurice Baronford's wife, Virginia, who was seated with her husband a few pews away.

Marcia met the stare with a conventional smile. She and Virginia hardly knew each other in these days. They had barely exchanged greetings since Virginia's wedding in the summer. Maurice Baronford's smooth, expressionless face gave her a faintly cold sensation.

But Peter! Poor Peter was waiting, and she passed the Baronfords by, and went to him.

The organ was playing with an emphasis that made it possible to converse without any fear of being overheard.

"Well, Peter," she said, giving him her hand, "everything's all right. Goldie will be here directly."

PETER grasped her hand. "Look here! I've got something to tell you—a bit of a surprise. You won't let it upset you?"

She knew in a moment with whom his communication had to do. It was as if something stirred very deep down below the beating of her heart, and she knew that she would have to be brave, too.

"What is it, Peter?" she said.

He hesitated for a moment, then he told her. "It's Eric. He's coming to the reception. Don't be startled when you see him, that's all! He told me to prepare you. There was no time to let you know any other way—except by ringing up, and he didn't like to do that."

"Eric!" She repeated the name with a kind of dazed incredulity. "I thought he was still at Pentreith. Surely— Why, I had a letter from him only—"

"I know." Peter cut in bluntly, almost brusquely for him. "He ought to have told you. I don't know why he didn't. I never thought he meant to turn up at this show, but he says he has his reasons. So he's asked me to let you know. I think he's mad to risk it."

The curt, grim sentences told of an agitation which she would scarcely have expected him to betray, even on his own account. He seemed for the moment to have forgotten the very existence of Goldie—his bride—who was already probably on her way to church.

"What are you trying to tell me?" said Marcia.

He drew her slightly behind a pillar and, bending, spoke in her ear.

"He had an accident ten days ago—the day you left. I wasn't there. It was a fall. And—well, it's done what they said it might do years ago. He's able to walk."

"Able to walk!" She echoed the words unconsciously, almost uncomprehendingly. "Peter!"

"Yes; but look out!" Peter's words held a deep urgency. "He's not up to much at present. He ought not to exert himself, but he will do it. He's worried about something—or somebody—who knows too much. And he said he wouldn't leave you—to face anything beastly—alone."

He jerked out the information with an effort so palpable that she realized that its utterance was one of the hardest tasks that he had ever undertaken. His hand was still gripping hers with a spasmodic violence.

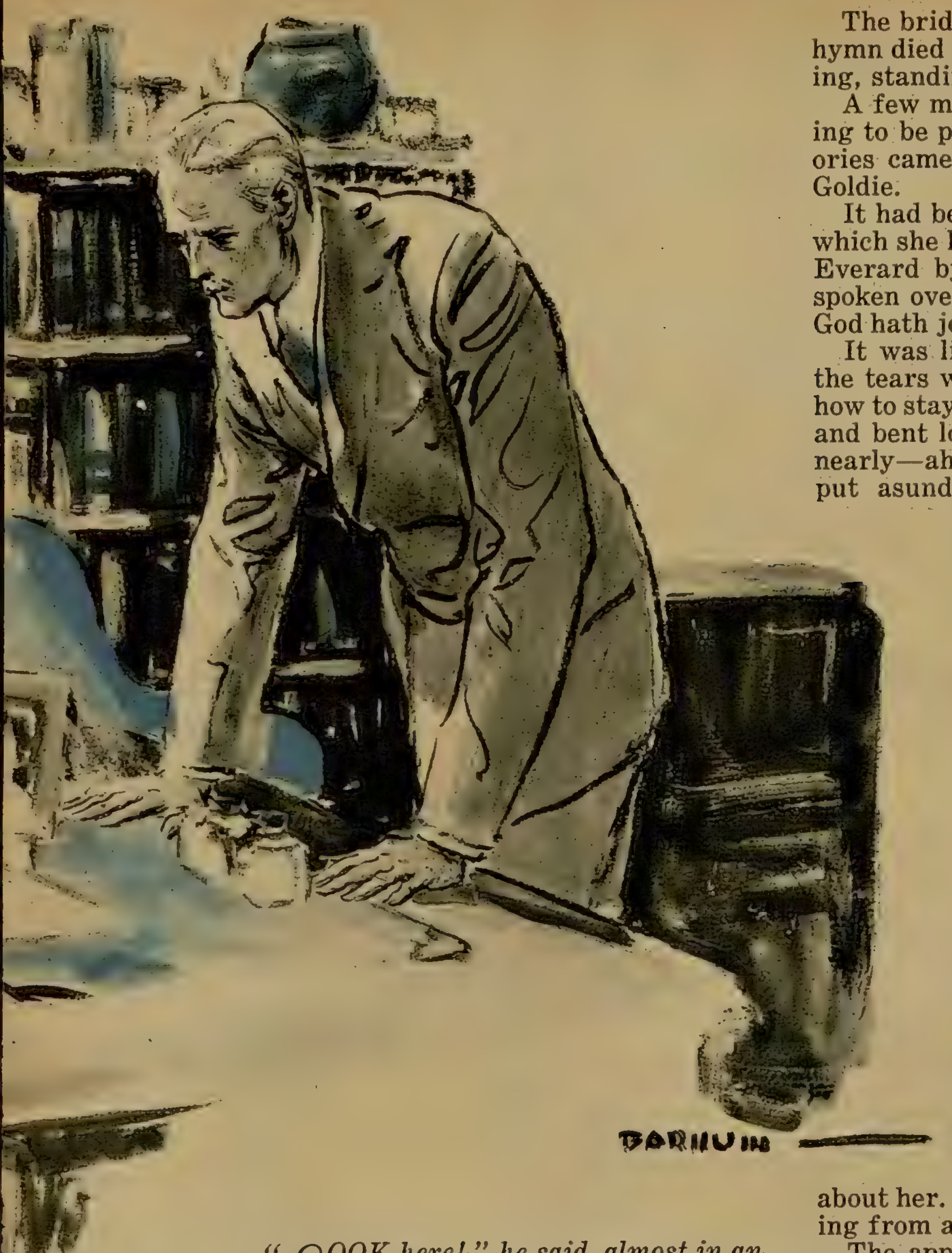
"You know what I mean," he said; "what he's afraid of?"

His insistence would have told her, had not full understanding already burst upon her. It had come, then, at last, this stroke of fate which she had feared—and dared—for ten unruffled years. The ground on which she stood had suddenly opened and she looked down into an abyss that appalled her.

It was the desperate concern in Peter's face that brought her back, imparted itself to her, and with an effort that tried her strength to its utmost limit, she smiled at him and even, after a moment, uttered a gasping laugh.

"OH, that's all right," she said, and hardly knew that it was herself who spoke. "Don't let us make mountains out of molehills! Yes, I quite understand, Peter. Thank you for telling me. Now we must go back to our various stations. The bride will be here directly."

The only thing of which she was acutely conscious was the pressing necessity to meet that sea of watching faces with smiling composure. Her heart was beating again jerkily, uncertainly, like a stopped clock suddenly shaken. She did not know if her limbs would support her, but she kept her smile as she went back to her place. Maurice Baronford's glance, cold, incurious, yet alert as a coiled snake, marked her coming and her going. Then a slight hubbub at the west door told her of the coming of the bride. A hymn was announced, and the congregation



"LOOK here!" he said, almost in an undertone. "I should like to know what you imagine I stand to gain by lying to you."

rose. She was on her feet still, her flowers held closely to her. They had been her husband's only gift to her on that wedding day of theirs.

The voices of the choir filled the church, and something swelled within her heart—something that made her bend her face to those deep red roses in a quiver of emotion that was beyond all control.

THE procession came slowly up the aisle, slowly began to pass her. She lifted her head to see the uplifted cross borne upward into the flower-decked chancel. Then for a space she seemed to know nothing. It was as if all agitation, all anxiety, all earthly turmoil, were blotted out. She saw only that gleaming cross shining as a beacon fire above the world—the light unfailing by which all weary travelers might set their course.

Then, as if a hand had touched her, she turned, wholly involuntarily, and met her husband's eyes; and in that look, which endured but for a moment, she sensed a depth of tenderness and understanding such as she had never even dimly experienced before.

He passed, and she saw Goldie's slim white form beside him, sparkling with a silvery brightness wherever the misty sunshine fell upon it. Then came the train of silver bridesmaids, carrying bouquets of palest pink that filled the air with fragrance. Goldie's plea for white heather had been ruled out by Marcia herself, who had counterpleaded for a little color.

The bridal procession stopped at the chancel steps, the hymn died away, and she saw Peter, sturdy and unflinching, standing by Goldie's side.

A few minutes more and the bridal couple were kneeling to be pronounced man and wife, and a flood of memories came over her that almost made her forget even Goldie.

It had been just such a day as this—a golden day—on which she had knelt where Goldie was kneeling now, with Everard by her side, and had heard those holy words spoken over their clasped, uplifted hands: "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." . . .

It was like a sword through her heart, and suddenly the tears welled up within her so that she did not know how to stay them. She felt them falling upon her flowers, and bent lower and lower, striving to hide them. How nearly—ah, how nearly—had that sacred tie been put asunder by her! The bitter repentance of ten long years was in those scalding tears.

There came a movement, a faint rustle from the fashionable crowd, and then the chanting voices of the choir. Peter and Goldie were passing up to the altar.

SHE became conscious of someone beside her, but she could not lift her face. It was only when a quiet hand took one of hers and held it that she realized with an odd mixture of relief and apprehension that her husband was by her side. She moved a little to make room for him, and he bent toward her, whispering, "It will soon be over now."

His words, his presence, helped her. Gradually her composure returned, until at last she lifted again the smiling face which she must keep for the watching world. She slipped her hand free with a gentle pressure, realizing with a throb of wonder as she did so that he had no desire to let it go.

She did not look at him again; she could not. But she had a sudden odd suspicion that he had deliberately placed himself there as a shield between her and the watching eyes about her. And again she felt as if her heart were bleeding from a mortal wound.

The applause of the bells was deafening as the newly wedded pair drove away.

"Such a fuss about nothing!" commented Goldie. "I feel as if we'd been married for years, don't you?"

"No," said honest Peter. "I feel—somehow—delirious."

"Silly ass!" said Goldie consolingly. "It's only reaction. You'll soon get over that. I was like it this morning—till I saw you. Look here, Peter! When we've been married twenty-five years, we won't cry about it. See?"

"Who wants to cry?" demanded Peter.

"Nobody at the moment. But mum was absolutely sloppy in church—whether on my account or dad's I don't know. People shouldn't," said Goldie dispassionately, "unless they have very special cause. And I'm sure she hasn't. She engineered it all, so she ought to be pleased. Did you see the Baronford couple? I thought they were looking pretty poisonous, though one wouldn't imagine she would have much cause either, anyhow at present."

"Sweetheart," said Peter, "I don't care a damn!"

She turned upon him. "Really, Peter! Within five minutes of starting our wedded life together! This is worse than delirium!"

"I don't care!" he repeated with growing emphasis. "Not a damn! Not a tuppenny damn!"

"Oh, that's extravagant!" protested Goldie. "No, darling! Not here! Not in the streets of London! Wait—oh, wait! Peter—you beast!"

"You darling!" said Peter, holding her hard against his heart. "There, it's done! Be as angry as you like! I couldn't have lived another second without kissing you."

Goldie recovered her equilibrium with a gasp. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said with a radiant smile; "if you weren't incapable of shame. Now no

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more delirium, Peter! Pull yourself together and be strong and silent—as every decent cave man ought to be. If you so much as look at me again in the next two hours—I'll disown you!"

"Oh, I must look at you!" pleaded Peter. "Because if you are ever a bride again, I shan't be there to see!"

"How dare you! How—dare you!" said Goldie.

Certainly, as old Lady Barrowdale was heard to remark a little later, they made no secret of their happiness. It was their gala day, and they enjoyed it like children. But Goldie still insisted that it was a double wedding.

She delivered a little speech about it, since when the moment for a speech arrived Peter was tongue-tied, and, as shyness had never been a failing of hers, she made a success of it, diverting the general attention quite cleverly from herself to her mother, who stood—a tall, graceful figure—by her father's side.

Everyone applauded at the end of it, except the silver-wedding pair and Peter, who was staring at someone near the door.

The great room was crowded with people.

Goldie had turned amid the laughter and cheers around her to cut the cake that towered on the table before her. Marcia moved at Goldie's call to give her help with the cake.

ACROSS the room she heard Wilson's official voice proclaiming like a herald, "Major Morven!"

And Goldie at her side gave a start. "Good gracious!" she said. "Peter! You never told me he was coming. I thought he was far away—down at Tregassa Castle."

"So he was!" said Maurice Baronford's smooth voice behind her. "But doubtless—like myself—he thought this was too important an occasion to miss."

Goldie shot him a swift glance that was not of a strictly complimentary description, a glance which told him clearly that she had not realized his closeness and did not appreciate it. It provoked no more than a quiet smile from him, but open laughter from Virginia, who stood beside him.

"We certainly ought to know," she said. "We were down there ourselves a fortnight ago. He was in a Bath chair then with—a nurse—in attendance."

Goldie's look swept her informant. She was angry, yet it was the tone and not the information that angered her. But at a touch from Peter she turned away.

"How people gossip!" she muttered. "Where is he? Why can't they make room for him?"

"He's not in a Bath chair now," said Baronford at her shoulder. "He's made a—miraculous—recovery. Didn't you know?"

"Of course I knew!" snapped Goldie without looking at him. "I know everything."

"Even the name of the nurse?" gibed Baronford in an undertone.

Goldie did not answer; for suddenly something about her mother caught and held her. Marcia was standing rigid as a statue, gazing straight before her. As Goldie's quick glance took her in, she made a sudden, convulsive movement; and then very clearly, with a distinctness that rose above the low buzz of talk around her, she addressed her husband:

"Everard, I think you have never yet met Peter's cousin—Major Morven. I have known him for a great many years. How do you do, Eric?"

It was done with superb dignity. The throng of guests parted to let the late arrival pass, and they saw her move to meet him with outstretched hand. A thin man of medium height and slightly stooping came slowly, with a somewhat halting gait, to receive her greeting. His hair was silver gray, but his dark face with its keen sunken eyes held a gleaming vitality that made him remarkable.

His hand held Marcia's for a moment and at once released it. The deep lines about his mouth had relaxed into a smile.

"I couldn't resist such an opportunity as this," he said. "I am only just out of prison. Did you know?"

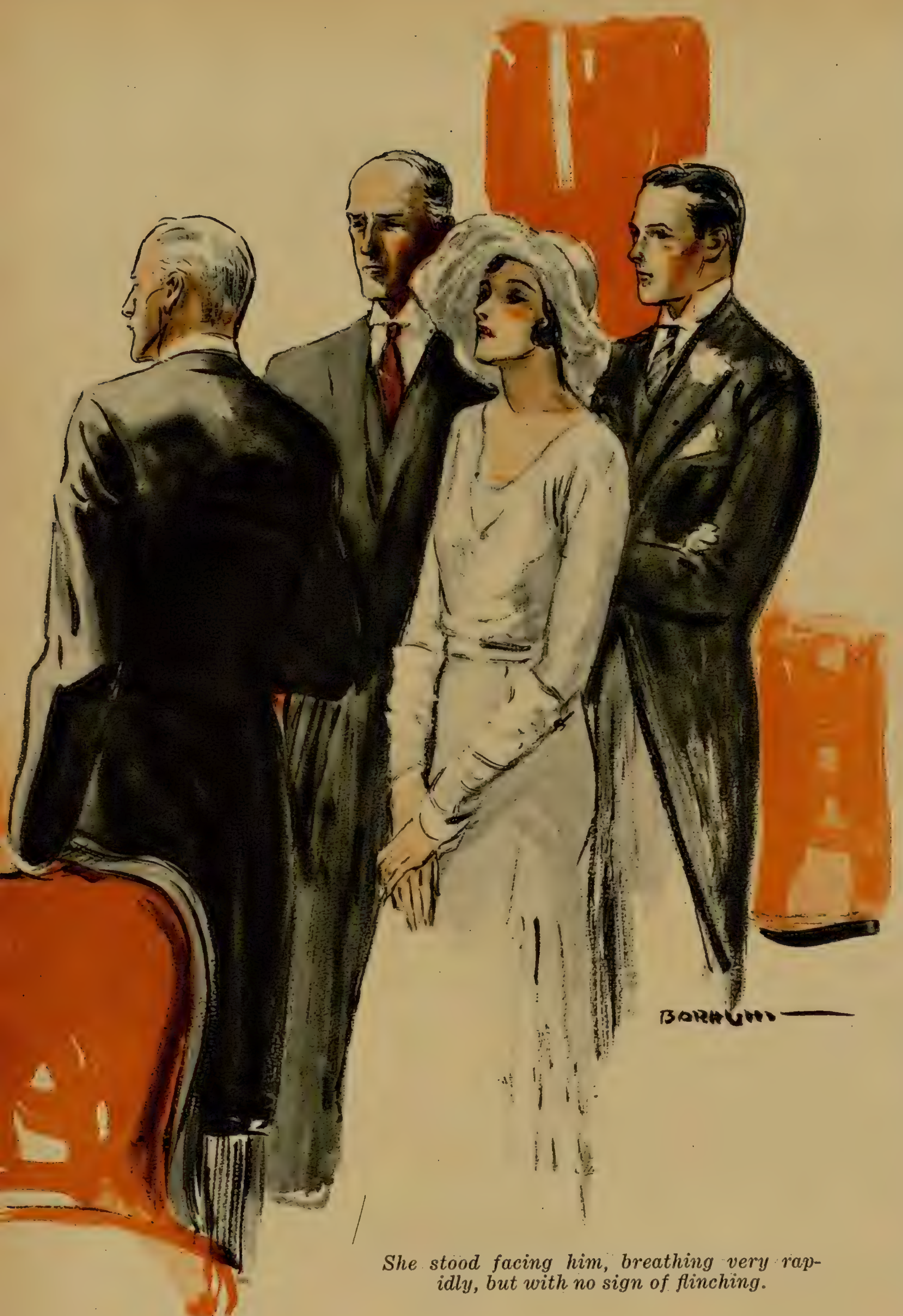
She laughed, and her laughter had a brave note. "Well, yes, I had heard," she said. "But only a short time ago. This is my husband. We are very pleased to see you here."

Sir Everard, standing stiffly close to her, offered his hand to the wedding guest. "A friend of my wife's and a cousin of Peter's is doubly welcome," he said rather conventionally.

Eric's eyes gave him a straight hard look. "Thank you, sir," he said. "That's exceptionally kind of you." His look traveled farther, to the bridal pair. "And the deed is done, I take it? May I congratulate?"

Goldie stepped forward, flushed, momentarily embarrassed. "And you're really well again?" she said. "Why haven't we met before?"

"We were probably too busy," said Eric enigmatically. "But I always intended to renew acquaintance with you



She stood facing him, breathing very rapidly, but with no sign of flinching.

when you and Peter were safely married. May I be allowed to wish you every happiness?"

She waved his felicitations aside. "And is it true that you're only just able to walk again?" she said. "What happened? Was it a miracle?"

Maurice Baronford's cynical laugh cut smoothly through their conversation. "A miracle indeed!" he said. "For which I hold myself partially responsible! Lady Templeton, will you not share the honors with me? I'm sure it was your unselfish and ever-faithful devotion that paved the way."

"Indeed, I wish it had been," said Marcia.

She stood facing him fully, breathing very rapidly, but with no sign of flinching.

He laughed again at her words. "Oh, but surely—you can't deny you were in attendance upon the sufferer for a whole week before the miracle," he said. "It was my privilege—and also that of my wife—to see you, suitably attired—or dare I say disguised?—in a nurse's uniform in close attendance upon the invalid. Major Morven himself could scarcely deny that!"

Very suave and merciless, with the practiced skill of a counsel baiting a trembling victim in the witness box, his quiet words fell through the grim, unnatural silence. That he did not point the finger of scorn at the woman who stood so courageously facing him was merely a tribute to his unswerving presence of mind. Figuratively that finger was upraised, and the whole thronging crowd saw it. But in that moment of his triumphant attainment of an end which he had long had in view, there was one force with which he had not reckoned.

VERY quietly, faintly smiling, Sir Everard, who had tried many a vital case without the smallest change of countenance, passed his hand through his wife's arm and established himself by her side.

"My dear," he said, "I am afraid you will have to make full confession of your charitable deeds, or I must for you. I think, Baronford, you are referring to what has come to be known as my wife's yearly rest cure, which has lasted for exactly a week out of each of the last ten years. Well, ladies and gentlemen, it is perhaps fitting that on our silver-wedding day you should hear that that week every year has been spent, with my full consent—I may even add to my deep admiration—in the service of an old friend of hers who during that period has been a hopeless cripple, and has now, I am delighted to see, recovered the use of his limbs. As to her use of a nurse's uniform, some of you may remember that she earned her right to wear that during the war, in which she risked her life—also to my unspeakable admiration—not once, but many times. For a man in my profession"—he was smiling openly now—"there is not much time for acts of charity, so I have been compelled to perform mine by proxy, and I am fortunate in possessing so able a proxy as the woman who has been my beloved wife for twenty-five years."

He ended, and there was a brief silence followed by a

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cheery "Hear! Hear! Good old dad!" from Dennis, who suddenly thrust his head between them and bestowed a swift and unsentimental kiss upon his mother's cheek.

"But really! Is it true?" said Lillith in the background. "I always knew there was something; but really—this! I must say—it's rather unheard of."

Virginia's slightly hysterical laugh provided a fitting accompaniment to this expression of incredulous surprise.

"That's just it," said Dennis, with a hand on Morven's shoulder. "People never hear of the decent things, do they? Or believe 'em when they do! Such a jolly world, isn't it, Aunt Lillith? Well, sir, you're a dark horse, I must say. You've kept us all guessing. Almost time you made a speech, isn't it?"

"It might be," said Eric with his faint, inscrutable smile, "if I were ever guilty of such an indiscretion. As it is, I only regret having taken up so much more of the general attention than I deserve. Sir Everard having so kindly and accurately expressed the whole situation, may I be allowed to continue where I left off and salute the lady who is now my cousin by marriage—the bride?"

The dramatic moment was past. Everyone realized it, though some with a feeling that they had been in some fashion cheated of what ought to have been a first-rate scandal.

Goldie, receiving her salute with a mingling of astonishment and relief, remarked, "Of course you and mum were old war pals! I ought to have thought of that. But I don't know why you didn't tell anybody."

"Do you always tell?" said Eric with gentle irony. "Even when—there's *nothing* in it?"

And Goldie flushed a little and said no more, coming to the swift conclusion that this man was not one whit more attractive than he had been in the past.

She dismissed the whole matter from her mind very sensibly while Eric and Peter were grasping hands.

II

THREE hours had passed since the last car had swerved round the corner of the square and shot away. Dusk had fallen.

In an unlighted room, with windows that looked upon the square garden, a man sat alone at his writing table while the chill of evening crept all about him. He was in an upright position in the straight-backed chair he had occupied in his own home during all the years of his married life, but his head was bowed and he sat completely idle, the papers in front of him in their neat piles all undisturbed. The silence in the house was as the silence of death.

A taxicab spun round the corner and ran straight to the lamp-post in front of the house. The man who alighted spoke brusquely to the driver.

"Look here! I want you to wait. I may be some time, and again I may not. Probably not! But I'm going back to the Regency sooner or later."

"Right-o! I'll wait, sir," said the driver.

Twenty seconds later Wilson knocked ceremoniously upon the study door.

"Come in!" said Sir Everard's voice.

The butler opened the door, to find the room in complete darkness save for the glimmering lamplight outside.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Everard," he said formally. "There is a gentleman—Major Morven—who has called to see you."

"To see me?" said Sir Everard; then, briefly, "Switch on the light, Wilson, and draw the curtains before you do anything else!"

Wilson obeyed his instructions with soft-footed dexterity, then stooped to turn on the electric fire.

"Would you wish me to show the gentleman in, Sir Everard?" he inquired deferentially when this was done.

Sir Everard was silent for a moment before he made deliberate reply. "Certainly show him in—if he has asked for me!"

Wilson retired with that species of dignified servility which is only attained by years of practice. There followed a few seconds during which nothing whatever happened in the room.

The gray-faced judge sat in his wooden-armed chair gazing at the door with a perfectly unchanging regard. . . .

He was still seated thus when Wilson's voice became once more audible as he threw the door open. "Major Morven, Sir Everard!"

And the thin, slightly bent, prematurely aged man with the dark alert eyes entered with his slow, halting gait, and stood still. The door closed behind him. They were alone.

Sir Everard spoke very quietly, as he might have spoken to an official in court: "Sit down—if you have really come to see me!"

ERIC moved to the fireplace and rested an arm upon the shelf. The newly kindled fire cast a red glow upward, throwing the deep lines of his virile, faintly cynical countenance into strong relief.

"Yes, I have come to see you," he said. "And I am obliged to you for admitting me. You did a thing this afternoon which no one else could possibly have done—and which it was certainly not up to you to do. It's because of that that I've come."

"Yes?" said Sir Everard.

"If I had known," Eric continued in the same level tone, "that you were going to take that attitude, I should not have intruded myself—at least not then. But I did not know, even, that you were aware of my friendship with your wife."

"I gathered that," said Sir Everard.

Eric went on, quietly still but with a slowly gathering force: "You expressed the situation exactly as, if I had been called upon to do so, I should have expressed it myself. But what I want to know is how did you come to know and to understand the exact position so perfectly?"

"Is that of any consequence?" said Sir Everard.

"It is to me." With absolute decision Eric made answer. "Your wife's goodness to me has been beyond words. I think you realize that."

Sir Everard did not immediately reply. He sat surveying his questioner with eyes as cold as steel. At length: "I don't quite see the drift of this," he said. "But neither do I see any practical reason for withholding the truth from you. What you want to know is whether or not my wife told me of what you describe as the friendship existing between you. Well, I am prepared to answer that quite plainly. She did not. She has never so much as mentioned your existence to me."

"I see," said Eric. He straightened himself with an effort. "Then it was Baronford who told you the whole thing. But he certainly did not present it to you as you presented it to the world at large this afternoon. He was out for blood. I saw that. But—may I take it that you didn't believe him?"

"No," said Sir Everard. "Baronford did not tell me the whole thing. Had I given him the chance he would doubtless have been far more illuminating. But his revelations—such as they were—were of merely a confirmatory character. In fact, my knowledge of the matter went very much further than his."

"I see," Eric said again. "And may I know what your knowledge amounts to?"

Sir Everard's attitude remained unaltered. "Is that necessary?" he said.

"Yes, it is necessary. Can't you see how necessary?" A certain vehemence sounded in Eric's voice. "You thought it your duty to defend your wife from calumny this afternoon, apparently against your own convictions. If so, it is my duty to defend her now. But was it against your convictions? I've got to know that."

"Why?" said Sir Everard.

"Because"—Eric spoke with a touch of savagery—"her happiness counts with me, if you want to know, and it's essential that you should know the truth."

"Essential to what?" Sir Everard's voice was cold as ice; it held very little interest and no suggestion of sympathy.

But its effect upon the man facing him was almost like a goad. He left his support very abruptly and came forward to the writing table. Leaning his hands upon it, he looked full into the stern still eyes that watched him.

"Look here!" he said, almost in an undertone. "I should like to know what you imagine I stand to gain by lying to you. You must know a good deal of human nature by this time. Do I strike you as a liar?"

"No," said Sir Everard in the same calm, aloof voice. "Certainly not a habitual one—any more than I am myself."

"Ah!" A gleam of triumph shone in Eric's eyes for a second. "Then you did speak against your own convictions! I felt you did. You came forward and defended her because you wouldn't see her pulled down in front of you by a dirty pack of slanderers. I was there for the same reason—only I should have defended her with what I knew to be the truth. And that's what I'm here for now—just to let you know that you spoke the truth. I've nothing to gain by telling you; in fact, I've a good deal to lose—because at least"—a note of bitter irony sounded in his voice—"I might once have been counted a good second. But that's over—has been over for years. I tempted her. I persuaded her. I did my damnedest to take her from you. I succeeded almost—but never quite. God only knows why she loved you so persistently, but she never left off. You were always ahead of me—miles ahead of me—though you never cared—as I did!"

He broke off with a deep breath drawn between his teeth. There was a look of torture in his eyes.

AND the man facing him stirred at last. He leaned forward very slowly in his chair, but his face remained fixed like a judicial mask. "Perhaps even you," he said, "are not in possession of the whole truth. But that is not the point now. You have come—I gather—to tell me something which so far has been kept from me. I have no wish to hurry you, but might it not be as well to get on with it?"

His voice was clear and concise, as though he were putting some point before a jury. And Eric Morven responded, as it were, in spite of himself, yet with an odd relief.

"Yes, I'll tell you everything," he said. "I met her first in France—in hospital. She stood by me one night when the place was bombed, and we went through hell together. We were rescued at the last moment. She was magnificent, and—I adored her for it. No man could have helped it."

Sir Everard nodded silently. There was no need for speech.

With scarcely a pause Eric went on: "I didn't see her again for years—never even heard her name. I went out to Canada, but I never forgot her. I've never seen any other woman like her. Then I came back on business, and met her almost immediately—at Pentreith. You may call it chance. It didn't seem like chance to me." His voice sank momentarily, but almost at once he continued. "She was with the children. I was with Peter. We all got friendly together—and I still worshiped her. There was always a wonderful sympathy between us. I saw she wasn't happy; that she was lonely and disappointed with life—though she was far too fine to admit it. In the end I couldn't keep it back any longer. I told her that I loved her."

He stopped deliberately and waited for some comment; but none came. The judicial mask facing him never varied.

He went on: "It upset her, but she took it in her own generous way, and when I begged her to go on treating me as a friend, she was too kind to refuse. And so afterward—in London—we met again, and I got the impression, though she never said it, that you had left off caring. I think she had that impression too. No doubt we were both wrong, but you never knew how lonely she was. Anyhow, the thing went on. She was trying to hold back, but there was nothing to help her. None of you ever wanted her. Even the children always had something better to do. In the end she suddenly gave in and came to me. But not because she loved me. Only because I wanted her—desperately—and no one else took any notice. She had been keeping herself free for the holidays—she was always at someone's beck and call—but you had all arranged to do various things on your own, and she was left out. So she came to me."

Again he paused, then very slowly stood up and turned away, as if there were something in that stony face upon which he would not look.

BACK again to the red silent fire he paced, and bent a little over it, staring downward.

"I took her at her word," he said. "We left town that night. I drove her in a car I'd hired several times before. We set off for Southampton to catch a boat for Canada. We hadn't gone more than halfway when the steering gear went, and we took a pretty steep drop at about fifty miles an hour. We were both knocked out, but she came to and got help. I was paralyzed from some spinal injury. I thought I was dying, and I made her promise to leave me and go home. That went against the grain with her, but—I simply wouldn't let her refuse. She went back. That was when Dennis had appendicitis. She got back just in time. I was taken to a hospital to die."

He stooped a little lower, spreading his hands before the red glow, so that his face was in shadow.

"I didn't die—unfortunately. I lived on—a helpless cripple. And she, out of the goodness of her soul, came, as soon as she was free, to see me. She stayed a week with me, and made life bearable. And after that—she promised me a week out of every year, simply to help me to live. I consented on the sole condition that it was kept secret. I'd realized and faced the fact by then that she didn't love me—except as an old comrade. Women can love like that—at least some can—like men." An odd note came into his voice—a note of humor that yet was inexpressibly dreary. "In a way, I could hardly have borne it if it had been otherwise. I had so little to give. But at least she never felt unwanted when she was with me."

He choked suddenly, and then, as if some inner force had escaped him unawares, made a violent effort to restrain himself. "That's the whole story," he said finally. "We spent our week this year at Pentreith, at my special request, and on the evening of the day she left I had the accident which somehow put me on my feet. Baronford can tell you all about it—only he will probably throw some doubt on the fact of my ever having been a cripple. That, of course, could be proved if necessary; but I don't think it is." He stood up again, then deliberately turned. "I have told you the whole truth," he said, "so that you may never—even in thought—do her a wrong. She has belonged to you—and to you only—as long as I have known her."

So he finished, and a silence fell in the room that was pregnant with many emotions. Perhaps he had fulfilled the hardest task of his life in thus giving expression to the secret which he had so closely cherished; but a harder

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SILVER BRIDE
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yet remained for the man to whom it had been revealed.

As he stood once more facing his listener, Sir Everard rose. His face was very pale, but it held no sign of shrinking. It was only its remoteness that made it somehow tragic. It was as if he stepped upon a scaffold, looking far beyond. Very quietly he came to Eric, and as he reached him, his hand was outstretched—as though he would shake hands with his executioner.

"You have told me the truth," he said, and their hands met on the words. "I will do the same to you. If I have misunderstood her, so have you. It is not I that she loves. It was only that once—many years ago—she thought I was the type of man to give her happiness. And she was wrong. She knows that now. She has known it ever since she met you. And so—I give you leave—to take her—and make her happy."

"You—what?" Eric said, as if wondering if he heard aright. Then suddenly their hands fell apart at the opening of the door. Marcia came in upon them—Marcia robed as a queen, yet pale as the palest flower.

"Everard!" she said, and stopped short.

"Eric!" she said in the voice of despair.

BOTH men turned to her, but one—her husband—drew back; the other moved forward and spoke.

"Marcia," he said, "I came here tonight because I couldn't stand out any longer. I have told your husband the whole truth—I had to. And he believes me—except in one particular." He looked full into her eyes. "I can't convince him," he said, "that he is the only man on earth that you have ever loved. Perhaps you can."

"Oh—Eric!" she cried out in distress.

"Tell him!" he said. "Tell him, Marcia! Can't you see it's for his happiness as well as yours?"

There was more than compulsion in his voice; it held a wild high note of passion. "For God's sake," he said, "let us—all three of us—be honest! You are man and wife. You love each other—and always have. I am nothing—less than nothing—to come between you! I'll make an end of myself if there's no other way!"

"Eric—stop!" she said, and through the room her voice fell clear and steadfast with a ringing quality that held its own as if against a surging tumult. "It's absurd to talk like that. Everard!" She came to her husband and stood before him. "You know that whatever madness I may have been through in the past, I couldn't—possibly—be other than true to you now."

SIR EVERARD spoke through stiff lips. "My dear, we are not concerned with the past now. I have just said to this friend of yours—and I say it again to you—I wish you, for your own happiness, to go to the man you love. I intended to tell you so tonight."

"The man I love!" she said, and in her voice, wrung though it was, there sounded a curious note of victory.

She stood for a few seconds looking full at the gray-faced man before her; then very quietly she turned to the man who waited, grimly expectant, in the background. She went to him, laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Good-by, Eric!" she said, and kissed him.

He paused a moment as though in that kiss there were something sacred from which he could not immediately turn away. Then he went straight from the room. . . .

Beyond the closed door they heard his retreating feet. They heard the hall door open and close.

Outside on the steps they heard him whistle, and an engine started running in answer. There came the swirling clamor of a taxicab. Then it was gone.

Marcia was still facing the door. She turned round at last. She saw her husband sunk in a chair as she had never seen him before. His head was in his hands. She saw his shoulders heave. And a power that was deeper and stronger than passion welled up within her, driving out all lesser things. She went to him, knelt before him, took his head upon her breast.

"The man I love!" she said softly. "The man I love!" And then, with tears, "The man I—have always loved!"

And so the Door into the Past opened to them once more.

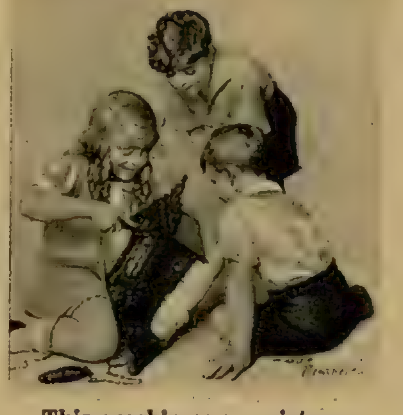
THE END

Who's Cuckoo Now?

A New FOR THE LOVE o' LIL

ULYSSES' godmother has just come back from her summer trip to Europe. And U.'s very nice and loving godmother brought her very adorable little godson a very rare and expensive German cuckoo clock.

Expensive? It's priceless. For it's an heirloom brought from the baronial estate of a granduncle who recently died, leaving the most precious collection of historical pieces. And this cuckoo clock (as granduncle's diary shows) was given him by his king when he was a little boy of seven as a reward for having picked up the royal handkerchief when it was dropped to the road from the royal carriage as it passed through granduncle's town.



This week's cover picture.

Lil and Sandy listened breathlessly to the story, and pored over the diary that proved the fidelity of the touching history. Imagine owning a piece like that!

The story was way over Ulysses' head, of course. But he learned, which was *much* more important, that it was the only cuckoo clock in the neighborhood. Both Gwen and Red must see it at once. Gwen, womanlike, took charge.

"We'll have a cuckoo club," she decided. "And any other kid that wants to see it has got to pay to hear it cuck. Shall we charge a penny or a lollipop apiece?"

"Well," said Red, a bit unconvinced, "that depends. If it works—"

"Of course it works!" snapped U., offended.

"Sure," added Gwen. "It's guaranteed. It's imported. Just because you haven't heard it, Red—"

"I don't believe the bird really comes out, that's all," explained the doubting Thomas. "I mean he may come out once or twice, but a thing like that will get out of order. You couldn't count on it for performances. Besides, it depends on what he looks like. Of course, I haven't *seen* him, and nachally *I* can't *judge*."

"What'll you bet he comes out?" demanded Gwen. "Will you bet a dime?"

"Tell you what," Red considered shrewdly: "I'll bet you a nickel he doesn't come out—and a nickel he doesn't go back in again. That'll split the dime."

"You'll lose both ways, you'll see!" Gwen tossed her head and climbed up to lift down the big clock from where U.'s affectionate godmother had so laboriously hung it.

"Gimme that screw driver!" she ordered excitedly, pointing to the ten-cent instrument with which Ulysses' mother had helped Ulysses' godmother screw all the varied and intricate parts of the clock in place.

Down on the floor she got, and inserted the screw driver under the little door. Out popped the bird!

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" It yowled its swan song an hour before time, and then fell forward on straining springs, limp and incapacitated.

"Now you've gone and done it!" Red pointed an I-told-you-so finger. "It's gone and laid an egg. I don't owe you anything!"

"Yes, you do—a nickel it came out!" cried Gwen.

"But you gotta pay that nickel back because I bet it wouldn't go in again, too," Red reminded her.

"Good grief!" cried Lil in the next room. "Is it really six o'clock? And I haven't even put the roast beef in the oven! I guess I'll open a can of tuna fish!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Relativity)

To the Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 minutes 15 seconds.)

A "MOVIE QUEEN" may be almost anyone nowadays, but I've just been talking with an actress from Germany who really deserves the title. Lil Dagover has portrayed so many historic queens on the films that her blood, she says, " is nearly frozen from repressing my feelings to fit the character of those royal ladies."

Lil Dagover

Born in the Orient—in Java—Miss Dagover is of Dutch descent. She was educated in Germany. As a child she spoke the language of the Malay savages, then forgot every word of it for years and years until she amazed her doctor by babbling Malay words while under an anæsthetic. Freud, the noted psychoanalyst, mentions a similar case. "And now," says Lil Dagover, " I suppose I'm just another specimen for the dream doctors."

Playing regal parts has taught her to know her own mind. In clothes she prefers shades of pink, gray, and yellow. She has no use for modern furniture; she loves antiques. Rubies and diamonds she cares for " platonically." Too much jewelry is vulgar, she thinks. She can dress in two minutes—flat. I timed her.

" Romance " was the word that came naturally to my mind while I talked with her. Hers is the elusive charm, I think, of real romance. Slim she is, dark and fascinating; a woman who grips your memory. If Hollywood is clever enough to get that delicate, sensitive power of hers in celluloid, then Hollywood should have a knockout.

ORCHIDS were worn by every girl in a gay young theater party I saw one evening recently. The young men in the party were the donors, of course, of every orchid. And as I looked at those costly hothouse flowers I thought how much nicer it used to be when a beau sent his girl a bunch of violets.

Expensive, opulent, exotic, orchids are very beautiful in their way, but to me they seem devoid of sentiment. Old-fashioned violets, presented by a beau, brought with them the natural sweetness of love's young dream. Their perfume was romance. And they were modest—as all truly sentimental offerings must be. Even the poor young admirer could afford a bouquet of violets. Orchids were far beyond his reach.

We have altogether too many ways, I think, of conveying the idea that extravagance is virtue and poverty is disgrace. Worst of all is the ugly vulgarity of permitting money to spoil sentiment.

PARIS dressmakers keep months ahead of the fashions you and I are buying and wearing. Clever Mme. Schiaparelli of Paris has already introduced a new mode to succeed our rampant Eugénie. Schiaparelli's new styles for this winter are said to have been inspired by Lady Emma Hamilton, famous sweetheart of England's great Lord Nelson.

Cut on the bias and slightly high-waisted, the Lady Hamilton dress becomes very clinging and straight below, then swirls gracefully around the feet. A friend just back from Paris tells me that the collection in which this model features is the outstanding one of the season. I have seen patterns of the materials used. They are quite original. A rough silk, very crinkled but not very pliable, for formal clothes and evening frocks as well as for sports wear. A heavy satin that falls in stiff folds is used, too. The reverse side of this is also crinkled and quite harsh to the touch. These stiff types of material are the latest thing.

MY friend Janet has lost her job. Right now this leaves her in a tough spot. But I think she has learned something that will help her keep the next job she gets.

The day she was fired, Janet received an anonymous note. The note said, " It is fine to have strong teeth, but why show them all the time? "

Mysterious? No. Janet understood every word. She knew it meant that her dislike of men as working companions had been responsible for her downfall.

Janet, you see, had allowed herself to become a man-hater. This was not entirely her fault. Some years ago she made an unfortunate marriage. It went on the rocks, and since then she has been working in an office full of men. She held an important position, so a good many of her male associates envied her. But the real trouble was her antagonism toward them—not theirs toward her. Because of her luckless marriage she could not get it out of her head that men were her enemies. She treated all men as such. Naturally they retaliated. Man-hating is just as bad for a woman's business career as being boy-crazy.

FROM Springfield, Massachusetts, a seventeen-year-old girl sends me a remarkable letter about herself—along with her own recipe for " Arabian stew." I find her letter a pleasant revelation. I have tried her stew and call it excellent.

At seventeen—just think of it!—Beatrice works in a store all day. She keeps house as well for her father, her young brother, and her little sister aged eight. What is more, she enjoys every bit of it. She likes her work at the store, she tells me, because she " just naturally loves to sell things." But she likes housework too, thinks sewing is fun, and simply adores cooking.

" I love to dance and go on hikes and have a good time," she adds; " so I do those things too."

And in her spare moments she has found it great fun this summer to " put up jellies and jams, and six pints of chili sauce and six of pepper hash."

What a girl! If she doesn't restore your confidence in modern youth, what will?

Here is her pet recipe exactly as she wrote it to me:

" Six lean pork chops, 6 tablespoons raw rice, 1 large onion, 3 cups hot water, 2 firm tomatoes, 1 green pepper, 1/8 tablespoon black pepper, 3 tablespoons salt.

" Sear chops, both sides, in hot frying pan, then remove to a casserole. On each chop in following order place 1 slice onion, 1 slice tomato, 1 ring green pepper. In center pepper ring place 1 tablespoon rice. Add water heated in frying pan used for chops, salt and pepper, cover closely and bake 3 to 4 hours in 350° F. oven."

With this, Beatrice serves Lima beans, baked potatoes, and onions baked in milk.

She feeds 'em, doesn't she?

WELL worth reading is The Macadam Trail, by Mary Day Winn and E. H. Suydam (Knopf). This book records 10,000 miles of travel by motor bus all over the United States. Full of amusing incidents. Remarkably fine illustrations by E. H. Suydam.

Vox

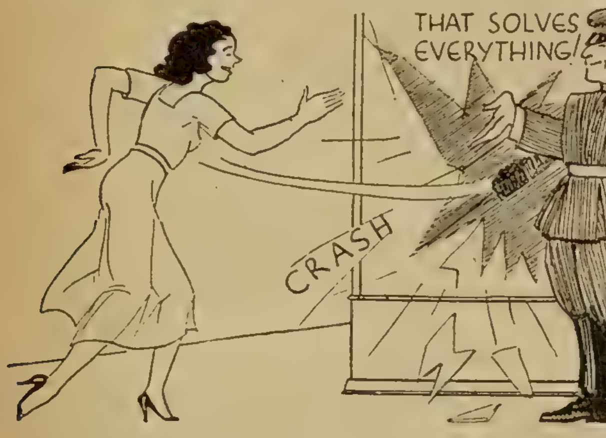
We'll Let This Pass

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—It is estimated that there are about six million unemployed in the nation. Here is a dandy idea for surely taking care of ten per cent of them, and aiding a percentage of the balance.

Liberty, get right behind this idea, and push it!

Arm the ten per cent with bricks—single men or women preferred.

At a given time, in all parts of the country, said bricks are to be heaved through large plate-glass show windows.



The ten per cent would be pinched and given six months in a nice warm jail during a predicted hard winter. Taxes are being paid by the people to maintain the jails, full or empty.

It takes about four men, and a truck with a driver, to set a window. To replace 600,000 windows would take three million men, to say nothing about the number required to make glass, dig sand, truck unfinished and finished material—

Oh, well, it simply goes on and on.

A few more ideas of this sort and there would soon be a shortage of labor! —*"The Funny Corporal."*

On Moving Back to Move Forward

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Liberty's editorial, "Starving Men Want Work," was excellent.

It is a fact that a majority of country people moved into cities because they were attracted by the high wages of factories.

Now it should be made possible for these people to go back to their farms or buy a farm or build a farm on a tract of land sold on credit by our government.

Let's get busy and follow the idea of the editorial.—*William H. Wright.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Here are a few reasons why Liberty's Back to the Land idea won't work.

All farming land of any value is privately owned and the purpose of ownership is to make profits.

More profits can be made by experienced farmers with modern machinery than by a swarm of city people trying to exist à la gandhi.

Besides, your new farmers must buy something. Farming now is highly specialized. The old arts by which clothing, equipment, etc., were produced on the farm are long forgotten and your new farmers would die of exposure before they could learn them.

The industrial revolution can't turn backward.—*V. B. Brown.*

LAKESIDE, CALIF.—Your back-to-the-farm idea may lead to discussion which contains a workable idea, but it is not the solution.

I live in a small farming village in which the situation is exactly the same as all through the southwest. When a bunch of vegetables brings one cent in the open market, when all other farm produce has to be sold at a loss, when vineyards and orchards are permitted to rot because the offered price does not pay for the picking, when a milch cow needs thirteen acres of pasture, when the chicken feed costs more than eggs and chickens bring in return—where does a fellow get money for irrigation, for seed, for horse feed, or gas to till the ground?—*Waldemar Brunke.*

INGLEWOOD, CALIF.—Your editorial, "Starving Men Want Work," was excellent.

Bust up those big farms that lead to overproduction, subdivide them, and get the unemployed back to the country.

Too much big farming is the cause of the depression in farming that has lasted ten years.

I could see the depression coming in 1920 and gave up farming. It has become worse every year since.

A billion dollars spent in subdividing large farms and getting the unemployed back to small farms is what we need.—*Dr. C. W. Farmer.*

No Foolin'

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—I'm wondering if you folks know just how bad you're getting in with me, razzing prohibition the way you do.

I'll have you to understand I'm a 100-per-cent prohibitionist. You're going to fool around until you ruin my beer business, and then I will have a bone to pick with you.

Guys like you ought to be muzzled.—*Baxter.*

Glad You Changed Your Mind

NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Edmund Pearson is doing great work, making real murder stories read like Sherlock Holmes. He has brought the folly of murder forcibly before the people. I was about to murder a guy myself—he ought to be killed, at that—but not now, thanks to Pearson. —*J. W. G.*

Your Kind of Craziness Requires Weekly Proof

GREENVILLE, S. C.—Here's how to read Liberty: Turn first to the serial. The short, short, very short story must be read next unless illustrations of the short stories are very shocking and amusing looking.

You are then prepared for the movie reviews. "To the Ladies!" simply must be read next, especially if it is about time to prepare a meal.

While you are eating the latest dish ask the "Twenty Questions" to those around the table.

Don't forget to read aloud the "Bright Sayings" and then see how many can make a good last line for the week's limerick. Waste a two-cent stamp the next morning and send them all in.

After eating you feel much better and can read anything. So turn to the pages devoted to great political men, movie stars, and "For the Love o' Lil."

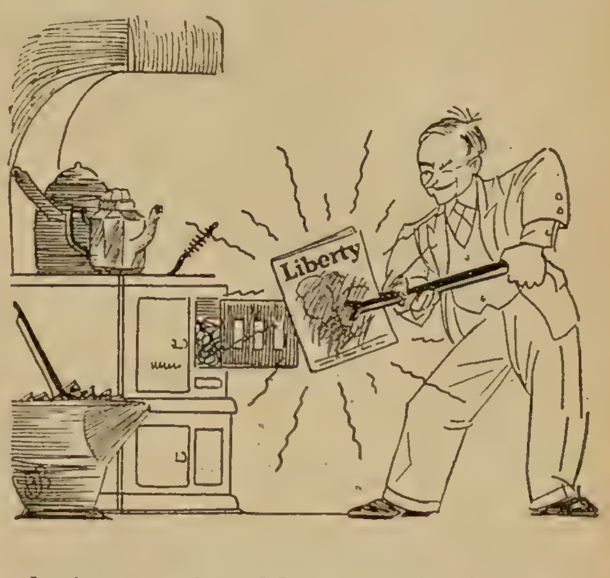
Nothing is left to be read but Vox Pop, so grit your teeth, clench your fists, and read it.

Then find the cross word puzzles and see how much you don't know. Next spend the night looking up words in a dictionary. If you haven't solved them by the next day look at the answers.

Finally, take the nearest road to the nut house. When an attendant opens the door, tell him you don't just think you're crazy; you know it because you've just proved it.—*Hazel Nut.*

It's Matchless

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—All through the summer I bought Liberty. The heat affected me that way. Yet, if it was madness, there was method in it. For, with the coming of the cooler weather, one needs a fire. I prepare the fire by placing wood and kerosene in the stove. Then I pick up a copy of Liberty, holding it with the fire tongs, and thrust it in.



Quickly I jump back and *woosh!*—a big blaze.

No match is required—just Liberty. That's how hot your magazine is. Maybe it's the love stories.—*F. Stadler.*

Pop

Guess Who Wrote This

New York, N. Y.—I want your readers to know that Adela Rogers St. Johns' article about Maurice Chevalier is good, but it is not about M. Chevalier! What she says is eighty per cent nonsense—the rest fact. I happen to have known Chevalier all his life and still know him—intimately.

Has he ever made love to Mrs. St. Johns? No? Well, if he had she would change her ideas.

Chevalier is serious, yes, but if he does not smile always it is because he is not giving away what he wants you to pay to see.

If he does not like American parties it is for two reasons: one, because he does not often dance, and, second, because he was brought up on *good* liquor.

I am sorry I cannot sign my name—you have seen it too often in electric lights. But, believe me, I am sincere. Ask Chevalier himself.

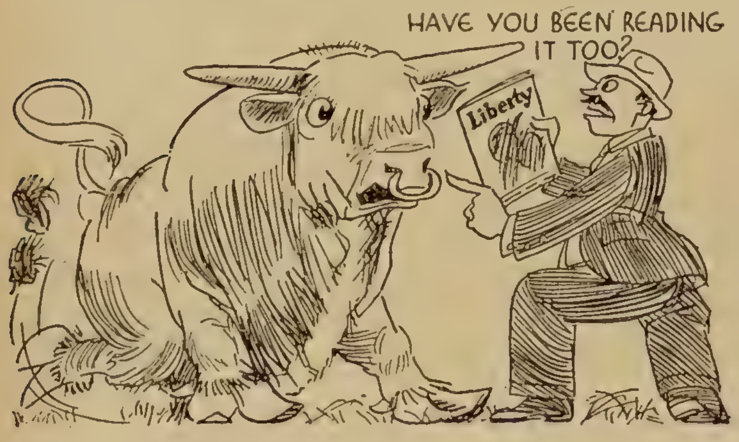
Caught by "Caught in Shorts"

Boston, Mass.—Yesterday, while riding in a bus, I burst out laughing, to the surprise of those in the near-by seats. You see, I'd come to a particularly funny part of Albert M. Treynor's story, "Caught in Shorts."

Most so-called "humorous literature" that we read today is cooked up, forced; you don't for one second believe that any such incidents could really happen. But Mr. Treynor's piece had just enough plausibility to give his story a ludicrous reality.—*Bob.*

Speaking of Raps, You're Some Rapper Yourself

Burbank, Calif.—When I read some of the nasty little raps on the Vox Pop page I sometimes picture the writer as having about the same disposition and infuriated dumbness as a bull that hoofs sod over into the next pasture. They think they are giving someone a piece of their mind, when, really, they haven't any to spare.

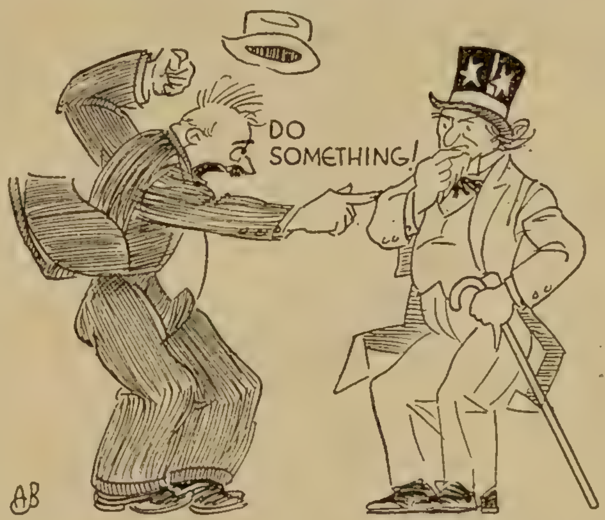

HAVE YOU BEEN READING IT TOO?
Liberty

It seems to me that if we have anything worth while to say, we don't have to express it in the lurid, soul-sizzling manner of an army mule skinner.—*Harry Jay Nickels.*

Uncle Sam's Neglected Nursery

Seattle, Wash.—Much is being written in Liberty about awful conditions in our U. S. A. This great country is suffering from a sickness called Crime. We are trying to doctor it.

In other words, we are doing just the same thing with our crime sickness as we have been doing with all of our individual ailments. We are trying to find cures from troubles we never should have, and would not have if we knew how to take care of ourselves. We need doctoring when we are sick, but, more than that, we need training in how to keep from getting sick.



We have enough sense to reason out what the proper training is, but we're too inert to get busy and apply it. We're just sliding along through life, telling our President, our governors, our mayors, and our police departments to do something, but forgetting our schools, our parents with their children, our colleges. These are just getting by with the same old half-done jobs as of yore.

The kids are taught their reading and writing all right. Our college boys and girls are getting some idea of this and that.

But what are they taught about taking care of themselves? What do they know about discipline? About taking care of their bodies, and what to eat and drink to insure 100 per cent health? About how to live right? Would the prohibition law, and all that it is responsible for, have been in existence if we had been trained to know how to take care of ourselves? Our criminals were children once. Who is actually responsible for their having gone wrong?

Let's take *action* about training in the homes, the schools, and the colleges.—*Alex. Matthews.*

Yakima Joke

Yakima, Wash.—There's something rotten in New York and it ain't the vice squad. You guessed it—Liberty.—*Cliff Mosby.*

Down to Earth

Jamestown, N. D.—I have just read your editorial, "Starving the Goose That Lays the Golden Eggs." It was worth all the nickels I have expended on Liberty for the past five years and I haven't missed an issue in that time.

I am not a farmer nor do I own a farm. However, I was raised on a farm, and have always lived in an agricultural community and always held a friendly interest for agriculture. I watched its prosperity and its practical destruction.

Ben Butler's prophecy, made in 1876, has come true—"If the trend in an ever higher tariff is persisted in, then industry will grow richer and richer until industry will have all the wealth, and agriculture will grow poorer and poorer until agriculture will become pauperized"—and he could have added, "at which time industry will find it cannot support itself by its own boot straps."

More power to Liberty.—*E. H. Mattingly.*

Springfield, Mo.—The real trouble with the farmers is that they come in two classes: 1. The farmer who doesn't educate his children because he wants them to be "just" farmers. 2. The farmer who educates his children so they will be something "better" than farmers.

I challenge any other profession to succeed under such conditions.—*R. K. K.*

For Princess Kropotkin

New York, N. Y.—Why did you reduce Alexandra Kropotkin's "To the Ladies!" to one page? It is, without any doubt, the most interesting thing about your magazine and you should allow Miss K. three pages instead of one.—*Alexandra Kropotkin Fan.*

We're Glad to Let You Tell Him

Montgomery, Ala.—Let me tell Mr. R. W. Child that his article, "The Pope and Mussolini," was a square-shooting piece of stuff. This is a question I think the American press should have made clear to the people long ago.—*Pat Hawkins.*

It's Simple: Waste Zero, Profit Infinite

New Orleans, La.—At last I know! You have given us the reading time for the various articles and stories in your magazine so that, after having read the entire magazine, it is simple to add up and find out just how much time was wasted.—*N. O. L. A.*

Good-by and Hello

St. Louis, Mo.—Whenever I finish my Liberty sadly, on Sunday, and say good-by to it, I console myself with the thought that I can say hello to a new copy the following Thursday.—*F. Davis.*

Goodbye Dandruff!

There's nothing mysterious about dandruff. It's an actual substance, just as natural as perspiration. If you don't believe you have it, *try the finger-tip test:* gently scratch your scalp and look at your finger-nails.

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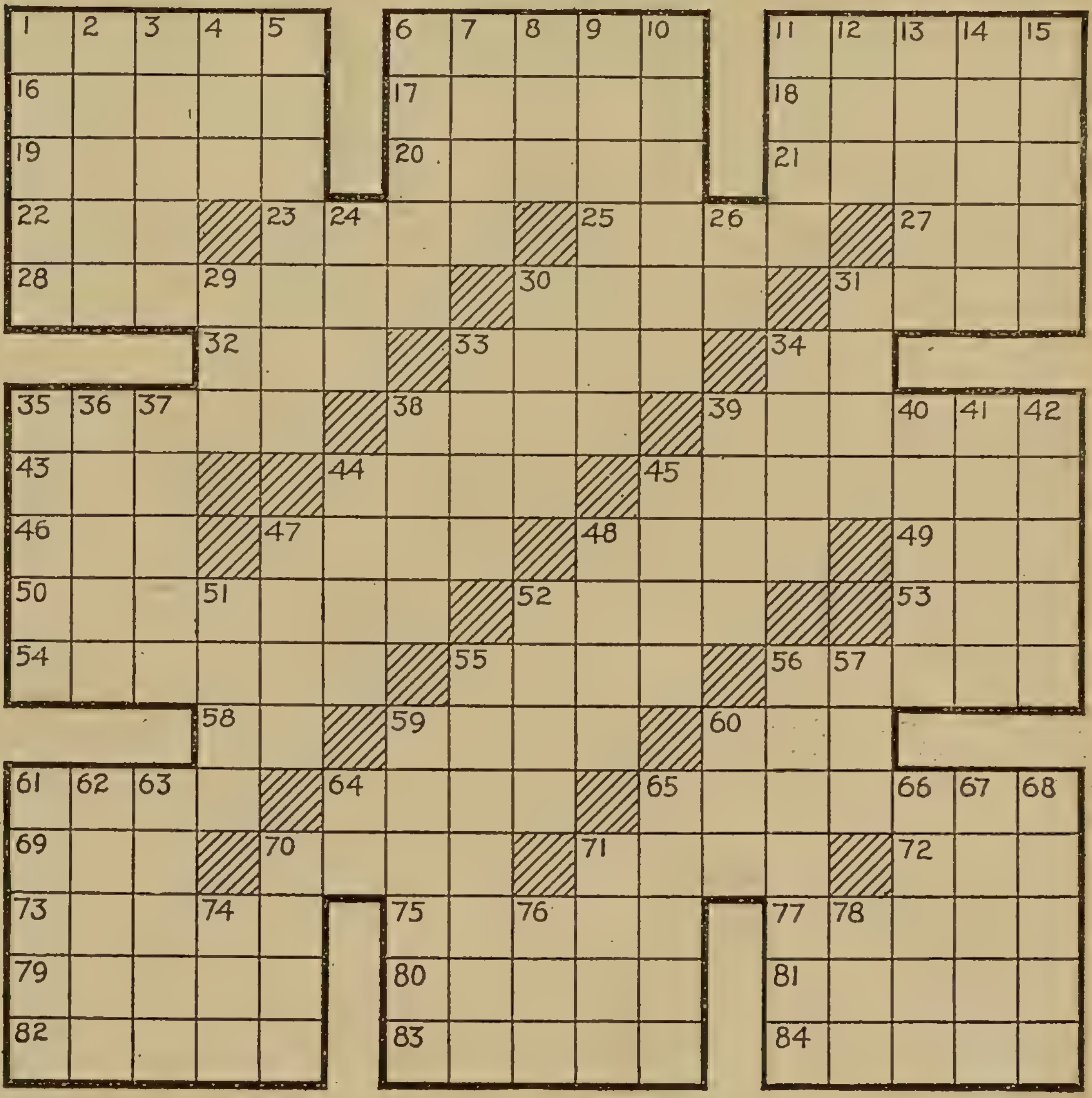
Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

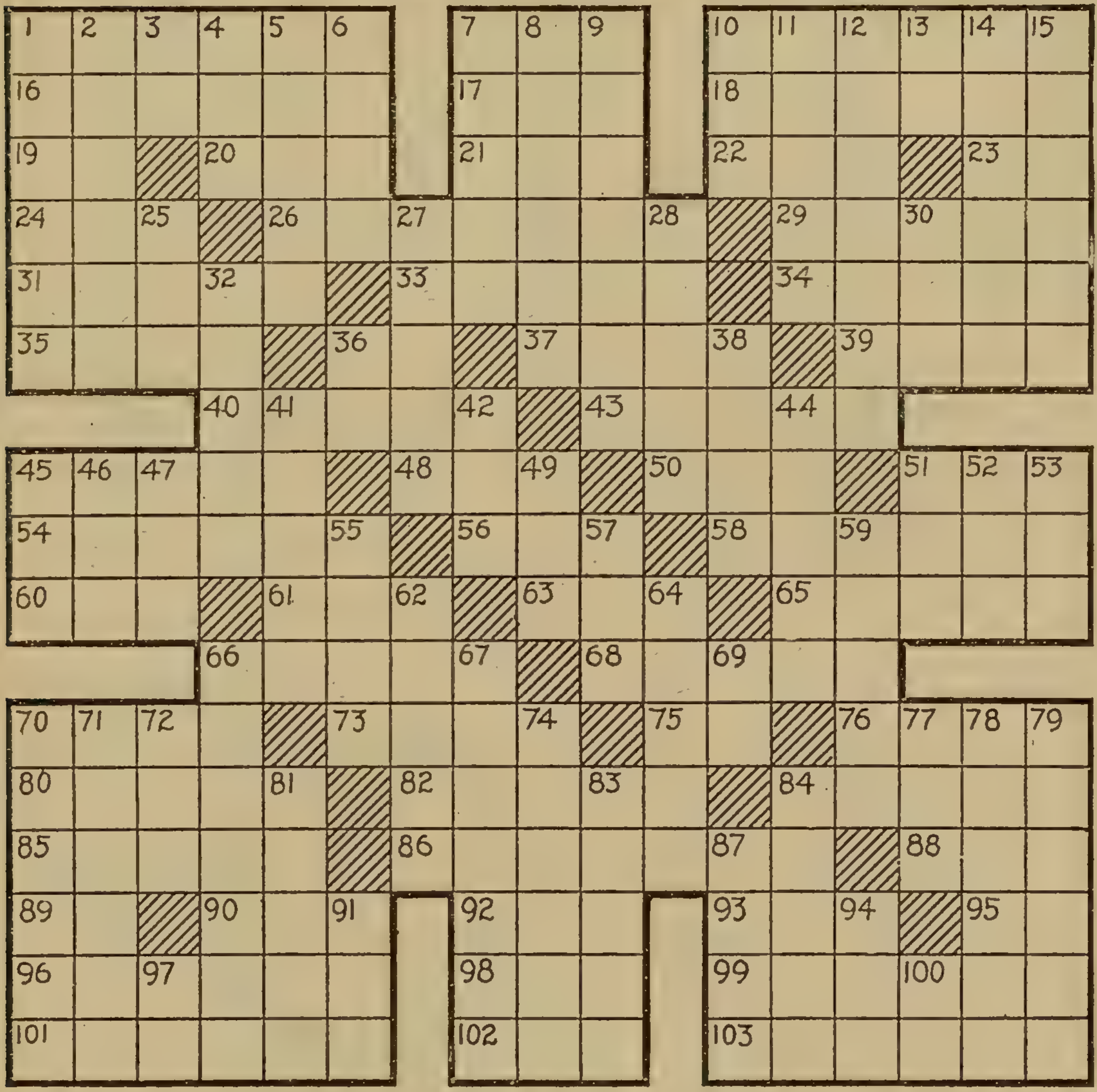
1 Despiser
6 Measure of length
11 Shallow vessel
16 Over
17 Obliterate
18 Solitary
19 Companions
20 Drench
21 Thin strips of type metal
22 Devoured
23 Knots; fastenings
25 Having bad moral qualities
27 To place; lay
28 Old men preëminent for wisdom
30 Cardinal number (plural)
31 Employments
32 Sooner than
33 Pouches
34 Article
35 Open passage through a wood
38 A flower
39 Hauls up or in and lashes (nautical)
43 Greasy liquid
44 Tense
45 Most hackneyed
46 Vessel used in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper
47 Moist
48 Produced as offspring
49 Man's name
50 Giggles
52 One of the gaits of a quadruped
53 Siamese weight
54 To issue or pass off as vapor
55 Beseech
56 Emendate
58 Note of the scale
59 Stay
60 Form of to be
61 District of London
64 Yeast
65 Beats with successive blows
69 Crude metal
70 Song
71 Elf or fairy
72 Alighted
73 Unit of electrical capacity
75 Goads
77 Part of a barrel
79 Expiate
80 Belief
81 Symbol used in savage worship
82 Battle of the Franco-Prussian War
83 Remains
84 Restores (printing)

VERTICAL

1 Chief minister of Ahasuerus
2 Lessen
3 Carries
4 Woman's name
5 Make restitution
6 Inhabitants of an ancient country
7 Greek deity
8 Greek letter
9 Elemental substance
10 Sandpipers
11 Sphere
12 Beverage
13 Lathers
14 Endow
15 Cozy abodes
24 Ill temper
26 Exists
29 Man's nickname
30 Kiln
31 Single thing
33 Liquid food
34 Dry and parched
35 Ruminants
36 Confine
37 Winged
38 Thrusts
39 Allowance for waste
40 Discontinue
41 City in Germany
42 Come to rest
44 Sailors
45 City in Alabama
47 One of the townships into which ancient Attica was divided
48 Child
51 Tropical plant
52 Neat
55 Rampart
56 Skilled workers
57 Confronted
59 Region of the body (plural)
60 A river in Switzerland
61 Long seats
62 Declaim
63 A king of the Jews
64 An element (symbol)
65 Defeats
66 Puff up
67 Fastening device
68 Stalks
70 City in Arabia
71 Quarry
74 Collection of facts or pieces of information
76 Woman's name
78 Child

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

Puzzle Pages



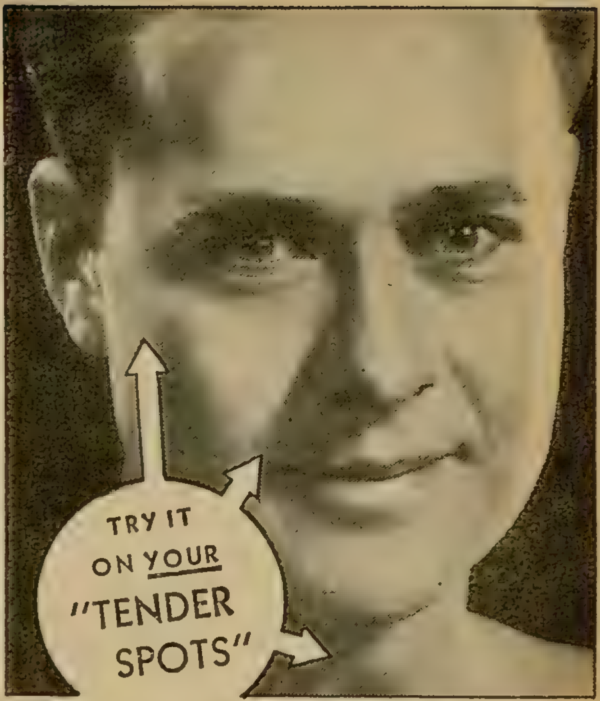
HORIZONTAL

1 Trudges
7 Hordeolum
10 Neglectful
16 Have recourse
17 Three (Italian)
18 A prayer
19 By
20 Insect
21 Greasy liquid
22 Offer to pay
23 That is (initials)
24 Excavate
26 Helixes
29 Woman's name
31 Indians of an Iroquoian tribe
33 A fruit
34 To render smooth, soft, and glossy
35 Price paid for the use of something
36 Scoriated lava
37 To swing from side to side
39 Concludes
40 Droops
43 Goads
45 Subsequent to
48 Corrode
50 Artfully or meanly cunning
51 Beverage
54 Sets at defiance
56 To travel upon foot; to tread
58 A Christian festival
60 Furthermore
61 Row
63 A container
65 Ancient language
66 Yells
68 Full of liveliness and activity
70 Biblical name (Ezra ii.)
73 One hundred thousand rupees (plural)
75 A public notice
76 Periods
80 Painful spots
82 A nut
84 Off the main way
85 Leather strip
86 Made a rough, nasal sound
88 Bend
89 Note in Guido's scale
90 Sailor
92 Stray
93 Augment
95 Note of the scale
96 Withdraw
98 Portuguese coin
99 Netter
101 Obliterated
102 Measures of length (abbreviation)
103 Steps

VERTICAL

1 Merchant
2 Withdraw
3 While
4 Disorderly crowd
5 Bear heavily
6 Stage in a process
7 Shop
8 Misfortunes
9 Causes to have a yellow tinge
10 Plunder
11 Silkworms
12 Central portions
13 Form of to be
14 Dirty
15 Proceeds furtively
25 Liquor
27 Representation
28 Breaks suddenly
30 Even
32 An anæsthetic
36 One indefinitely of a number
38 Christmas
41 Enthusiasm
42 Undermine
44 Former English coin (plural)
45 Arab's garment
46 Bog
47 Urchin
49 A flap
51 An Asiatic coin
52 Hawaiian wreath
53 Bird of prey
55 Glide smoothly
57 To tap
59 Final causes
62 Harvests
64 Former President
66 Makes
67 Stage equipment
69 A fish
70 Insure
71 Stand unsteadily
72 To sin
74 Marked with ridges
77 A bone
78 Worshiped
79 A system of drains (plural)
81 Gardener's implement
83 Angle in the edge of a molding
84 A viper
87 Compass point
91 A color
94 Cease to be
97 An element (symbol)
100 A continent (initials)

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy


TRY IT ON YOUR "TENDER SPOTS"

New lather soothes

. . soaks beards soft

NOW you can knock the tender spots out of shaving. For this new lather sops up water like a sponge—stays moist—soaks the stiffest beard soft—and gives the fastest, best-feeling shave ever.

Give your face a shaving surprise

Lather up with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Shave as you always do. See what short work your razor makes of the water-soaked whiskers—how it sneaks over tender spots unnoticed—how it soothes the skin and leaves your face cool, smooth, fresh as a baby's. Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today. Or send for a free sample to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. G-10, Cambridge, Mass.

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

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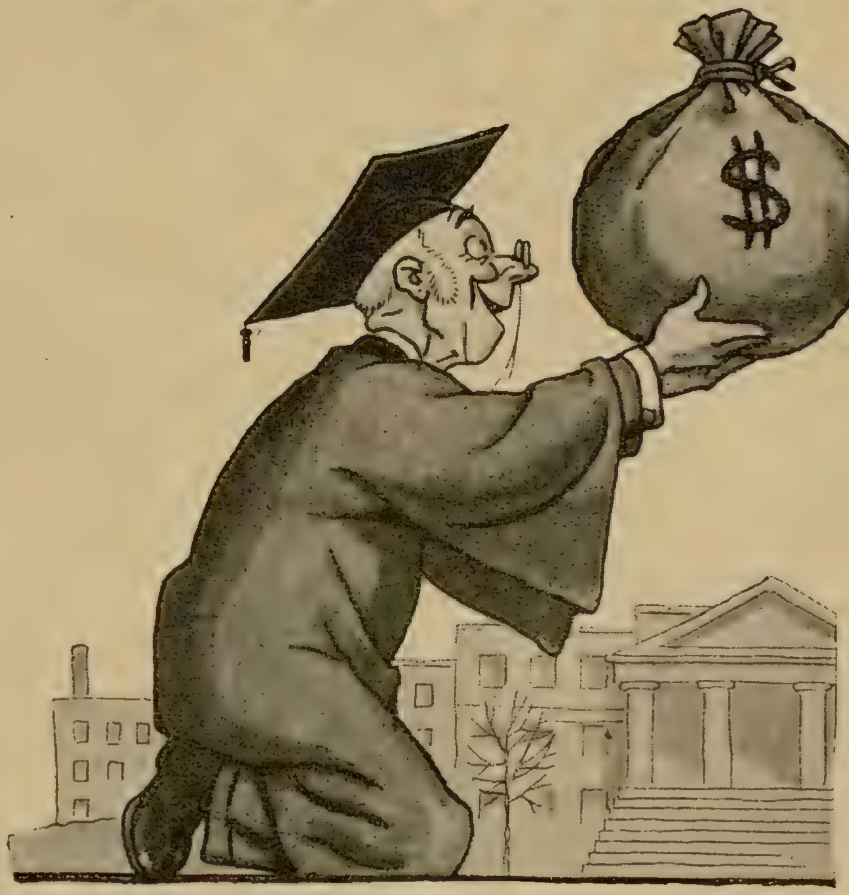
TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!

Some Dollars-and-Cents Reasons Why Football Will Stay "Over-Emphasized"

By

WESTBROOK PEGLER

who is widely known for his authoritative, humorous, and often rather caustic "debunking" sports page column, a feature of newspapers in Chicago, New York, and elsewhere.



(Reading time: 12 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE current effort to deëmphasize football is not likely to do any good for the same reason that a commuter with an expensive wife who plays bridge, a daughter who has been presented at court, and a son who knows some people at Tuxedo, New York, can't suddenly chuck it and go off somewhere chipping paint on a tanker. That is, he could chuck it, but his going would leave things in a devil of a mess; and you may be sure that things would be left in a devil of a mess at the colleges and universities in the United States if the football organizations were to be suddenly disbanded and the games were to be played in strict accordance with the ideal theory that football is only sixty minutes of boyish fun, after all.

The builders and the bondholders would close in on the great memorial arenas, the mother-of-pearl swimming pools, the field houses, and the gyms. The manufacturers of athletic equipment and apparel, including silk football pants, would serve attachments on the chapel bell. The unfortunate students would be compelled to use one tennis ball for as many as three sets. Altogether the chaos and hardship would be quite disproportionate to the benefit derived.

The college athlete, for all his dexterity, grace, and speed, is an extremely sensitive young man, and it takes an incredible amount of equipment and personnel to put him on to the running track, for instance, in physical and temperamental trim to do his best in a quarter-mile race. Once a simple process of picking them up and slapping them down with the utmost rapidity, foot-running has now become an art and mystery.

The runner must have been coached for weeks by a salaried expert on a track built by engineers; he must have been timed in his trials by a stop watch costing, say, sixty dollars; and he does not feel just right unless the athletic association has bought him, out of football receipts, a suit of colored flannel overall pyjamas with attractive piping and lettering and zippers down the ankles. And behind him there must stand ready a field house with hot, tepid, semitepid, cold, and strawberry-flavored showers, with trainers and, possibly, physicians in attendance. There will be a surgery with steam cabinets arrayed along this wall, reclining benches covered with hospital linen on the other side, an operating table yonder, an X-ray machine and developing room through that door, and a little compartment off here for the electrotherapy tackle, which will have cost a lot of money, too.

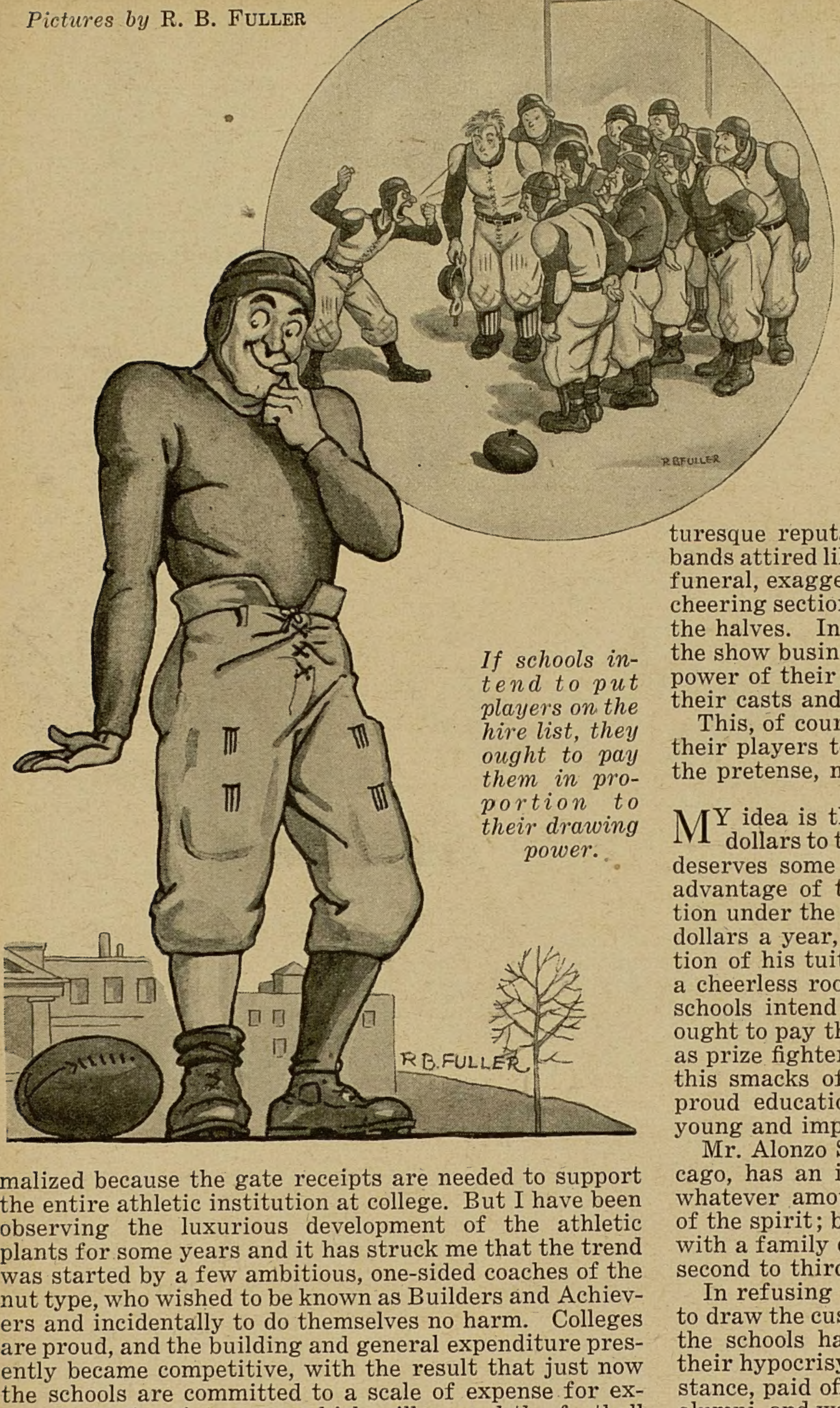
Now, having run his race, the athlete limps into the field house, reporting a kink in the calf of his off leg, whereupon a trainer flops him lovingly on the operating table and rubs him with sweet unguents until he is ready to hobble bravely into the little compartment for his electrotherapy. I am very ignorant, but this seems to be merely an exaggerated form of that priceless boon, familiar in the ads some years ago, the electric belt, which developed the biceps, restored the vigor, and gave the subject an irresistible way with womankind.

However, the electrodes are clamped upon the leg with surgical tape, the trainer turns the switch, the healing current sets the offended calf to jumping in an involuntary kooch, and after fifteen minutes of this the young man is gently advised to use a cane, get to bed early, and report for further inspection at half past two tomorrow, as this might be very serious and they need him for the big meet next week with Spavin College of Animal Husbandry.

And Johnny Evers ran from second base to third, in a ball game that didn't matter especially, on a broken leg.

But this is the sort of establishment that the athletic committees and directors have in mind when they protest that football cannot be deëmphasized or infor-

Pictures by R. B. FULLER



The colleges had been hiring a lot of meaty numskulls to represent them on the field.

If schools intend to put players on the hire list, they ought to pay them in proportion to their drawing power.

malized because the gate receipts are needed to support the entire athletic institution at college. But I have been observing the luxurious development of the athletic plants for some years and it has struck me that the trend was started by a few ambitious, one-sided coaches of the nut type, who wished to be known as Builders and Achievers and incidentally to do themselves no harm. Colleges are proud, and the building and general expenditure presently became competitive, with the result that just now the schools are committed to a scale of expense for expansion and maintenance which will compel the football teams to keep on earning money for many years. One football team operating in a comparatively modest way of business used I don't recall exactly how many, but several hundred, footballs last fall.

HARVARD has hit upon a way out: setting aside an amount of money each year in a sinking fund, the interest from which eventually will be sufficient to support the whole athletic program, relieving football of the responsibility. I hesitate to describe the Harvard plan, as challenge or repudiation seems to ensue automatically upon every attempt to explain this baffling scheme; but, after many denials by the lesser dignitaries, the president of the university, Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell himself, remarked not long ago that he was considering the idea of restricting Harvard's intercollegiate football schedule to one game a year, with Yale—this to be attended by a holiday of four days. Thus would Harvard concentrate the distraction and disorder of the football week-ends into one jamboree; a plan suitable to the Harvard temperament no doubt, but hardly suitable to the schools where the term " collegiate " is a bit of a boast rather than a scornful reproach.

Of course, to make certain of the football income, it is necessary to present a winning football team, because the patronage, now that the arenas are built so big, cannot be supplied by the alumni and therefore must be drawn to a large extent from the public. An old grad may follow an inferior team out of loyalty and sentiment, but the rest of the spectators are customers demanding picturesque reputations, good teams, gaudy uniforms, big bands attired like European major generals at a full-dress funeral, exaggerated rivalry between the athletes and the cheering sections, and, lately, theatrical tableaux between the halves. In other words, the colleges have gone into the show business and, in order to maintain the drawing power of their shows, they have had to recruit stars for their casts and pay them somewhat.

This, of course, is cheating, because they all represent their players to be strict amateurs; but the evil lies in the pretense, not in the practice.

MY idea is that if an athlete is drawing thousands of dollars to the turnstiles, and the school agrees that he deserves some pay for this, the school takes an unfair advantage of the young man's innocence and his position under the system if it pays him only a few hundred dollars a year, partly in cash and the rest in commutation of his tuition, some punk meals at a cafeteria, and a cheerless room at the end of a hall. Certainly, if the schools intend to put the players on the hire list, they ought to pay them in proportion to their drawing power, as prize fighters are paid, and any arrangement short of this smacks of sharp business practice, unworthy of a proud educational institution and a bad example to a young and impressionable athlete.

Mr. Alonzo Stagg, the coach of the University of Chicago, has an idea that an athlete who receives pay in whatever amount or guise suffers some contamination of the spirit; but Johnny Evers was strictly an employee, with a family dependent on his wages, when he ran from second to third on his broken leg.

In refusing to confess the necessity of hiring athletes to draw the customers to pay for their big athletic plants, the schools have been put to the need of covering up their hypocrisy. A Mid-Western state university, for instance, paid off through a fund raised by members of the alumni, and was convicted of cheating by a trial board of the Western Conference and suspended for a term, although some of the schools which sat in judgment had been cheating, too. The subsidies to this university's athletes, given in the form of loans which the athletes might or might not repay in time, according to the inclinations and future circumstances of the individuals, were very paltry. One young man's hire amounted to fifteen dollars, and the university, when caught and convicted, far from standing by its young partners in sin who had been seduced, so to speak, by their Alma Mater, turned on them, repudiated them, and received absolution on that ground. Alma Mater blew the whistle and the players took the fall—a bum rap.

One of the very few schools in which football is conducted in strict honesty is the United States Military Academy, which insists that the very fact of a young man's presence on the field as a member of the varsity squad must be accepted as unquestionable proof that the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!
Continued from page sixty-nine

young man is a genuine cadet and an amateur in all respects. To demand further assurance is to impugn the honor of the Military Academy, and the honor of the Military Academy has been such that only one school, to its great regret, has tried to impugn it.

That was the Naval Academy, which relinquished its rights as to eligibility a few years ago and went collegiate.

The Naval Academy adopted for itself the collegiate rules of eligibility which had been codified only because the colleges long ago had learned that they could not trust one another not to cheat. The colleges had been hiring a lot of meaty numskulls to represent them on the field, and it was agreed after a while that this sort of thing was not sporting and ought to be disavowed, if not necessarily discontinued. Knowing their own respective practices, however, they did not feel justified in trusting one another, so they reduced their code to a set of legalistic whereases and hereinbefores.

The Naval Academy had no reason to subscribe to these regulations, because nobody ever had had the dumb effrontery to suspect that Annapolis would deliberately harbor a ringer and, finally, send him into the naval service as a commissioned officer to make good the deception. It had always been taken for granted that all players on the Annapolis team were true midshipmen, within the age limits prescribed by Congress, and the fact that some of them had had previous varsity experience in civilian schools was not regarded as ground for protest.

The civilian football code holds that no player shall play more than three years and also that if a player transfers from one school to another he shall spend his first year at his new school on the side lines.

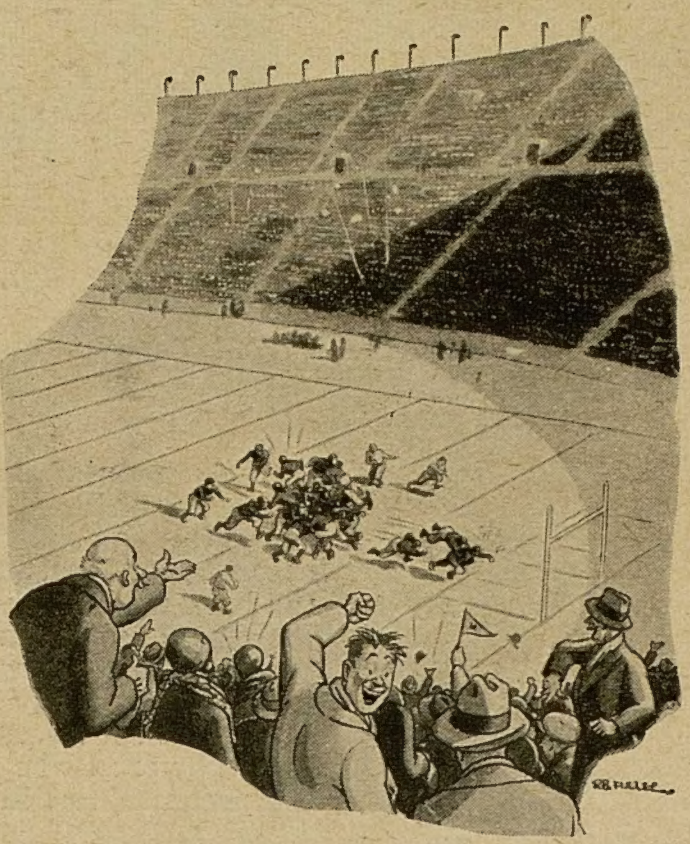
THERE is no honest reason why a postgraduate student should not be eligible for varsity play, nor any honest reason why an undergraduate transfer student should be withheld from the team for one year. But the colleges decided that the rules would be necessary if they were to keep one another reasonably honest.

If postgraduates were permitted to play, there would be some players of a lazy, ambitionless disposition, constituting a familiar athletic type, who would be hired to stay in college, studying manual-training subjects, chiropody, and cookery as long as they were able to play football. The rule penalizing the transfer student was intended to discourage the tramp athlete who used to drift from one college to another, always, presumably, at a higher rate of pay, or " inducement."

When the Navy accepted these restrictions for itself it submitted its honor to the same questioning that prevailed among schools which, on the basis of past performances, had no reason to trust one another. But when the Navy demanded that the Army adopt the same conditions, the Army insisted that any school playing football with West Point would have to assume that West Point would do the sporting thing in a sporting contest, using cadets in good standing, presumably destined to become officers.

It is conceded, of course, that a cadet may have some private mental reservation, such as Red Cagle had, who never had any intention to become an officer, and went to the Military Academy only because he wanted to play football there. I believe Cagle was recruited for West Point, a practice which the civilian schools disavow, but certainly permissible at the Military Academy, considering the Army's special need for athletic young officers. But no school can certify the mental reservations of its students, and, on the whole, the Army's position with respect to the purpose of the cadets is well supported by officers scattered throughout the service who played football at West Point.

In the beginning the cheating was inspired by nothing more sinister than a mischievous desire to slip something over, and a member of the faculty of a state university in the Conference gayly admitted that there had been a lot of barbarians in the old days.



To make certain of the football income, it is necessary to present a winning team.

"IT was politely assumed that the varsity teams would consist of actual students," said he, "but the actual practice was to hire the ice man, the janitor, and all the big, husky lumps of meat in town. Once we hired a big stiff who couldn't have passed an eighth-grade examination, but he didn't like to be tackled hard, so our money was wasted. Then Mr. Stagg came back at us with a great football player who was rumored to have had some experience in the ring, so we decided to get up some rules of eligibility. This player was Hugo Bezdek."

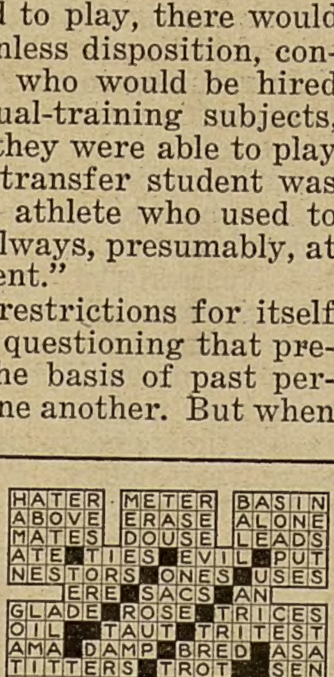
Now Mr. Bezdek, after a long and successful career as coach, is the athletic director of Pennsylvania State College with faculty rank, and it was he who offered at the last annual meeting of the football coaches' union in New York a resolution calling on the coaches to qualify themselves for faculty status so that when football should pass under faculty control they might retain their influence in the game. This resolution was rejected with enthusiasm and one of the reasons undoubtedly was that faculty status conveyed a suggestion of faculty pay, whereas the best coaching jobs pay from $12,000 to $20,000 a year and pickings.

From the barbarian stage described by the faculty member just quoted, when the students organized their own teams and hired their ringers in a prankish spirit, the game presently progressed into the commercial era and cheating now became a business necessity and the code a further necessity to regulate and minimize the cheating.

The coaches, of course, know which of their athletes are strict amateurs and which have been more or less debauched by inducements, but they are an unfortunate class in the main, and not too industrious, who would be better off if they would quit coaching and get on with the careers for which they presumably studied in the classrooms when they were undergraduates. There are many more coaching jobs at $3,000 a year than at $5,000, and the coaches who get $10,000 are so few that the varsity hero of today who goes out to coach next fall is yielding to a long gamble and, possibly, to an aversion to routine toil.

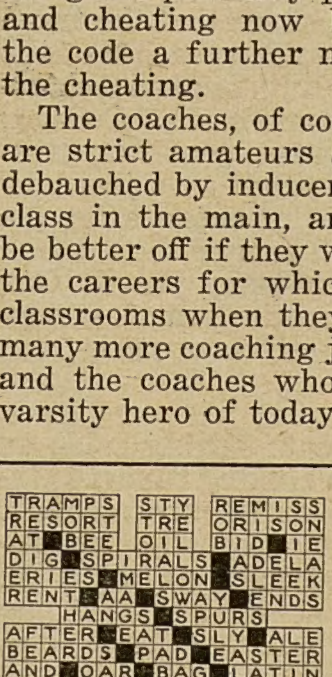
In a long time, when all the bond issues have been retired and the sinking funds established, football can become again just sixty minutes of boyish fun, but I rather believe that, from force of habit, it will always be show business. Neither will the commuter ever chuck it all up and go off on a tanker, chipping paint.

THE END



HATER METER BASIN
ABOVE ERASE ALONE
MATES DOUSE LEADS
ATE■TIES■EVIL■PUT
NESTORS■ONES■USES
ERE■SACS■AN
GLADE■ROSE■TRICES
OIL■■TAUT■TRITEST
AMA■DAMP■BRED■ASA
TITTERS■TROT■■SEN
STEAMS■PRAY■AMEND
RE■WAIT■ARE
SOHO■BARM■BATTERS
ORE■ARIA■PERI■LIT
FARAD SPURS STAVE
ATONE TENET TOTEM
SEDAN STAYS STETS

Answer to the puzzle on page 66



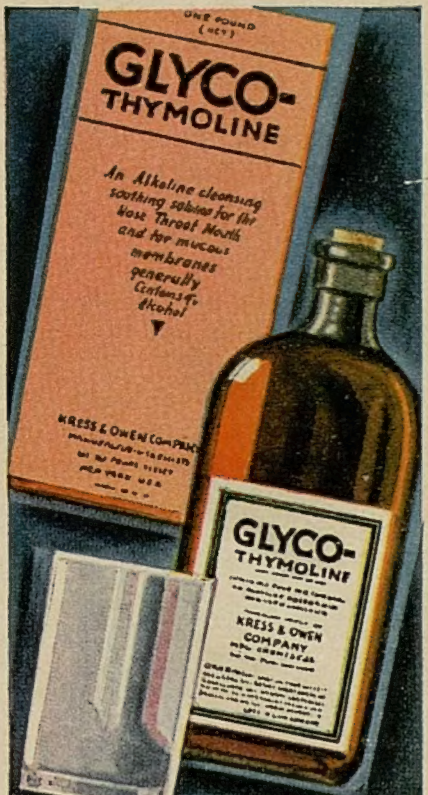
TRAMPS STY REMISS
RESORT TRE ORISON
AT■BEE OIL BID■IE
DIG■SPIRALS■ADELA
ERIES■MELON■SLEEK
RENT■AA■SWAY■ENDS
HANGS■SPURS
AFTER■EAT■SLY■ALE
BEARDS■PAD■EASTER
AND■OAR■BAG■LATIN
CRIES■BRISK
ATER■LACS■AD■ERAS
SORES■PECAN■ASIDE
STRAP■SNORTED■BOW
UT■TAR ERR ADD■RE
RECEDE REI SEINER
ERASED YDS TREADS

Answer to the puzzle on page 67

Don't *punish* a sore throat

SOOTHE IT!

Ease the irritation with "GLYCO"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GLYCO-THYMOLINE
An Alkaline cleansing soothing solution for the Nose Throat Mouth and for mucous membranes generally Contains 4% Alcohol
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GLYCO-THYMOLINE
KRESS & OWEN COMPANY

You wouldn't purposely prick yourself with a pin...nor sear a finger with a match flame! Yet many use harsh, stinging solutions on the tender tissues inside their throats, tissues among the most sensitive in the body! Is it any wonder that sore, raw throats often protest against these punishing attempts at correction?

Be kind to your throat... give it the instant, soothing effect of a gargle with GLYCO-Thymoline. A "GLYCO-gargle" eases, calms and cleanses ...gently yet effectively. GLYCO-Thymoline is *different.* Because it is *alkaline,* it neutralizes harmful acids and loosens clinging mucus. It does not sting or shrink the delicate tissues. It safely aids them to perform their normal action. It relieves hoarseness ... helps restore a normal speaking voice.

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FOR THROAT · MOUTH · NOSE

AS A MOUTHWASH GLYCO-Thymoline ***counteracts Acid mouth***

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Address ....

City .... State ....

SAFETY *alkaline*

Consider your Adam's Apple!!*

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat
Leone Sousa

ELSINORE, CAL.

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

The great Lord Tennyson in a beautiful poem refers to a woman's Adam's Apple as "The warm white apple of her throat." Consider your Adam's Apple. Touch it—your Adam's Apple—That is your larynx—your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple you are considering your throat—your vocal chords. Protect the delicate tissues within your throat. Be careful in your choice of cigarettes. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants! Reach for a LUCKY instead. Here in America LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette which brings you the added benefit of the exclusive "TOASTING" Process, which includes the use of modern Ultra Violet Rays. It is this exclusive process that expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."

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CIGARETTES

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Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

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